SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XLIX MARCH, 1911 NO. 3

THE WEST IN THE EAST
FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW

RELIGION AND CASTE IN INDIA

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ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND A DRAWING BY MAJOR EDWARD MOLYNEUX

IN writing a chapter on religion and caste in India as I have seen it, I wish to begin by proclaiming how superficial this sketch must be, and how well I know what I do not know of a subject to which many volumes have been devoted by students of many years' residence in India, and for a full analysis and history of which many volumes are still needed.

I am proposing merely to furnish enough material to put the situation before my countrymen and to show how ludicrous is the ideal of self-government, as we understand it, for a people so unhomogeneous, and how calamitous will be the result of going too fast in granting legislative privileges.

First of all caste is a question of birth, and there is no entry except by birth. A worker in a coal-mine may become a part owner thereof, and his daughter marry a peer, and his grandson become a peer in England. I can personally introduce the reader to dozens of still uneducated clerks, stenographers, mill-hands, newsboys, and their wives, widows, sisters, and daughters, whose millions seat them at the dinner tables of the Brahman class in America. But no millions will enable the low-caste Hindu to marry into a Brahman family, or even to touch the hand, or throw his shadow on the food, of a Brahman in India.

If a man is excommunicated by his caste fellows in India, no one of the caste will eat with him, accept water from his hands, or marry him. His own wife will not touch him or speak with him. He is dead to his family. The barber even will not shave him, or cut his hair, or his toe-nails.

There is no legislation, no police work, no trial in the courts, no adjustment of land revenue or land tenure, no meeting of municipal or district councils, no appointment to office small or great, no handling of any community in time of plague or famine, no hygienic precautions or sanitary arrangements, into which does not enter this question of caste to complicate, to make difficult, and perhaps to foil, the most reasonable and necessary work of the administrator. A Brahman clerk has been known to distribute legal documents by throwing them down at the end of the village street in which live his low-caste brethren. Letter-carriers have been known to refuse to enter the houses of, or to permit themselves to come into personal contact with, those of a lower status than themselves.

If one could picture to oneself social snobbery lifted into a fanatical religious faith, it would be a pale description of the iron subdivisions of caste in India, but even then simple, as compared with the meticulous intricacies of this social pall. There is no patriotism, and can be none, in a country thus divided against itself, and di-

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vided against itself not only geographically but socially.

As I watch for hours at a time the worshippers at the Ghats, on the banks of the Ganges at Benares, I only find myself more puzzled. It is more than complicated, it is cloudy confusion, wherein one loses the support even of one's ordinary mental and physical working powers.

Benares has been the capital of the Hindu religion for more years than any historian has counted. Buddha, who was born about 557 and who died about 478 B. C., began his public teaching in the deer-forest near what was even then the great city of Benares. For nearly two thousand five hundred years, of which we have some knowledge, and for how many years more no man knows, the Hindus have bathed and prayed here on the banks of the Ganges. Buddhism and Islamism have been absorbed or swept aside.

It must be said of Buddhism, however, that it has left one indelible mark all over India, China, and the East, and that is the teaching of gentleness and kindness to one another and to animals. Buddha taught that life is but a prolonged endeavor to escape from suffering, and that, therefore, to cause others to suffer is the unforgivable sin. By meditation a man is to lose the sense of the painfulness of life, and to earn some mitigation from the cycle through which he must pass before reaching Nirvana, where all re-birth ends at last, and one loses consciousness forever. This creed is pure agnosticism, holding that a man's own acts alone make up the tale of his faith.

Agnosticism everywhere throws a man back upon himself, and everywhere and always produces one of two results. It makes men, as in India and China, pessimists—hopeless, helpless, and without ambitions for either their souls or their bodies; or it makes men colossal egoists who worship themselves. Nothing can be more portentous of evil to the race than our agnostic democracies of the West, which are putting man on a pedestal, and waving the incense of eight hours' work, old-age pensions, no conscription, a vote for each adult, state support, and so on, before him.

It was a moving spectacle, for example, to all students of the ethnic religions when Mr. Keir Hardie, as the exponent of Western agnosticism, or man as his own god, came out to India to preach this doctrine to the Buddhist-impregnated Indians, steeped in pessimism. They immediately dubbed him the "King of the Coolies" and could not wrench their imaginations to see how a man of no caste could be worth imitating or following. The first flash of a picture that will some day be a terrible conflict between the Yellow and the White was revealed when the man who cared everything for man met the men who care nothing for man, and neither understood the other in the least.

Buddhism has done for the East what rationalism has done for the West; it makes men doubt the existence, even deny the existence, of any power higher than themselves, but with the abysmal difference that it prostrates man in the East while it puts him on a dangerous pinnacle in the West. Man with nothing higher than himself to obey, to fear, to love, or to placate, becomes morally and mentally disorderly. The same is true of the state, which brings itself to the condition where the voting man is paramount, and to be feared, obeyed, and placated. With no higher ideal than that, a state disintegrates, drifts into bureaucracy, then into pensionism, finally into the bread-and-circus stage, and then disappears. Such a failure was Athens, such a failure is before our eyes in modern France, France the land of pose and phrase, egotism and scepticism. Even the ethical code of agnosticism fades and dies, lacking a higher sanction to command obedience.

Buddha little thought that his teaching of the valuelessness of life would result in the callous cruelty of the Indian and the Chinese. Rousseau, if he thought about it at all, could hardly have dreamed that his scheme of a return to the simple and the natural life, with every man equal, would make of France a shambles, and produce a philosophy of life which, while attempting to gain the whole world for each individual, not only loses its soul, but loses the whole world, for every body of individuals which attempts it. The time is still æons off when each man may be his own master. It is a pitiable failure in the East. It will prove a colossal failure in the West.

Curiously enough, it was King Asoka, nicknamed "The Furious" in his youth, who, in 260 B. C., became the great apostle and missionary of Buddhism. The lives

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he had taken, the suffering he had caused, in the days of his autocratic sway, led him to find comfort and repentance in a creed which abhorred the taking of life. It was through his influence, and the influence of his saffron-robed priests, of whom he is said to have supported forty thousand at his own expense, that Buddhism grew from a mere sect of enthusiasts into the creed of a third of the human race, and spread through Asia and parts of Africa and Europe. The Brahmanism of Benares is partly the result of this wave of Buddhism. It is a gentle, mannerly, soft-spoken crowd, absorbed in forgetting that it lives. This carelessness of life, on the other hand, breaks out in monstrous slaughter and sickening brutalities, as in the Mutiny, when it loses control of itself. The Mutiny was a picture of pessimism let loose; the French Revolution was a picture of how rationalism establishes the rights of man, or in the happy phrase of that most skilful and most brilliant modern political diagnostician, Lord Rosebery, "the fierce equality of France."

From a photograph by J. Cowell, Simla.

His Highness, the Maharana of Udaipur.
The Prince of highest caste in the Hindu world.

Benares at the present time, so far as buildings are concerned, is of the most modern. The idol-breaking Muhammadans left nothing after their conquering of the city except a spiteful mosque, built by the fanatical Aurangzeb on one of the sacred sites, which still rears its towers above all the other buildings on the river bank; and there are few buildings of a later date than the middle of the eighteenth century. But the Ganges has never been conquered, nor turned aside, nor has the Hindu faith.

They are here by the thousands this morning, washing themselves, washing their clothes, sitting wrapt in contemplation, some of them, only their lips moving. Old and young, men and women, all bathing, and in curiously decent fashion. Their arrangement of clothing must be peculiar, for they dress, and undress, and bathe, and somehow each one so manages his or her clothing that there is not a hint of indecency or even of immodesty. You are rowed along within a few feet of the bank of the river where these thousands are bathing, drying themselves, dressing and undressing, and nothing could be more sedately proper. You see the Brahman rubbing his sacred triple thread round and round his shoulder and body, others scrubbing their mouths violently with their fingers, others washing their clothes, babies being dipped by father or mother, and soundly rubbed afterward, youths more particular, using combs, and higher up on the bank the barbers are busy, shaving and cutting hair, while the customer sits cross-legged, holding a mirror.

Even my travelled Brahman friend, who told me that he was what we would call a Unitarian, wore, and showed me, his sacred thread. The Rajput father binds round the arm of his son a string made of a sacred grass which is to ward off evil spirits. No doubt the sacred cord of the twice-born castes of India originated in a similar be-

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lief. The cord is made in various ways. "Among the Madras Brahmans, who are most careful in such matters, it is of fine country-grown cotton, not foreign, and spun by hand. Three very fine threads are twisted by a Brahman into a single cord sixteen feet long. He then squats on the ground, winds it thrice around his knees, and fastens the ends in a special knot known as that of Brahma." In the north, the four fingers of the hand are closed, and a thread is wound back and forth over them ninety-six times. This thread forms one strand of the cord, and three of them make it complete. During worship of the gods it remains over the left shoulder; when the wearer is unclean, or when he performs the rites for the dead, he shifts it to the right shoulder.

The thread is put on a boy between his eighth and twelfth year, when he is supposed to assume the religious obligations and the authority and duty of a Brahman. When the thread is first put on the boy he makes pretence of leaving the house to become an ascetic, but he is, of course, persuaded to return and live as a layman.

It seemed to me strange that there was no swimming. In any Western crowd there would have been scores of boys and men diving, swimming, playing games in the water; but there is no sign of any desire for exercise or play here. Rubbing themselves, thrashing their clothes on the flat rocks, moving their lips and hands in prayer, but no other exercise.

They are a sitting, riding race, not a walking or running one. Their posture is as peculiar to them as their color. It is always the same, wherever you see them, whether it be the prince in his palace, these people praying by the river bank, the passengers waiting for the train at the railway stations, or sitting on the seats in the train, your bearer waiting outside your door, or the cab-driver on his box in the great cities. The hinges in their knees must be different from ours. They squat down with their knee-caps under their chins, and that part of their persons which the French describe as *où le dos change de nom* close up against their heels. I was told at Udaipur that His Highness, the Maharana of Udaipur, has no chairs in his private apartments, but always sits cross-legged on the floor, whether to eat, or read, or rest. When you return to your cab you will find the driver almost invariably perched up on the seat with his legs under him. Thousands of years of chairlessness have made this the most comfortable posture for them. I suppose in a country of three hundred millions of people there is only room for them to sit on the ground, and, at any rate, among these people there is no money to provide any piece of furniture which is, at one and the same time, so convenient to carry, and so cheaply upholstered, as that part of the person, *où le dos change de nom!*

Benares is evidently a cosmopolitan place; you notice the difference in the people as you drive or walk through the streets. They are less shy, the women do not cover their faces so carefully, they are more accustomed to strangers, and well they may be, since it is estimated that there are a million pilgrims here every year, who come to bathe, to pray, and to take the long, dusty walk, or pilgrimage, of some forty-five miles, around the sacred precincts of the city. Into the sacred waters of the Ganges, too, every Hindu wishes his ashes thrown. At one of the Ghats on the bank I saw bodies burning, and others lying waiting to be burned.

Both here and at Bombay I have been present at these burnings. The bodies are brought in on a frail litter. A pile of logs is built up, held in place by four iron stanchions. The body with the head uncovered is placed on the logs, more logs are piled on top, the litter is broken up and added to the small fagots underneath, and the fire is lighted. There are various ceremonies connected with the rite. The body is carried several times around the pile before being placed upon it. The nearest relative walks around the pile with a jar of water, letting it drip down as he goes, till of a sudden he dashes the jar to the ground, breaking it to pieces. A symbol of all life, everywhere. At a certain moment, too, the skull is fractured by the nearest relative, to allow the easy escape of the spirit to another world. Where the deceased is rich, the fire is made of costly and sweet-smelling wood, sandal-wood and the like, and the ceremonies are more elaborate and more prolonged. No doubt it is the ideal way to dispose of a dead body, but when I have seen it done here it seemed to me a callous and a careless rite.

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Here on the banks of this river are thousands, bathing, washing their clothes, and drinking. . . . —Page 264.

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It is true, if one have faith death should not be a cause of mourning, but parting from those one adores is a poignant sorrow, even if there is to be another meeting here on earth. So far as I have studied the faces of mourners here, I could see nothing. In these matters they are either behind or very far in advance of us. No doubt Mrs. Annie Besant, who has her Hindu college here at Benares, would maintain the latter. But I have noticed all over India the absolute indifference of the natives themselves to the pain, and deformities, and maladies that are displayed as an excuse for alms. It is not the stoicism of our Western Indians, who thought it dishonorable to show fear, or to shrink from pain, but an imbedded indifference, a numbness to this particular influence. We, on the contrary, dislike the sight of these things, and turn from them, and pity is forced from us, but all such spectacles seem to pass absolutely unnoticed by the Oriental. And what horrible deformities are exhibited! One might think them invented and carved, so hideously grotesque are they sometimes.

Low-caste servants.—The untouchables.

It is a wonder there are not more. A wonder, too, that there is not more plague, more cholera, more disease of every kind. Here on the banks of this river are thousands, bathing, washing their clothes, and drinking, all within a few yards of one another. One man drinks the dregs from another man's body, another the scourings from another's clothes, and women and children the same. It is not strange that India is the paradise of contagion.

I have heard it maintained that the Ganges, which is the most bathed-in river in the world, is different from other rivers, in that the water itself has certain antiseptic qualities, and that microbes do not flourish in it as in other waters. If one rows up and down the river front, or walks through the narrow streets leading to the river, the stench and mud and crowds make it appear a very incubator of microbes.

I stood for a long time within a small court, in the middle of which was a much-frequented temple. Cows stood about in their own filth, men, women, and children crowded in, went to the shrine where they bowed and prayed, and were given something by the attendant, or priest, which they popped into their mouths. Some came away with garlands, but all of them evidently impervious to the smells and the mud. It was warm outside, but in this particular temple the smell of hot humanity, and hot cow, was sickening.

Nor Mecca, nor Jerusalem has known such hordes of worshippers, so many thousands of years of continuous pilgrimage. No matter what his caste, no matter what his occupation, no matter how black his heart or red his hands, the Hindu who dies within a radius of fifty miles of Benares is spared all future torment, so it is said.

In the theory of the transmigration of souls, or metempsychosis, the Hindu believes that there are some millions of species of animals that he may be obliged to pass through, one after another, before he arrives at the house of his god, if he does not pay due attention to the duties and formalities of his religion. This saving of one's own soul becomes a very important business under these circumstances. The hell of the most enthusiastic revivalist is a very lukewarm affair when compared with this interminable vista of animal impersonations which confronts the pious Hindu.

The upper classes and intelligent Hindus have become Theists, but the mass of the

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A street beggar.

Hindu world are crass Polytheists, who worship not only endless named gods, but sticks, and stones, and trees, and mounds of earth of their own choosing and making. On one occasion I asked a lower-caste Hindu, who had been very attentive in his service, if I was not taking too much of his time. I had noticed that his forehead was not marked, a sign that he had not bathed and prayed as his ritual requires. "Oh," he replied, "I have my own private god in my compound!" On the other hand, an educated and travelled Hindu, of whom I saw a good deal, told me that he was what we would call a "Unitarian!" Another Brahman, of the mystical type, is said to have remarked quite casually: "I have never seen Christ myself, but I have a friend who often sees him, and he tells my friend that he finds many of his followers very trying people."

I remember that I took a course of study in the Ethnic Religions when at the University, but of these mystic refinements on the one hand, and these crudities on the other, I knew nothing till I was face to face with them here. One is rather shocked at the abysmal gulf between the book and the fact, between the theory and the practice, when one is brought into close contact with the latter in India. As I stand beside the reeking cow, ankle-deep in filth, in the temple of this dark, crowded court in Benares, and see the earnestness of the worshippers, I am impressed by the fact that all I know, or may have known, or shall know, are of little use in interpreting this situation which is here and now, and which has been for thousands of years.

All religions really, whether of Buddha, Brahma, Muhammad, or Christ, maintain that life is to die. The Buddhist and the Brahman and the Muhammadan stick to the original text, to the primitive message. We Westerners have twisted the Christianity of Christ into a code and a creed suited to our climate, our environment, our temperament, and our ambitions, and we maintain that life is to live. But no philosophy and no religion which has its roots in the East can be fairly interpreted as giving such a message. We have interpreted isolated texts to please our love of life, but the founder of Christianity was an Oriental, with the same profound conviction that "my Father's many mansions" are preferable to hut or palace here, which characterizes the creeds of the Buddhist, the Brahman, and the Muhammadan. The

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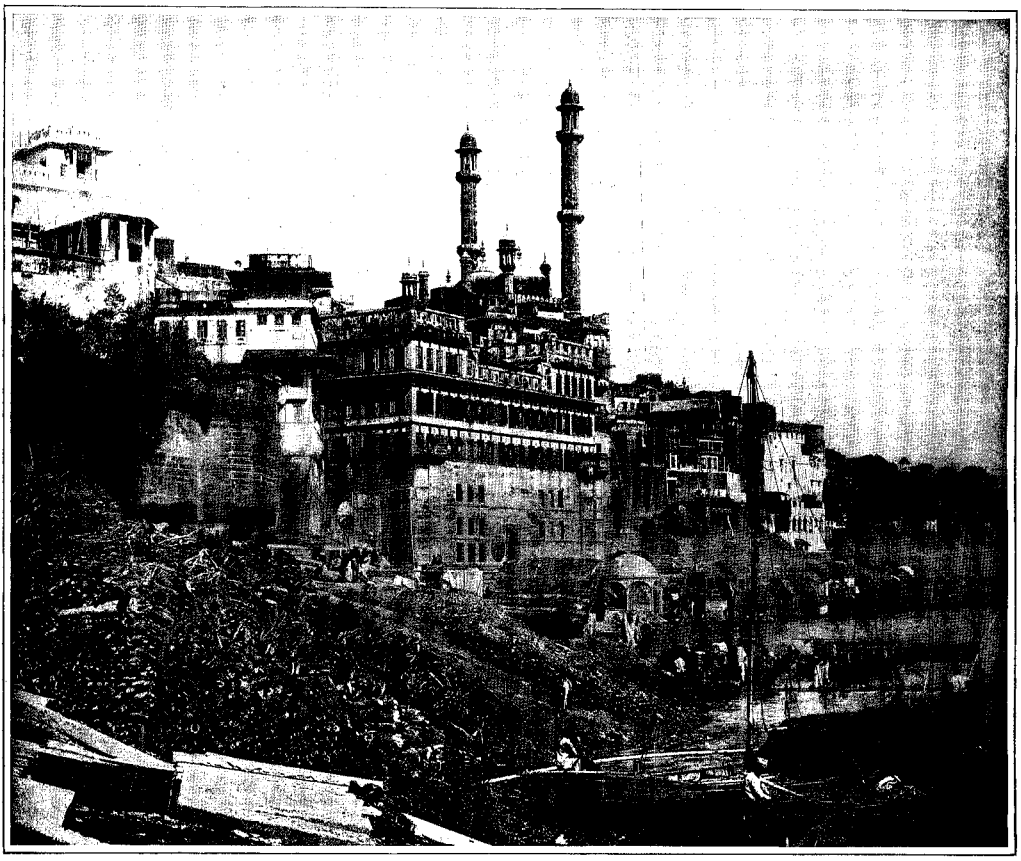

A spiteful mosque, built by the fanatical Aurangzeb on one of the sacred sites . . . still rears its towers.—Page 261.

Buddhist is a Buddhist, the Brahman is a Brahman, the Muhammadan is a Muhammadan but we Westerners are not Christians. We merely wear an ethical cloak, made of a patchwork of sayings, which we have wrenched from their context, to enable us to do our work in the world with freedom of movement. Were we to wrap ourselves in the genuine robes of Christianity we should be as hampered, and as helpless, as are the thorough-going disciples of Buddha, Brahma, or Muhammad.

Hinduism is not only a religious bond, but it is also a sort of social league governing all the relations of life. As a social league it rests upon caste, that immovable barrier against reform or progress; as a religious bond, it rests upon a union of the Aryan and the Buddhistic faith. Hinduism recognized the so-called twice-born, or Aryan castes, viz., the Brahmans or priests, the Kshattriyas or warriors, the Vaisyas or agriculturalists, and the Sudras or serfs. But this is a mere guide-book classification. If you investigate the make-up of an Indian village you may find herdsmen, fishermen, weavers, artisans, barbers, coolies, some Muhammadans, some Brahmans, traders, money-lenders, and here and there Mahrattas, and a few other immigrants. But even these divisions do not begin to complete the list, for there are still subdivisions of these. Even the Brahmans have ten distinct classes or nations, and these again are divided into some two thousand tribes. In Bombay alone, where there are more than a million Brahmans, there are some two hundred groups of them, none of which intermarries with another. In Madras there are six groups each speaking a different tongue, and no member of one group will marry or eat with the member of another; while each of these groups, again, has rules regarding the persons within its

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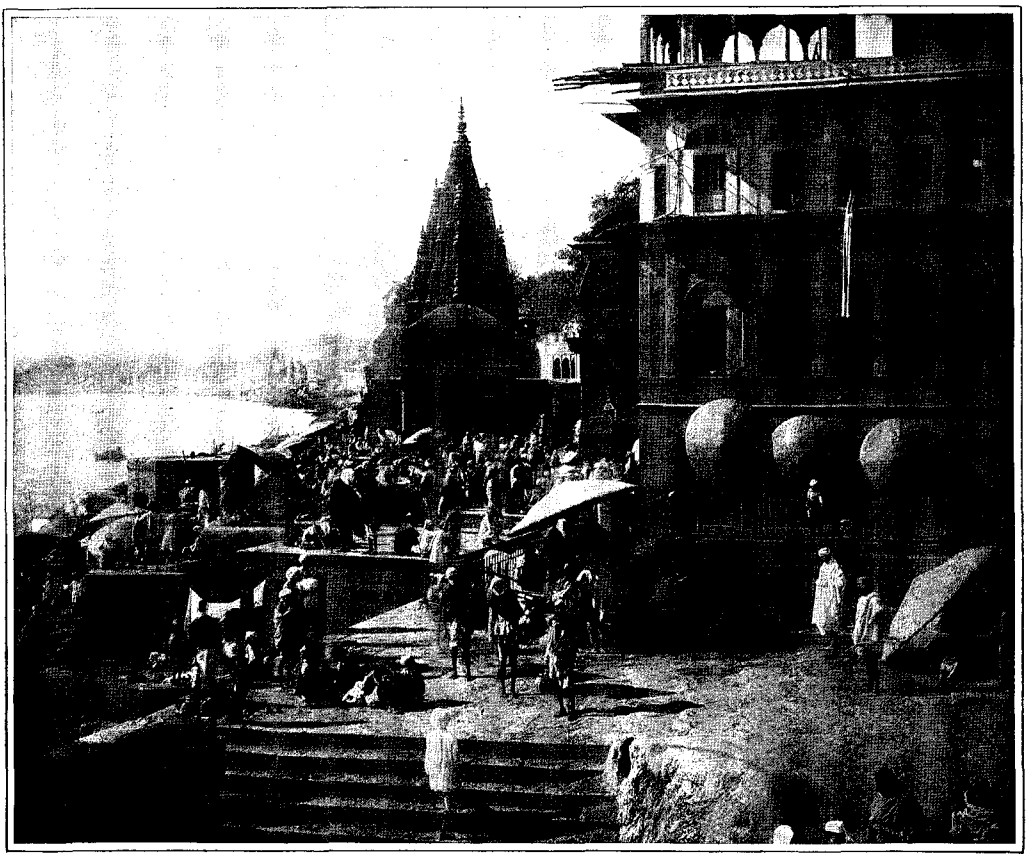

From a copyrighted photograph by Johnston & Hoffmann, India.

The bathing Ghats, Benares.

own circle, with whom its members may marry or eat cooked food.

The Brahmans of the south of India claim to be of higher rank than the Brahmans of the north, holding that the Brahmanism of the north has been defiled by one conqueror after another, while they of the south have remained more or less untouched by foreign influences. Unlike the northern Brahman, there is no lower caste from whom the southern Brahman will take water.

In this matter of religion, as in political and social matters, the women of India are bigotedly conservative, and insistent upon maintaining all the traditional observances. The most outspoken and the fiercest rebels against the English power whom I met in India were women. The two I remember best were, one the wife of a prominent Maharaja, and the other the sister of a distinguished Muhammadan. They were ready to take any measures to rid India of British rule. So, too, the Kshattriyas, or Rajputs, are divided into some six hundred tribes in different parts of India. The authorities say that it is impossible to number all the castes in India. They number thousands at least.

When it is remembered that the members of these different castes cannot intermarry, cannot eat together, and that as a rule no Hindu of good caste may eat food prepared by a man of inferior caste, and that much the same rule obtains in regard to the drinking of water, one begins to understand, dimly, the difficulties inherent in any dealings with these people, whether for hygienic, social, or military purposes. Verily, their ways are not as our ways. Even at the railway stations in some parts of India you see notices posted: "Water for Hindus." "Water for Muhammadans."

Just, as one example, imagine the difficulty of helpfulness to one another when

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the neglected and the help-needing person may be one whom to touch, or to come in contact with in any way, is a social and religious degradation, imperilling not only one's social position, but one's salvation. The enlightened ruler of Baroda, His Highness, the Gaekwar, calls these people the "Untouchables," a very happy description of them, and he estimates their numbers at six million, or a fifth of the population. He, a Hindu of the Maratha branch himself, says: "The system which divides us into innumerable castes, claiming to rise by minutely graduated steps from the Pariah to the Brahman, is a whole tissue of injustice, splitting men equal by nature into divisions high and low, based not on the natural standard of personal qualities, but on the accident of birth. The eternal struggle between caste and caste for social superiority has become a source of constant ill-feeling in these days. The human desire to help the members of one's caste also leads to nepotism, heart-burnings, and consequent mutual distrust."

The polluting power of a cat, as an example of the intricacies of this subject of caste, is small, of a dog greater, but nothing equals the pollution of a Pariah. Man, in this connection, is degraded below the beasts. Such people are denied the advantages of social sympathy and industrial aid. They are denied all influence for good, arising out of free intercourse with their neighbors. The full and free use of hospitals, of public inns, public conveyances, wells, and even temples, is witheld from them. They are even refused the opportunities of earning a living. Menial service even is denied them, as they cannot touch the food or enter the houses of the higher castes.

My friend, the Maharaja Gaekwar of Baroda, is possibly the most outspoken prince in India, so I quote another saying of his, that my readers may know something of his political and social views: "I can quite understand the difficulty involved in giving up one's inherited ideals of thought and custom, especially in conservative India. If the Indian people wish to progress, and to make the most of their national influence, they must consciously give up these old false ideals and open their eyes to the light of progress, in which not one class, or many classes, but all shall share. Men are asking for a constitution, by which they may limit the powers of princes and governments; they neglect to limit the tyrannical and despotic sway of religion, which is crushing the life out of our people by driving out of them all sense of personal pride, all individuality and ambition. There is no room in the world of to-day for such priests as are little gods with an exaggerated idea of their own importance, insisting upon their infallibility, content with ignorance, contemptuous of knowledge, Priests of this kind are a drag on the wheels of progress. Instead of ministering to the people they are their bad angels."

Sir Harry Johnston, who at least cannot be accused of not knowing India, writes: "The one hundred and sixty-two million Hindu men and women and children follow for the most part wholly unreasonable forms of religion, quite incompatible with modern ideas of physical development, social progress, sanitation, avoidance of cruelty, and unrestricted intercourse with one's fellow-men." To this he adds: "If all forms of the Hindu religion—Brahmanism—could be submitted to an impartial world-congress of non-Hindus, the members of which were selected from all parts of non-Hindu Asia, from America, Europe, and Africa, the Hindu religion would be universally condemned as a mixture of nightmare nonsense and time-wasting rubbish, fulfilling no useful end whatever, only adding to the general burden borne by humanity in its struggle for existence. And, of course, so long as two hundred million Indians remain attached to these preposterous faiths, with their absurd and useless ceremonials, and food taboos, so long—if for that reason alone—will the British be justified in ruling the Indian Empire with some degree of absolutism."

In this connection, one should remember that of the fifty-five million adult male Muhammadans, about seventy-five per cent can read and write in Hindustani, and some ten per cent are acquainted with English; while of the one hundred and sixty-two million Hindus only twenty per cent of the adult males can read and write in the vernacular, and only three per cent are acquainted with English.

It is somewhat disconcerting to an observer and student of Indian affairs, therefore, to find that it is from the Hindu

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Pinnacles of the golden temple.—Page 264.

element and from the Brahman caste that the murderers, bomb-throwers, seditious editors of the vernacular press, and the men who shoot down the English officials on platforms and in theatres are drawn. It can only mean that the great Brahman caste, which for centuries have been the social and political leaders of these timid and ignorant masses, are jealous of the English authority. Instead of aiding in all efforts to improve the sanitation, in all efforts to protect the peasant from the money-lender, in all schemes for irrigation and education, the Brahman is the leader of the reactionist party. He prefers, apparently, that the mass of the people should remain ignorant, debased, diseased, and helpless, as his position is magnified by just the width of the social chasm between himself and them. He both hates the English and despises his own people. He and his people have been the victims of the Turk, the Tartar, the Mongol, who, times without number, have swept through the Afghan passes, and robbed, slaughtered, and deflowered, but he has always heretofore reappeared as the religious, social, and political lord of these poor people. He would rather have chaos again than to see his acknowledged superiority slip away from him, through the uplifting of the masses—slow though the process be—by the English rulers. There are numbers of sympathizers with the so-called Indian patriots in America, who contribute to their funds and to their excitement. They should realize that it is the Brahman agitator they are backing, and they should take some pains to assure themselves that they are not putting their money on the wrong horse. It is well enough to sympa-

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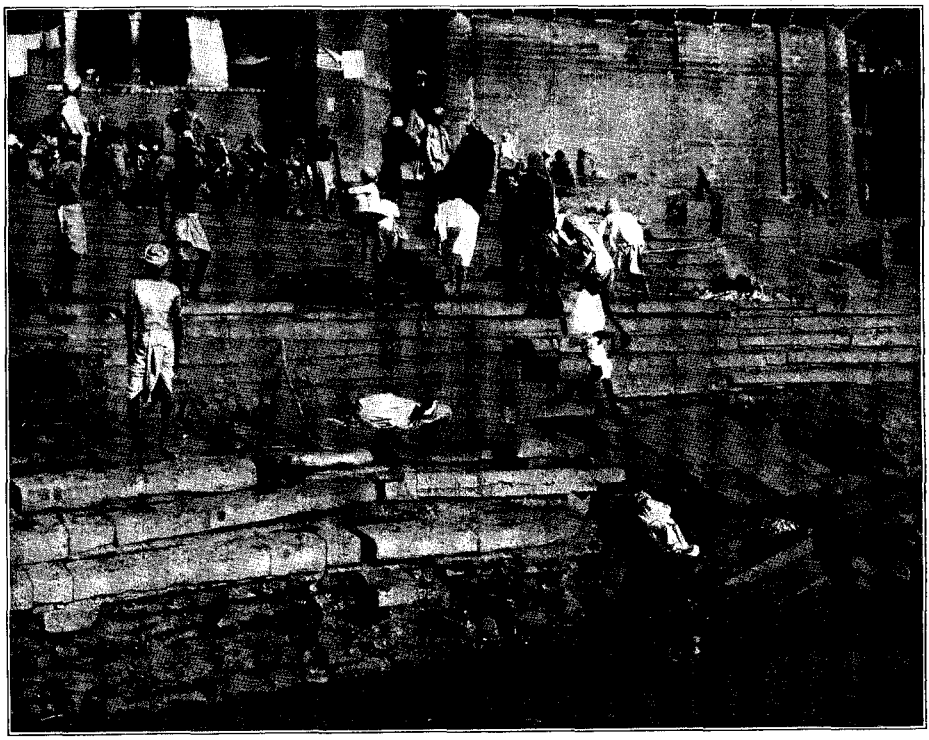
thize with—I will go farther and say—and to help any body of men suffering from the tyranny of injustice and brutality, whether at home or abroad. Though we have such down-trodden people here at home needing our attention, it is perhaps excusable in certain temperaments to prefer the excitement of participation in revolutions abroad, where at any rate our own skins may remain whole, whatever happens. But this attempt of the Brahman agitators to oust the British, or at all events to gain more offices, more authority, and more power for themselves is an effort to replace British control by the rule of the Brahman which represents the most tyrannical, the most un-American, and the most revolting social, religious, and political autocracy the world has ever seen. How any American, whatever his ideals or his sympathies, can lend his influence in support of a movement to increase the power of the Brahman caste in India, politically or otherwise, can only be explained on two grounds: he is either maliciously mischievous, or he is ignorant. If one were to search the world to find ideals utterly unlike, and destructive of American ideals of government, of religious liberty, and of social freedom, he could find them nowhere better than in Brahmanism.

He has never been a fighting-man; he has fattened upon superstition, and consequently has, and does encourage it to the utmost, and holds, consequently, the strange position in India of being a seditionist as against the English and a reactionary as against his own people. There is a harsher word than I care to use for this type of citizen, but whatever he may be, he is distinctly a stumbling-block in the present situation. Men who ask for larger representation in the government, knowing full well that they alone are sufficiently educated to profit by it, and who are inciting the weak-minded to assassinate, and the ignorant to balk, the alien reformers, are difficult to deal with, especially when one hears on every side from disinterested natives that they tremble at the idea of their future magistrates, having as much concern with their caste elevation as with the in-



The burning Ghats. . . . Into the sacred waters of the Ganges every Hindu wishes his ashes thrown.—Page 262.

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An Ascetic, who claims not to have spoken for 23 years.

crease of their salary, and who say: "It would be treason to humanity to place us by force of British bayonets under the yoke of those whose flesh creeps on their bones when they hear of a war." I quote from a Rajput noble of Oudh.

We have only to picture to ourselves the Presbyterians, the Methodists, the Catholics, the Episcopalians, and the railway employees, the shop-keepers, the clerks, the barbers, the butchers, the money-lenders, and the lowest class of laborers, say in Utica, N. Y., divided into sects and subjects, not permitted to intermarry, to eat together, or to touch food cooked one for the other, to get an idea of the helpless chaos so far as any effective work or progress as a community are concerned. And this is by no means an exaggerated picture of thousands of communities all over India. On the contrary, it is but a very rough sketch of communities far more meticulously subdivided and far more intricately disassociated.

This system of caste, which, by the way, is the great stumbling-block in the way of native reformers, whether revolutionary or otherwise, is not limited to social and religious matters, but permeates even the industries of the people, since each caste is also, in a way, a sort of trade-guild. It makes laws and rules for the different trades, and even goes so far as to promote and support strikes.

This is but a passing and superficial statement of a most intricate, and to the Western mind most incomprehensible, social and religious condition. I mention it not as an indication of erudition, nor as an attempt to explain, or to make clear, what years of study and experience would hardly compass, but to give an example of one of the most difficult problems facing the English administrators of this huge continent.

It is easy to see that the visible ruler is soon, and surely, held responsible for everything that goes wrong. The English government has introduced authority which insists upon standing absolutely aloof—as it must—from all interference in religious matters. But here, as we have seen, the religious life begins with the brushing of the teeth in the morning, and thoroughly permeates the hourly life of the people, their eating, drinking, marrying, and dying. There are new and strange desires, there are distress and discontent among the peasants, there is a rearrangement of classes, there is the ignoring of caste, as in the railway trains, where all must of necessity be treated alike.

Fancy the New York Central Railway attempting to cater to the prejudices of Catholics and Unitarians, vegetarians and

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Christian Scientists, New York hoodlums and Brahmans from Boston, and when I say that such a problem is comparatively easy as compared to this problem of caste in India, I tell even less than the bare truth. The government is, of course, blamed for this by the ignorant. The sages and teachers of the Hindus have been preaching for centuries asceticism as an escape from the distresses and wearisome problems of life. Now comes a spirit of progress, rejoicing in and lauding material possessions, comfort, and the prolongation of life. Life is to be a struggle to overcome the impediments, whether physical or climatic, to an agreeable existence even in India. Men are pushed forward to live, and to live as comfortably as possible, who heretofore have been taught that the heights of human perfection are reached only by those who live most simply, who ignore most completely the material side of life, and who quit most speedily this tenement for another. The Brahman looked forward to absorption in Brahma, the Buddhist to Nirvana or absolute loss of consciousness, so far as the material world is concerned.

There was a thick-headed citizen of Marseilles who was known to have little enthusiasm for the church, but who was none the less a frequent attendant at mass. When asked why he attended mass he replied: "Oh, j'attends que ça soit fini!" There are millions in India who have that hopeless, helpless air. Their whole physical and mental attitude seems to say: "Oh, nous attendons que ça soit fini!" Into this state of mind, into this situation, the Englishman introduces the wedge of Western civilization. Railways, telegraph wires canals, hospitals, dispensaries, police, justice without bribery, and the cheery Englishman himself, playing, shooting, making himself comfortable, doing his duty, and hoping and believing in, not only to-morrow, but the day after to-morrow. "You need not die if you don't want to!" this civilization says to three hundred million people who have seen little in life but to die; who look upon disease and disaster, famine and plague, as visitations of God; who—some of them—have held it blasphemy to try to cure a small-pox patient, because it must be a very powerful god who could produce such an awful disease. England comes blandly ignoring these gods, smilingly sure that life is worth living, and ready to spend an immense amount of energy in giving life, what every Englishman all over the world believes to be the only proper setting for such a jewel—comfort! England comes offering prizes to those who win material prosperity, and these people have not merely been taught, but have had it ground into them for centuries, that material possessions are merely the hampering baggage of spirits, which should be always on the alert to escape to another place.

India, for all these centuries, has had no standards but those of birth, blood, caste, and the personal power of conquest. Poverty was no disgrace; on the contrary, the religious beggar, the Brahman, the Buddhist priest, however poor, was a person of dignity, looked up to, and reverenced, because he had stripped himself of every form of wealth. Now India is being inoculated with the economic lymph of the West. They see men treated with respect, and placed in dignified positions, partly at least because they are rich. It is hard, for an American particularly, to understand what a tremendous change this marks for India. What a man accumulates and holds counts. This is new to India. This situation adds measurably to the existing discontent of an ever-increasing number, who measuring themselves by this entirely new standard find inequalities they equally dislike, and do not understand.

They are beginning to wonder if one may not at the same time be holy and rich. It is easier to be poor and good than to be rich and vulgar—they see evidences of this, but many, none the less, are being influenced to prefer the latter.

Their own miseries were not enough. They have now this new source of discontent, the poison of the West; the standard of money! The social and even political tyranny of the irresponsible rich is yet to be their portion, and their potion, and it will prove more unpalatable to them than any that has yet been forced upon them. They must go through all this, and then, alas! learn all over again that comfort is not prosperity, that luxury, is not culture, and that a mind besmeared with odds and ends of learning is not education. Even England and America are only just beginning to see this.

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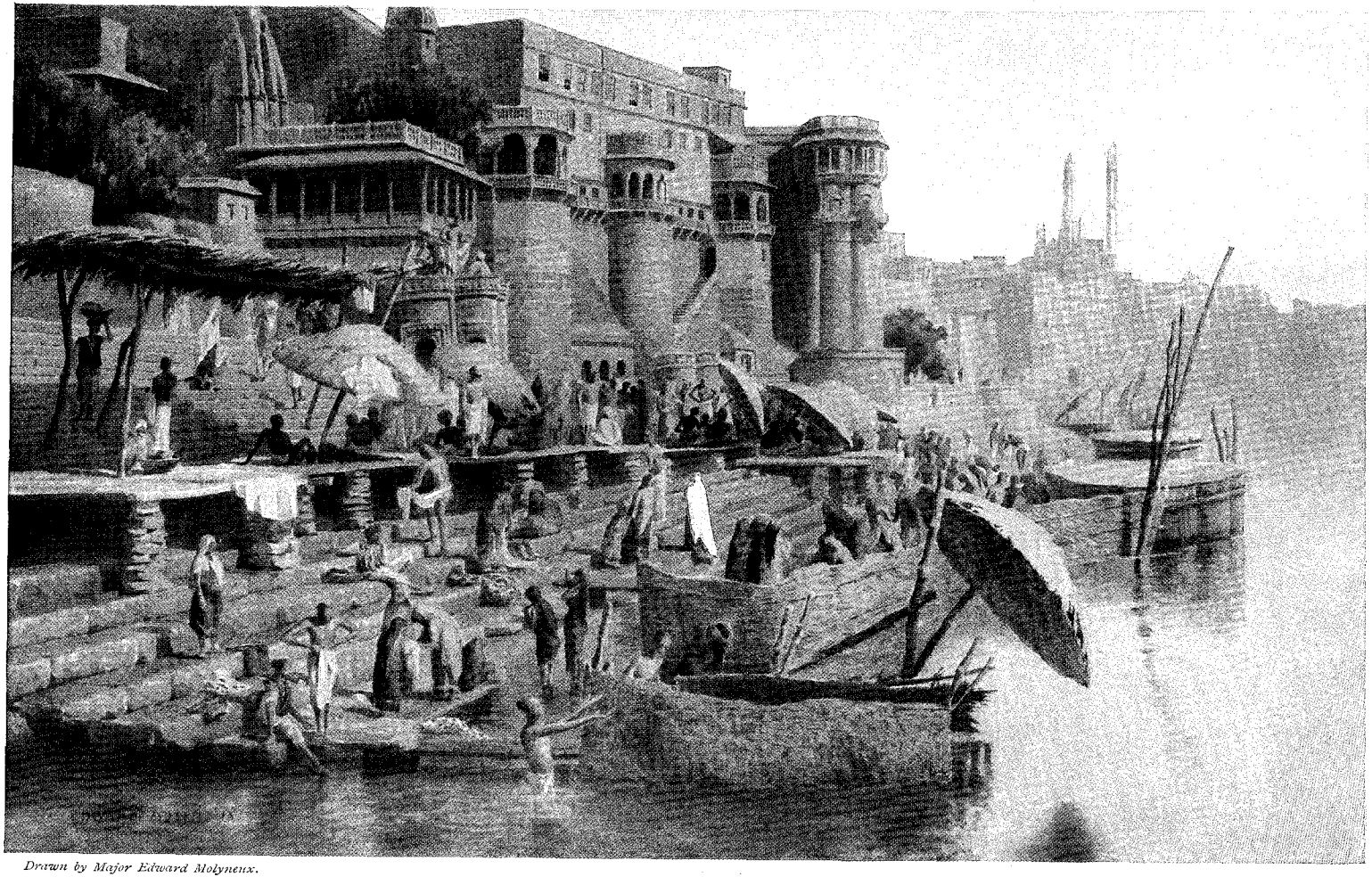

Drawn by Major Edward Molyneux.

The banks of the Ganges at Benares.

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So far as the masses of India are concerned, they still preserve and adhere to their centuries-old polytheism, they worship innumerable gods; the class slightly above them still worship the gods of the Hindu Pantheon as manifestations of divinity which is everywhere—in short, they are Pantheists; while the students, and teachers, and intellectuals of the higher castes are weaving and unravelling the fine theological threads, which were doing duty for the scholars' exercises of the fourth century and the schoolmen of the Middle Ages. Mr. K. G. Gupta, writing of orthodox Hinduism, says: "It is mainly and substantially idolatrous; and image-worship, in which anthropomorphism plays an important part, is its principal feature. It has many cults, many sects, each having its special gods and goddesses, but all combine to venerate the entire Hindu pantheon. The worship of a certain deity representing the active female principle of the universe is never complete without the shedding of blood, and she has even to plead guilty to a hankering for human sacrifice." There is more than one example, even of late years, where this goddess has been offered human sarifices by her ignorant worshippers.

If there were no problems of taxation, of hygiene and sanitation, of education, of administration, of safeguarding the country within, and from without, against sedition and attack, this disease of the religious and social skin, within which these people move and have their prejudices, were surely a task of momentous difficulty in and of itself. Fortunately for the problem, and probably for themselves, this hard-playing, unanalyzing, governing race of Englishmen, with unbounded confidence in themselves, take all these matters so lightly, ignore them so placidly, discuss them so flippantly, that for them they cease to exist. They come and stare at Benares like children at a pantomime, then return to deal justly and patiently with their three hundred million wards, as though the whole spiritual and intellectual life of thousands of years and millions of subjects did not exist.

This ignorance and confidence explain their success, but these ignored problems are none the less the fundamental cause of most of their anxieties. These people are so split up into factions, racial, religious, social, and political, that they cannot combine to free themselves from their governors. Herein lies the safety of the English. But 1857, the year of the Mutiny, showed that if once the religious prejudices could be touched, then the fire will light and burn. Once the Muhammadans were persuaded that the abhorred pig, and the Hindus that the sacred cow, were used to make the grease for their cartridges, and that the Russians were beating their supposedly unbeatable conquerors in the Crimea, they threw off all allegiance, they forsook friends, they killed companions and broke the bonds of years, to an extent that their own officers, who had lived in the closest intercourse with them, could not believe possible.

The seditionist of to-day knows full well the strings to pull to produce another uprising. Not many months ago it was going the rounds that the bone-dust of animals was to be mixed with the sugar, and the Japanese success over white opponents has been used to the full to enflame their warlike ambitions. It is only some such attack upon their religious and racial sensibilities and prejudices that can pervade the mass of the people, and the Indian anarchist knows it and is nowadays again on the lookout for some such materials to start the blaze.

It is to be remembered, too, as an important factor in any discussion of caste, that peace has been maintained in the past, in these thousands of communities all over India, because the assembly, such as it is, has been influenced by the men entitled to influence it. When caste is destroyed into whose hands will this governing power in all these small communities fall? The English thus far have left, to a large extent, these smaller offices in the hands of those who have always asserted their right to them by reason of their blood or caste standing, a right, be it said, universally and contentedly recognized. There is no new influence, no new arrangement to supplant this old system, and the old system of caste is being, even though very slowly, corroded and eaten away by the civilization of the West. When it disappears the governors of India will have another difficult problem to face. They will have reached the summit of one mountain of reform only to see another peak beyond. Caste may interfere with progress, but it undoubtedly helps

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mightily to preserve the peace. Caste is a better policeman even than the Englishman. Once this system, which has for thousands of years and still does permeate all classes in India, is weakened, or ridiculed out of existence, all sorts of other superstitions will follow to create trouble.

There were actual riots in the streets of the capital of Korea, some years ago, due to a wide-spread report that the American missionaries were boiling Korean babies to manufacture chemicals for photographic processes. This was, indeed, a tribute to Yankee ingenuity, but it is also an illustration of what preposterous methods may be used successfully to breed trouble among masses of ignorant people.

It is an interesting commentary upon the impartial attitude of the English, that while they pay and protect missionaries in India and elsewhere, they are at the same time large manufacturers and shippers of idols to these same countries.

The ordained missionaries in India number something over a thousand, with about the same number of native pastors. They have made practically no impression upon India, and the best of them, both European and native, admit as much themselves. The converts are almost entirely from the lowest class of natives, and from the Eurasians, *i.e.*, those of mixed European and Indian parentage—a class, by the way, for whom one has much sympathy, as they are equally despised and rejected by the English and the Indians. "In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred (always excepting the Roman Catholic Christians of the West Coast) to be a Christian is to have been a pariah" writes Stanley Rice, a recognized authority on the subject. Medical assistance, teaching, and so on by the missionaries are valuable, but I doubt whether either the civilian or the soldier would not willingly see the whole band of missionaries sent home. Their interest in the native sometimes gets to the point of mawkishness, leading the native to overestimate his own importance, and weakening his respect for authority. Upon the better-class Indian mind, the necessary assumption of omniscience which must underlie all foreign missionary effort, particularly when many of the missionaries are distinctly of the social and intellectual mediocrity, produces an invulnerable dislike. To them the theological crazy-quilt, offered them as a coverlet for their salvation, a patchwork of Anglican, Presbyterian, Catholic, Baptist, Methodist, Lutheran, and Universalist, must lack dignity, subtlety, and beauty of outline.

The Sanskrit word for caste is color. A philologist might argue that this matter of caste probably dated from the time when the swarms of white Aryans came to India, and wished to cut themselves off and to keep themselves apart from the darker races they found there. The missionary finds himself balked in his endeavors by his own logic. If the incarnation is true, then no race which is Christian can remain ostracized from and by other Christian races. The European Christians in India are a caste by themselves. They will not hear of much social intercourse, or of intermarriage. Indian Christians are even barred from the Transvaal by their brother Christians there. White Christians refuse to meet African Christians even at the sacrament; much more strongly do they persist in ostracizing them socially.

Whatever the Indian may be physically and morally, he is admittedly subtle mentally. To preach brotherly love at the table of the holy communion, and to be ready to slay the man who should propose social intercourse, or marriage, with your sisters or daughters, is a difficult dilemma, a hornless dilemma, in fact, for the missionary. For the convert, belief in the incarnation is indispensable, but for the white converter to carry out the plain prescriptions of the incarnation is a crime against his race. It is safe to say that there will be no great missionary progress among the colored races until this problem is solved. It is not surprising that the rooted beliefs of the East are sometimes puzzled into ferocity. And, alas! I am bound to admit, as an outsider, that I am not sure that one does not see Buddha, Confucius, or Muhammad in the streets of Rangoon, Peking, and Peshawar, quite as often as one sees Jesus of Nazareth in the streets of London, Paris, or New York.

A dozen unmarried women, singing and beating tambourines, accompanied and led by one man, must necessarily daunt the credulity of the Muhammadan or the Chinese Buddhist. The only effective missionaries I have ever met, either at home or abroad, are those few people, men and

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women, who never preach, never pray in public, and never by any chance argue, but who make us humble and ashamed by being better than we are. They convert us by their unvoiced consistency of conduct. They are unsalaried, unconscious, but none the less the saviors of the world. There are, and always have been, a few lay Englishmen of that stamp in India, and I have seen some of their converts, and they are the only converted ones in all India for whose faith or courage I would give a fig, when put to the test of the shadow of the cross, or the edge of a sword.

Praying to a congregation, or to any audience, any prayer, indeed, except it be inaudible and in the closet, would seem to be a most dangerous and daring form of spiritual exercise—a sickening form of idolatry when it is the mere stringing together of beatific phrases, and when it is a frenzied tearing off of the spiritual garments, an awful exposure, more curious than helpful. All this phase of the matter is even more apparent to the Oriental than to us, and to them is more disconcerting. The number and the class of the Christian converts in India shows this. They are practically all of the lowest class, for whom the bait of food, in time of famine, and protection have been the main temptations to conversion.

But besides the Hindus, and the Christians, and some one hundred thousand Parsis in India, there are the Jains, a sect which exaggerates some of the Buddhist doctrines, as, for example, the extreme concern for animal life, bodily penance as a necessity of salvation, and so on. These people maintain hospitals for useless animals who would otherwise be killed. I have seen two of these compounds, crowded with camels, bullocks, cows, water buffaloes, dogs, cats, chickens, pigeons, and so on, all kept alive by this fanatical charity which holds it wrong to kill a fly, or vermin, even when on the person.

There are the Sikhs, a sect of Hindus who recognize no distinctions of caste, worship the Granth, or holy book, have their own teachers or gurus, and who were at one time, and even as late as the middle of the eighteenth century, a formidable military power.

There are the Marathas, who grew from a military organization of local Hindu tribes in southern India, into the most formidable military and political power in India at the time of the break-up of the Mughal empire, in the beginning of the eighteenth century.

There are the Muhammadans (they, again, divided into two sects of Shiahs and Sunnis), who began their invasions of India about 1000 A. D., and who now number sixty-two millions, or about one-fifth of the total population. There are, besides these, numerous tribes, some of them almost extinct, who are practically savage relics of the aborigines and their Animistic worship.

The differences between these various sects and tribes and religions before the British came, were not merely the epicene pulpit quarrels, such as mark our Western theological polemics, matters that do not interfere with inter-dining and dancing, but matters of life and death. Montesquieu writes: "Apres tout, c'est mettre ses conjectures à bien haut prix, que d'en faire cuire un homme tout vif." But these people did not hesitate to clothe their beliefs with full sanction to use both fire and sword. So far as one can see, the vitality of these main beliefs is unimpaired, and the pilgrimages to Mecca, to Rangoon, and to Benares show no lessening of numbers nor of enthusiasm.

If one is to see anything in Benares except a diversely colored peripatetic laundry on an enormous scale, one must have some such thread of knowledge upon which to string one's impressions. How can there be any such thing as national or patriotic feeling in India as a whole! The people of Bombay, of Bengal, of Peshawar, of Madras, of the Punjab can only slowly grow to feel that they belong to one great Indian nation. Their speech even is so different that the man in Madras can no more understand the man from the Punjab than the Spaniard can understand the Russian.

Not only the differences are great, as between a low-class Hindu propitiating demons and worshipping trees, plants, stones, rivers, water-tanks, cows, crocodiles, peacocks—all held to be sacred in certain parts of India—and the high-class members of the two reformed bodies, the Arya Somaj and the Brahma Somaj, who reject all idol-worship, and have refined the Hindu religious philosophy to the point of radical Unitarianism; but the numbers are enor-

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mous. There are over 200,000,000 Hindus, more than 60,000,000 Muhammadans, more than 9,000,000 Buddhists, nearly 9,000,000 Animists, besides Sikhs, Jains, Parsis, and a sprinkling of Jews and Christians.

It is estimated that there are 1,544,510,000 people in the world. Of these, 175,290,000 are Muhammadans, 300,000,000 are Confucians, 214,000,000 are Brahmans, 121,000,000 Buddhists, 534,940,000 are Christians, 10,860,000 are Jews, and other bodies of lesser numbers.

More than half the people in the world live in India and China, and these figures give one some notion of the colossal loaf of paganism that it is the ambition of the missionary to leaven. These figures, too, tell the tale of the bathing, praying thousands on the banks of the river Ganges at Benares, but they give the reader, also, I hope, some idea of the terrifying proportions of the problem of the British ruler in India.

He is not only dealing in India with these unknown, and almost incomprehensible, diversities of creed, and custom, and ancient precedent, but also with the problem common to all of us everywhere, of the political status of the individual, of his rights, and of the quality and quantity of his participation in legislation.

No Oriental nation will hear that women have been given a vote, and thereby a voice in how they shall be governed, without a vocal and physical protest such as no mutiny even can parallel.

Great Britain is being assaulted just now by women demanding the suffrage. What will happen among Hindus and Muhammadans, with their notions of the position of women, should women be given the vote, is rather beyond ordinary imaginative powers. Orientals are all born and bred aristocrats. It is the Indians who visit England, and who discover how un-Brahman are many of their rulers there, who return to spread the seeds of discontent even now. The Oriental, of all others, knows the folly of the rights of man.

Rousseau begins his *Contrat Social:* "L'homme né libre, est partout dans les fers." The profound error here, but one that has unduly excited the world, is that man is not born free, he is, on the contrary, born in chains. He begins life in chains, chains of parentage, of inheritance, of environment, of capability, of disposition, of looks, of strength, physical and moral. All discussions of liberty are founded upon this gross error. Some men achieve a certain liberty, but they are all, always, everywhere, born to slavery! No political philosopher of the West knows as well as does the Oriental that it is the weak who are always screaming for liberty, while the strong are forever asking for more strength and courage to bear the responsibilities that liberty has put upon them, not the least of which is the protection of the weak, by assuming the right to rule. In these days, indeed, it is very much to be doubted whether the weak are more burdened by the chains of subordination than are the strong by the chains of responsibility.

It is an enlightening commentary upon the difficulties to be met in the evolution of the freedom of the individual to read the report of the Society of Comparative Legislation upon the legislation of the empire. For the ten years ending in 1907 twenty-five thousand new laws were made by men for the restriction of their own liberties in the British Empire! First, men strike off the chains of church, of feudalism, of autocracy which bind them, and then with a new system, with self-government, in a new era, they are finding that the new liberties must have new masters.

The variety of problems and peoples in the British Empire is shown by the variety of subjects dealt with by these laws. There are laws punishing witchcraft and widow-burning; there are laws about animals, and even about inanimate objects—as in Athens, where if a tree fell on a man and killed him the tree was solemnly tried and outlawed.

This glut of law-making is by no means confined to the British Empire. We in America have many and ludicrous examples of it. The horse breaks his harness and is free—free to cut himself to pieces running through the crowded streets. The lion breaks out of his cage and cowers in a corner, bewildered by his freedom. Men break away from one tyranny, only to harness themselves in a mesh of knots and buckles more hampering than before.

The intelligence, the experience, and the wisdom of the world have no wish to enslave, or to hamper individual liberty. Certainly we Americans have no such ambi-

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tion, nor have the British, but just to take the harness off the horse does not solve the problem. Germany and Japan are ominous examples of how happy is the horse, and how well he goes when harnessed, handled, and housed by one coachman in supreme control.

We cannot be sure that we are not cutting away at individual initiative, at independence, at personal prowess and courage, by this weaving a web of laws around the individual, even though they be supposedly for his protection and well-being. It may be that he is better off, after all, with a master, rather than with all as masters. This much, at least, must be said for those who hesitate, and counsel delay rather than haste, when dealing with India, and Egypt, and the Philippines. Democracy's cocksureness may land us all scrambling at the feet of a dictator. Liberty is a far more complicated problem to deal with than tyranny, and few there are who recognize it. Those who read these scanty sketches of the history, and the domestic, religious, and social problems of India, will, I hope, share with me the feeling that a nation with such a gigantic problem to solve should be judged and criticised with extreme care, and always with a leaning toward leniency, and that we Americans, with our increasing responsibilities, both at home and abroad, in the governing of the colored races, should be the last to criticise ignorantly, or to counsel others to walk, or to walk ourselves, unwarily.

SUMMER AFTERNOON

(BODIAM CASTLE, SUSSEX)

By Edith Wharton

Not all the wasteful beauty of the year
Heaped in the scale of one consummate hour
Shall this outweigh: the curve of quiet air
That held, as in the green sun-fluted light
Of sea-caves quivering in a tidal lull,
Those trancèd towers and long unruined walls,
Moat-girdled from the world's dissolving touch,
The rook-flights lessening over evening woods,
And, down the unfrequented grassy slopes,
The shadows of old oaks contemplative
Reaching behind them like the thoughts of age.

High overhead hung the long Sussex ridge,
Sun-cinctured, as a beaker's rim of gold
Curves round its green concavity; and slow
Across the upper pastures of the sky
The clouds moved white before the herding airs
That in the hollow, by the moated walls,
Stirred not one sleeping lily from its sleep.

Deeper the hush fell; more remote the earth
Fled onward with the flight of cloud and sun,
And cities strung upon the flashing reel
Of nights and days. We knew no more of these

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Than the grey towers redoubling in the moat
The image of a bygone strength transformed
To beauty's endless uses; and like them
We felt the touch of that renewing power
That turns the landmarks of man's ruined toil
To high star-haunted reservoirs of peace.
And with that sense there came the deeper sense
Of moments that, between the beats of time,
May thus insphere in some transcendent air
The plenitude of being.
Far currents feed them, from those slopes of soul
That know the rise and set of other stars
White-roaring downward through remote defiles
Dim-forested with unexplorèd thought;
Yet tawny from the flow of lower streams
That drink the blood of battle, sweat of earth,
And the broached vats of cities revelling.
All these the moments hold; yet these resolved
To such clear wine of beauty as shall flush
The blood to richer living. . . . Thus we mused,
And musing thus we felt the magic touch,
And such a moment held us. As, at times,
Through the long windings of each other's eyes
We have reached some secret hallowed silent place
That a god visits at the turn of night—
In such a solitude the moment held us.
And one were thought and sense in that profound
Submersion of all being deep below
The vexèd waves of action. Clear we saw,
Through the clear nether stillness of the place,
The gliding images of words and looks
Swept from us down the gusty tides of time,
And here unfolding to completer life;
And like dull pebbles from a sunless shore
Plunged into crystal waters, suddenly
We took the hues of beauty, and became,
Each to the other, all that each had sought.

Thus did we feel the moment and the place
One in the heart of beauty; while far off
The rooks' last cry died on the fading air,
And the first star stood white upon the hill.

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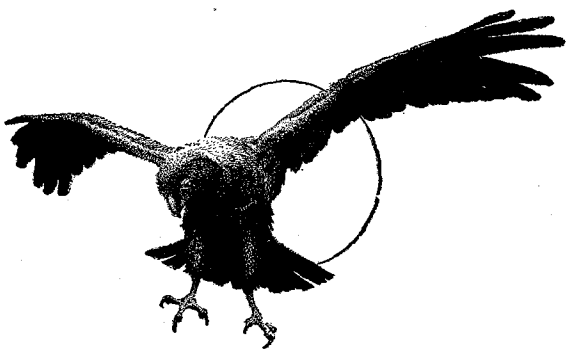
ON THE HIGHWAYS OF THE SKY



A SERIES OF PAINTINGS
by
WILLIAM HARNDEN FOSTER

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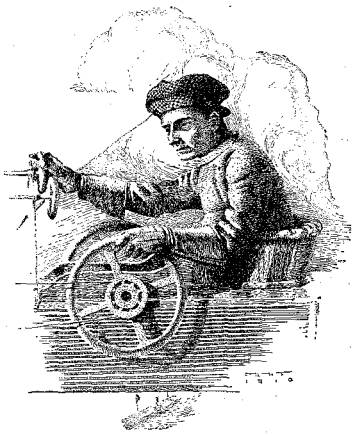

The HARBINGER

An ocean liner held up by fog at the entrance of the harbor. An aeroplane comes out to meet it with mail and newspapers from the port.

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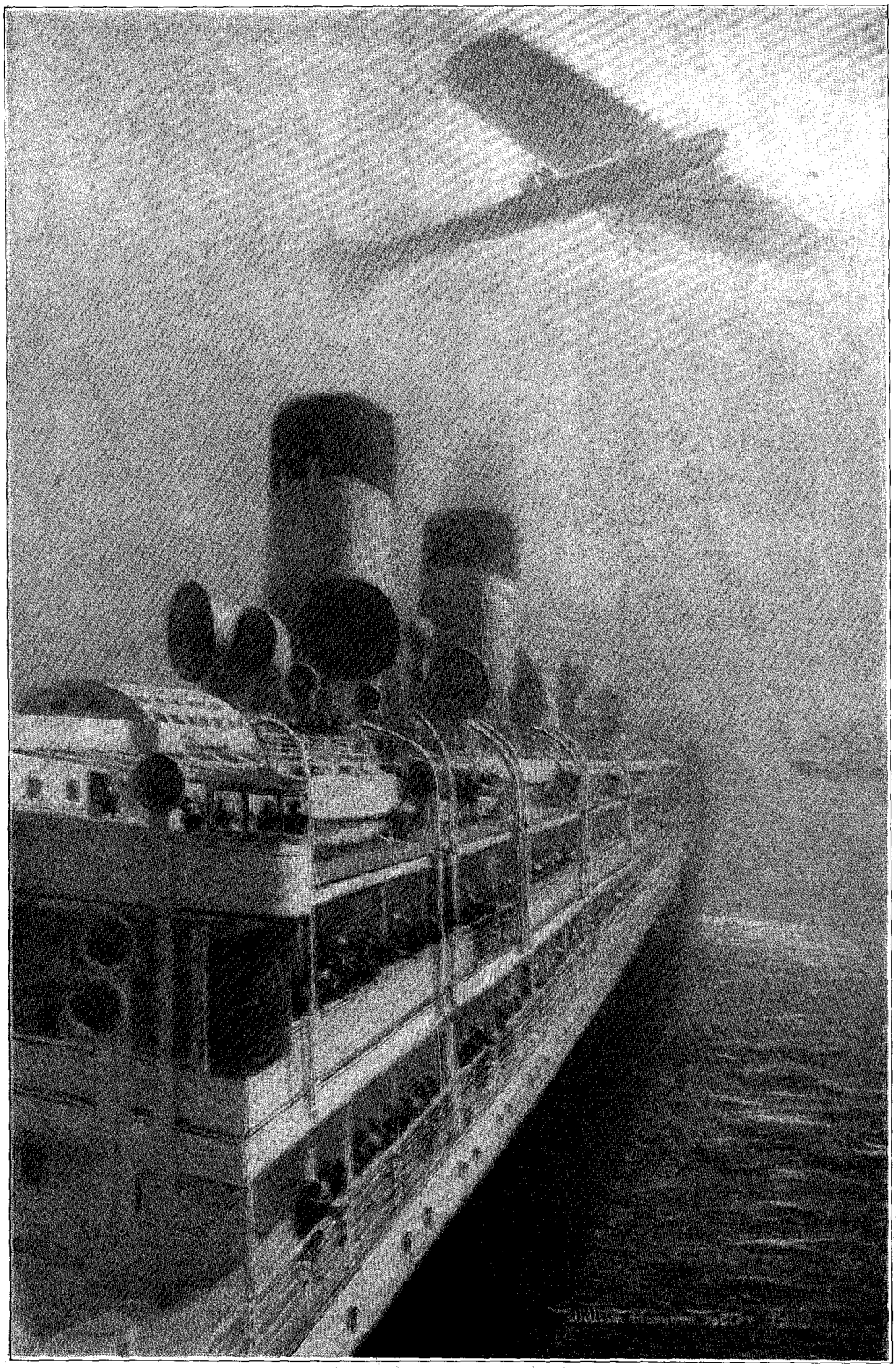

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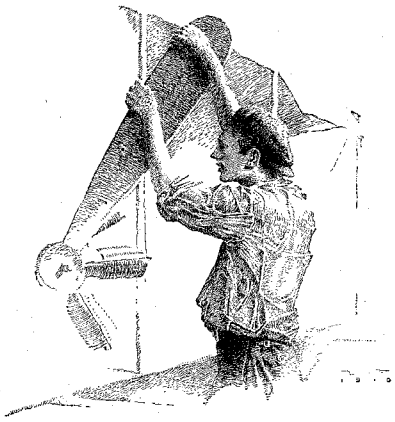

CATCHING *the* "LIMITED"

Rushing the "week-ender" to the train even though it has gone by the home station.

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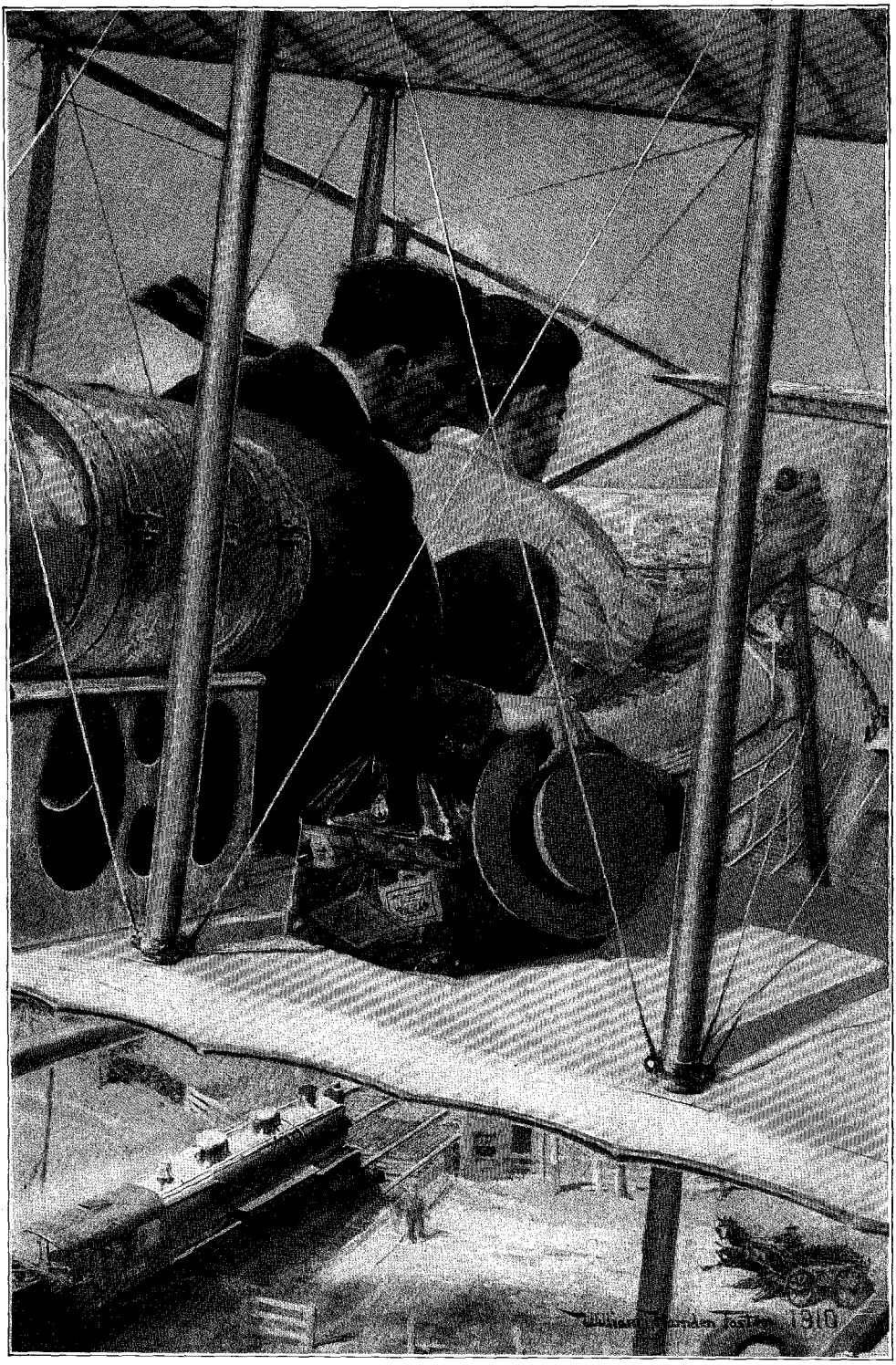

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ROUNDING *the* WINDWARD MARK

When the aeroplane race has supplanted the yacht race as a sport.

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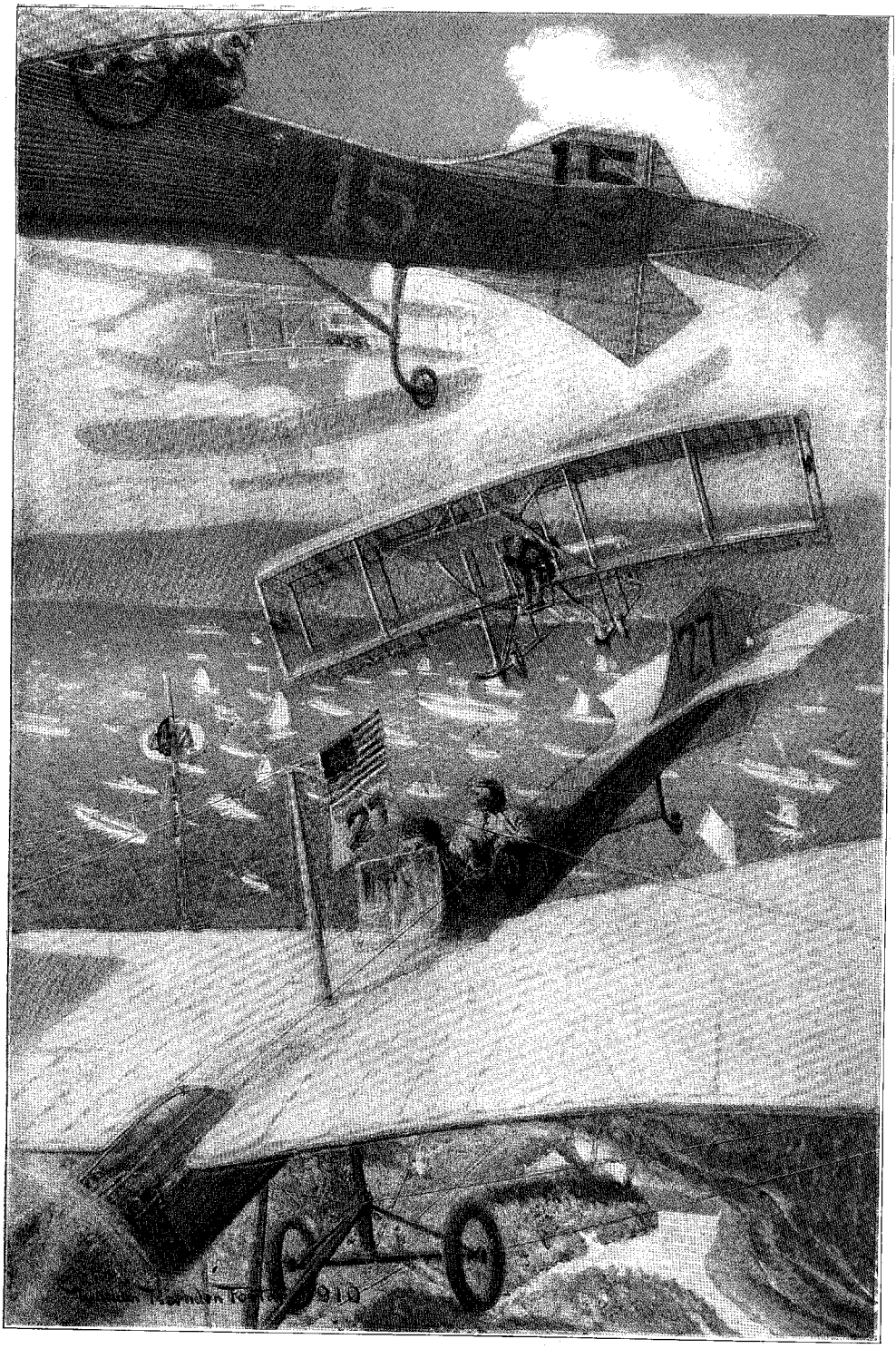

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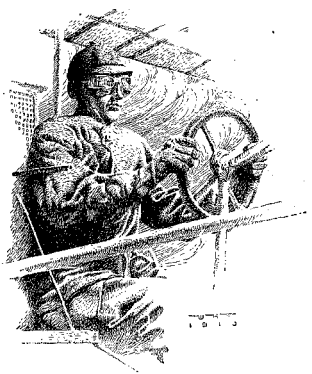

The SCOUT CRUISER

An officer of the U. S. Aviation Corps watching the battle and reporting to the staff.

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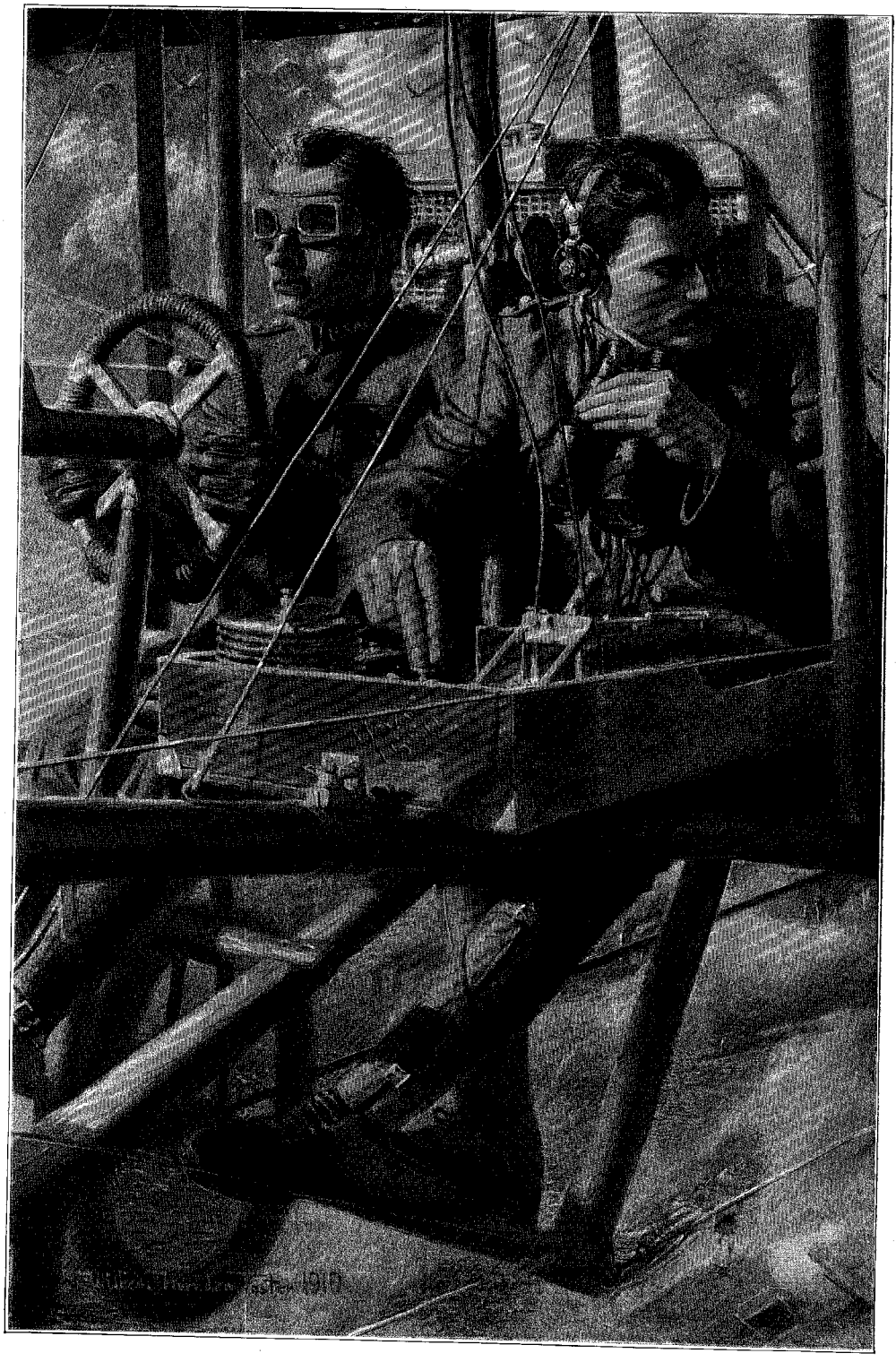

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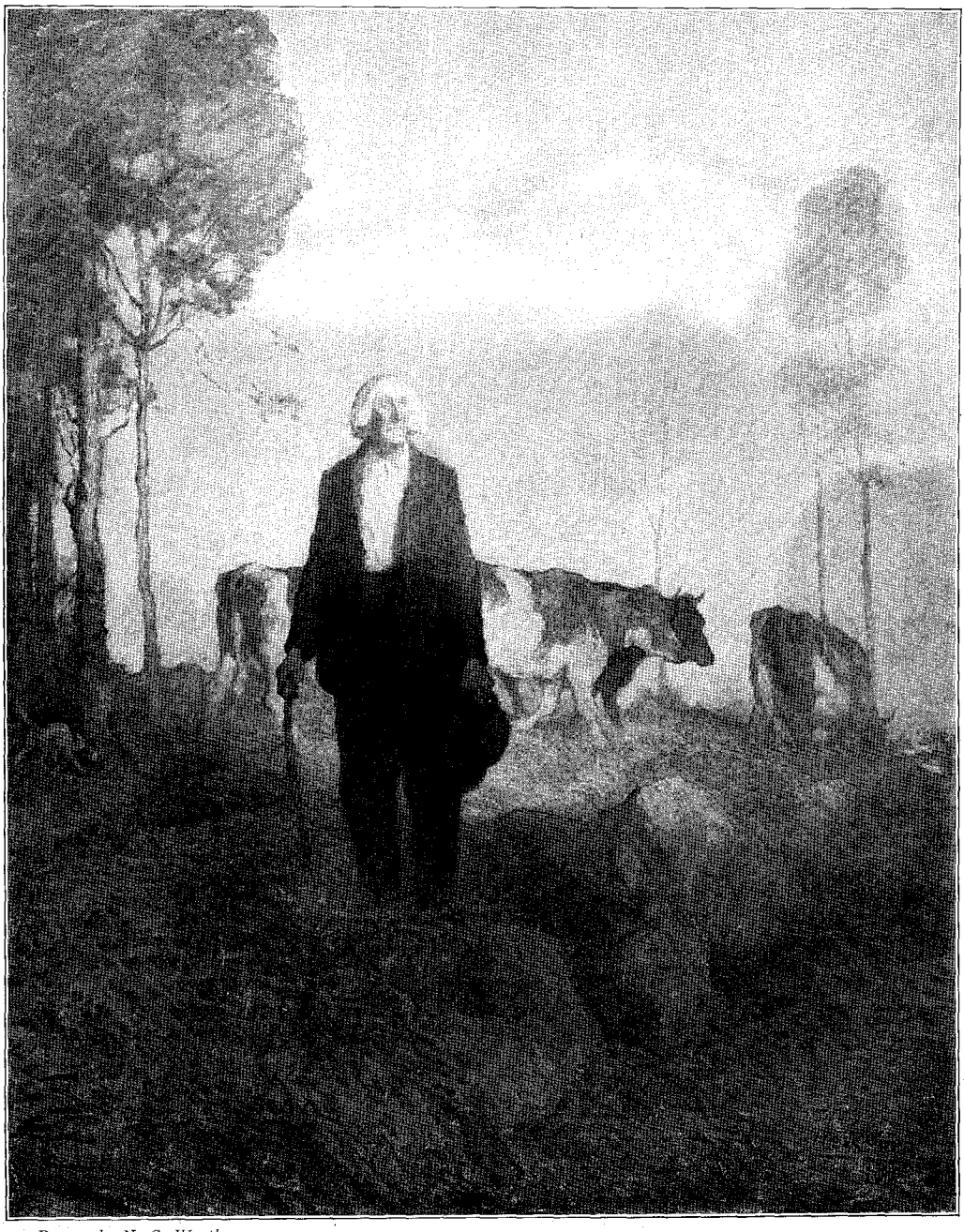

Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

"He turned and faced the rising sun, the light full on his face."—Page 292.

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THE ARTIST

By Dorothy Canfield

ILLUSTRATION BY N. C. WYETH

"AFTER the sickening stench of personality in theatrical life," the great Madame Orloff told the doctor with her usual free-handed use of language, "it is like breathing a thin, pure air to be here again with our dear inhuman old Vieyra. He hypnotizes me into his own belief that nothing matters—not broken hearts, nor death, nor success, nor first love, nor old age—nothing but the chiaroscuro of his latest acquisition."

The picture-dealer looked at her in silence, bringing the point of his white beard up to his chin with a meditative fist. The big surgeon gazed about him with appreciative eyes, touched his mustache to his gold-lined coffee-cup, and sighed contentedly. "You're not the only one, my dear Olga," he said, "who finds Vieyra's hard heart a blessing. When I am here in his magnificent old den, listening to one of his frank accounts of his own artistic acumen and rejoicing in his beautiful possessions, why the rest of the world—real humanity—seems in retrospect like one great hospital full of shrieking incurables."

"Oh, humanity—!" The actress thrust it away with one of her startling, vivid gestures.

"You think it very clever, my distinguished friends, to discuss me before my face," commented the old picture-dealer indifferently. He fingered the bright-colored decorations on his breast, looking down at them with absent eyes. After a moment he added, "and to show your in-ti-mate knowledge of my character."

Only its careful correctness betrayed the foreignness of his speech.

"Oh, character—!" Madame Orloff repudiated the conception in a vague murmur.

There was a pause in which the three gazed idly at the fire's reflection in the brass of the superb old andirons. Then, "Haven't you something new to show us?" asked the woman. "Some genuine Masaccio, picked up in a hill-town monastery—a real Ribera?"

The small old Jew drew a long breath. "Yes, I have something new." He hesitated, opened his lips, closed them again and, looking at the fire, "Oh yes, very new indeed—new to me."

"Is it here?" The great surgeon looked about the picture-covered walls.

"No; I have it in—you know, what you call the inner sanctuary—the light here is not good enough."

The actress stood up, her glittering dress flashing a thousand eyes at the fire. "Let me see it," she commanded. "I would like to see something new to you."

"You shall amuse yourself by identifying the artist without my aid," said old Vieyra.

He opened a door, held back a portière, let his guests pass through into a darkened room, turned on a softly brilliant light, and: "Whom do you make the artist?" he said. He did not look at the picture. He looked at the faces of his guests, and after a long silent pause, he smiled faintly into his beard. "Let us go back to the fire," he said, and clicked them into darkness again.

"And what do you say?" he asked as they sat down.

"By Jove!" cried the doctor. "By Jove!"

Madame Orloff turned on the collector the sombre glow of her deep-set eyes. "I have dreamed it," she said.

"It is real," said Vieyra. "You are the first to see it. I wished to observe how——"

"It's an unknown Vermeer!" The doctor brought his big white hand down loudly on this discovery. "Nobody but Vermeer could have done the plaster wall in the sunlight. And the girl's strange gray headdress must be seventeenth-century Dutch of some province I don't——"

"I am a rich man, for a picture-dealer," said Vieyra, "but only national governments can afford to buy Vermeers nowadays."

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"But you picked it up from some corner, some attic, some stable——"

"Yes, I picked it up from a stable," said the collector.

The actress laid her slender, burning fingers on his cool old hand. "Tell us—tell us," she urged. "There is something different here."

"Yes, there is something different," he stirred in his chair and thrust out his lips. "So different that I don't know if you——"

"Try me! try me!" she assured him ardently. "You have educated me well to your standards all these years."

At this he looked at her, startled, frowning, attentive, and ended by shaking off her hand. "No, I will not tell you."

"You shall—" her eyes commanded, adjured him. There was a silence. "I will understand," she said under her breath.

"You will not understand," he said in the same tone; but aloud he began: "I heard of it first from an American picture-dealer over here scraping up a mock-Barbizon collection for a new millionaire. He wanted to get my judgment, he said, on a canvas that had been brought in to him by a cousin of his children's governess. I was to be sure to see it when I went to New York—you knew, did you not, that I had been called to New York to testify in the prosecution of Paullsen for selling a signed copy?"

"Did you really go?" asked the doctor. "I thought you swore that nothing could take you to America."

"I went," said the old man grimly. "Paullsen did me a bad turn once, thirty years ago. And while I was there I went to see the unknown canvas. The dealer half apologized for taking my time—said he did not as a rule pay any attention to freak things brought in from country holes by amateurs, but—I remember his wording—this thing, some ways he looked at it, didn't seem bad somehow."

The collector paused, passed his tongue over his lips, and said briefly: "Then he showed it to me. It was the young girl and kitten in there."

"By Jove!" cried the doctor.

"You have too exciting a profession, my good old dear," said the actress. "Some day you will die of a heart failure."

"Not after living through that!"

"What did you tell him?"

"I asked for the address of the cousin of his childrens' governess. When I had it I bought a ticket to the place, and when I reached there I found myself at the end of all things—an abomination of desolation. Do you know America, either of you?"

The doctor shook his head.

"I have toured there three times," said the actress.

"Did you ever hear of a place called Pennsylvania?"

Madame Orloff smiled. "It is as large as five Englands."

"It is inhabited by an insufferable sect of fanatics called Quakers, who live in preposterously ugly little wooden houses of the most naked cleanliness, who will not swear, who have no priests and no doctrine, apparently, but the blasphemous one that color, sacred, holy color is an evil thing, and that gray is the only virtuous——"

The actress laughed. "There are other people in Pennsylvania," she protested.

Vieyra ignored her. "In a wretched huddle of little houses they call a village I found the cousin, a seller of letter-paper and cheap chromos, who knew nothing of the picture except that it was brought to him to sell by the countryman who sold him butter. I found the address of the butter-maker, and drove endless miles over execrable roads to his house, and encountered his mother, a stolid, middle-aged woman, who looked at me out of the most uncanny quiet eyes—all the fanatics there have the extraordinary eyes—from under a strange, gray head-dress, and asked: 'Is it about the picture? For you don't want to let on to anybody but me. Nobody but the family knows he paints 'em!' "

At this the doctor burst out: "Gracious powers! You don't mean he is a living man!"

"Let him alone!" The actress turned with a lithe petulance on the big Briton.

"And there I had it all," the narrator went on; "the old woman could tell me what I wished to know, she said. He was her uncle, the only brother of her mother, and he had brought up her and her brothers and sisters. She knew—oh, she knew with good reason, all of his life. All, that is, but the beginning. She had heard from older Quakers that he had been wild in his youth (he had always been, she told me gravely,

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queer) and she knew that he had travelled far in his young days, very, very far.

"'To New York?' I ventured.

"'Oh no, beyond that. Across the water.'

"'To Paris?'

"That she didn't know. It was a foreign country at least, and he had stayed there two, three years, until he was called back by her father's death—his brother-in-law's—to take care of his mother, and his sister and the children. Here her mind went back to my question, and she said she had something perhaps I could tell from, where he had been. She kept it in her Bible. He had given it to her when she was a child as a reward the day she had kept her little brother from falling in the fire. She brought it out. It was a sketch, hasty, vigorous, suggestive, haunting as the original itself, of the Leonardo da Vinci Ste. Anne.

"Yes, I told her, now I knew where he had been. And they had called him back from there—*here?*

"'When my father died,' she repeated, 'my uncle was all my grandmother and my mother had. We were five little children, and the oldest not seven, and we were all very poor.'

"'How old was your uncle then?' I asked.

"'A young man—he was younger than my mother. Perhaps he was twenty-five.'

"I looked at the sketch in my hand. Twenty-five, and called back from Paris—*here!*

"'When did he go back?'

"'Oh, he never went back.' She told me this quite placidly, as she said everything else. 'He never went back at all.'

"He had stayed there the rest of his life, and worked the little farm that was all his sister had, and made a living for them—not large, the farm being poor and he not a first-class farmer, but still enough. He had always been kind to them—if he was quite queer and absent. She had heard her grandmother say that at first, the first ten years, perhaps, he had had strange, gloomy, savage fits, like a person possessed that you read of in the Bible; but she herself could never remember him as anything but quiet and smiling. He had a very queer smile, unlike any one else, as I would notice for myself when I went to see him about the picture. You could tell him by that, and by his being very lame.

"That brought me back with a start. I rushed at her with questions. 'How about the picture? Were there others? Were there many? Had he always painted? Had he never shown them to any one? Was he painting now?

"She could not tell me much. It had been a detail of their common life she had but absently remarked, as though she had lived with a man who collected snail-shells, or studied the post-marks on letters. She had never noticed—that was the answer to most of my questions. No, she did not think there were very many now, though he must have painted 'most a million. He was always at it, every minute he could spare from farming. But they had been so poor he had not felt he could afford many canvases. The paints cost a good deal too. So he painted them over and over, first one thing and then another, as he happened to fancy. He painted in the horse-barn. 'Had a place rigged up,' in her phrase, in one corner of the room where the hay was stored, and had cut a big window in the roof that was apt to let in water on the hay if the rain came from the east.

"'What did he paint?' 'Oh, anything. He was queer about that. He'd paint *any*thing! He did one picture of nothing but the corner of the barn-yard, with a big white sow and some little pigs in the straw, early in the morning, when the dew was on everything. He had thought quite a lot of that, but he had had to paint over it to make the picture of her little sister with the yellow kittie—the one she'd sent down to the village to try to sell, the one——'

"'Yes, yes,' I told her, 'the one I saw. But did he never try to sell any himself? Did he never even show them to any one?'

"She hesitated, tried to remember, and said that once when they were very poor, and there was a big doctor's bill to pay, he *had* sent a picture down to New York. But it was sent back. They had made a good deal of fun of it, the people down there, because it wasn't finished off enough. She thought her uncle's feelings had been hurt by their letter. The express down and back had cost a good deal too, and the only frame he had got broken. Altogether, she guessed that discouraged him. Anyhow, he'd never tried again. He seemed to get

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so after a while that he didn't care whether anybody liked them or even saw them or not—he just painted them to amuse himself, she guessed. He seemed to get a good deal of comfort out of it. It made his face very still and smiling to paint. Nobody around there so much as knew he did it, the farm was so far from neighbors.

"'Twas a real lonely place, she told me, and she had been glad to marry and come down in the valley to live closer to folks. Her uncle had given her her wedding outfit. He had done real well by them all, and they were grateful; and now he was getting feeble and had trouble with his heart, they wanted to do something for him. They had thought, perhaps, they could sell some of his pictures for enough to hire a man to help him with the farm work. She had heard that pictures were coming into fashion more than they had been, and she had borrowed that one of her little sister and the kittie, and without her uncle's knowing anything about it, had sent it off. She was about discouraged waiting for somebody down in the city to make up his mind whether he'd buy it or not.

"I asked her a thousand other questions but she could answer none of them. The only detail I could get from her being an account of her uncle's habit of 'staring' for sometimes a half an hour at something, without once looking away. She'd seen him stop that way, when he'd be husking corn maybe, and stare at a place where a sunbeam came in on a pile of corn. It put him back quite considerable in his work, that habit, but they had nothing to complain of. He'd done well by them, when you considered they weren't his own children.

"'Hadn't he ever tried to break away?' I asked her, amazed. 'To leave them? To go back?'

"She told me: 'Oh, no, he was the only support his mother and his sister had, and there were all the little children. He *had* to stay.'"

The actress broke in fiercely: "Oh, stop! stop! it makes me sick to hear about. I could boil them in oil, that family! Quick! You saw him? You brought him away? You——"

"I saw him," said Vieyra, "yes, I saw him."

Madame Orloff leaned toward him, her eyebrows a line of painful attention.

"I drove that afternoon up to a still tinier village in the mountains near where he lived, and there I slept that night—or, at least, I lay in a bed."

"Of course, you could not sleep," broke in the listening woman; "I shall not tonight."

"When dawn came I dressed and went out to wander until people should be awake. I walked far, through fields, and then through a wood as red as red-gold—like nothing I ever saw. It was in October, and the sun was late to rise. When I came out on an uplying heath, the mists were just beginning to roll away from the valley below. As I stood there, leaning against a tree in the edge of the wood, some cows came by, little, pinched, lean cows, and a young dog bounding along, and then, after them, slowly, an old man in gray—very lame."

The actress closed her eyes.

"He did not see me. He whistled to the dog and stroked his head, and then as the cows went through a gate, he turned and faced the rising sun, the light full on his face. He looked at the valley coming into sight through the mists. He was so close to me I could have tossed a stone to him—I shall never know how long he stood there—how long I had that face before me."

The narrator was silent. Madame Orloff opened her eyes and looked at him piercingly.

"I cannot tell you—I cannot!" he answered her. "Who can tell of life and death and a new birth? It was as though I were thinking with my fingernails, or the hair of my head—a part of me I had never before dreamed had feeling. My eyes were dazzled. I could have bowed myself to the earth like Moses before the burning bush. How can I tell you—? How can I tell you?"

"He was—?" breathed the woman.

"Hubert van Eyck might have painted God the Father with those eyes—that mouth—that face of patient power—of selfless, still beatitude.—Once the dog, nestling by his side, whimpered and licked his hand. He looked down, he turned his eyes away from his vision, and looked down at the animal and smiled. Jehovah! What a smile. It seemed to me then that if God loves humanity, he can have no kinder smile for us. And then he looked back

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across the valley—at the sky, at the mountains, at the smoke rising from the houses below us—he looked at the world—at some vision, some knowledge—what he saw—what he saw——!

"I did not know when he went. I was alone in that crimson wood.

"I went back to the village. I went back to the city. I would not speak to him till I had some honor worthy to offer him. I tried to think what would mean most to him. I remembered the drawing of the Ste. Anne. I remembered his years in Paris, and I knew what would seem most honor to him. I cabled Drouot of the Luxembourg Gallery. I waited in New York till he came. I showed him the picture. I told him the story. He was on fire!

"We were to go back to the mountains together, to tell him that his picture would hang in the Luxembourg, and then in the Louvre—that in all probability he would be decorated by the French government, that other pictures of his would live for all time in Paris, in London, in Brussels—a letter came from the woman, his niece. He was dead."

The actress fell back in her chair, her hands over her face.

The surgeon stirred wrathfully. "Heavens and earth, Vieyra, what a beastly, ghastly, brutally tragic horror are you telling us, anyhow!"

The old Jew moistened his lips and was silent. After a moment he said: "I should not have told you. I knew you could not understand."

Madame Orloff looked up sharply. "Do you mean—is it possible that *you* mean that if we had seen him—had seen that look—we would—that he had had all that an artist——"

The picture-dealer addressed himself to her, turning his back on the doctor. "I went back to the funeral, to the mountains. The niece told me that before he died he smiled suddenly on them all and said: 'I have had a happy life.' I had taken a palm to lay on his coffin, and after I had looked long at his dead face, I put aside the palm. I felt that if he had lived I could never have spoken to him—could never have told him."

The old Jew looked down at the decorations on his breast, and around at the picture-covered walls. He made a sweeping gesture.

"What had I to offer him?" he said.

GERMAN GOOD-WILL TOWARD TRUSTS

By Elmer Roberts

BARON VON RHEINBABEN, lately Prussian minister of finance, announcing to parliament the reorganization of the coal syndicate, said: "To my great delight, I am able to tell you, for the tranquillizing of our whole industry, that the coal syndicate has been renewed." The Right, the Centre and the Left applauded, the Socialists forming the extreme left were passive. That episode has in it much of the political quality of the present position of co-operative capital in Germany, the good-will of the government, the approval or indifference of the parties. The calm of the German working under an intense centralization of financial power appears strange to the American acquainted with the agitations and fervors of politics at home. An outline of the economic unification of Germany and the course of political thinking that sees therein few dangers to the imperial commonwealth may have for us a peculiar interest.

The Austro-Hungarian Consulate-General in Berlin reporting to the Foreign Office in January, 1907, on the industrial situation in Germany at the close of the preceding year, affirmed that "economic Germany is under the absolute rule of half a hundred men." The report develops this observation, and avers that this group decides the amount of production, the prices within the country, prices abroad, the terms of credit, the rates of interest, wages and the stipulations upon which capital is ad-

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vanced for extensions of enterprise and the founding of new companies. These are strong assertions, but I believe that most persons doing business in Germany or with Germans are convinced that the conclusions of the Austrian Consulate-General are broadly correct. The weight of high finance in industrial combinations, and the pressure of these combinations upon the distributing agencies are recognized by every interest. Non-conformity is exceptional and rarely profitable.

Seven Berlin banks form the core of the system. They have shares usually amounting to a paramount interest in about forty of the large provincial banks, and these in turn are part owners in the smaller institutions of their provinces, so that agreements among the large banks in Berlin have the effect of decrees upon the twigs, as it were, of the financial tree, and upon the detached undergrowth. The Deutsche Bank, the most influential of the Berlin group, has a capital, a surplus and deposits amounting to *M.* 800,000,000, which, with the resources of its provincial tributaries and those banks organized for the Asiatic, African and Latin American trade rises to about *M.* 1,750,000,000. The resources of the Berlin group and their dependencies exceed *M.* 8,000,000,000, or about $2,000,000,000. These details appear necessary to an understanding of the economic unification of Germany, for it is through the fibres of the banking net-work that centralization is accomplished.

German, unlike American, banks have direct participation in industrial enterprise. The bank that gives extensive credit to a manufacturing company has shares in the company and a representative on the board. Thus the bank has a relation to production that simplifies the organization of syndicates and maintains them, because the banks are able to act with solidarity upon and with the promoters of industry. Writers and public men in Germany like to repeat that "trusts" do not exist in their country. Certain enormous businesses, such as the Allgemeine Elektricitäts-Gesellschalt or the Krupp gun and armor works, in their monopolistic character, are quietly disregarded. Production and distribution, however, are controlled by syndicates so organized that the policy of the participating business is made over to the executive of the syndicate, thus having an essential characteristic of trusts. The percentage of production is allotted by the directing committee, the selling is done by the syndicate alone, and the syndicate board is, in most syndicates, supplied by each member in advance with signed checks to be filled in with penalties for non-observance of the contract obligations. The syndicate, organized as an independent company with which the members make contracts, may be compared to the American holding company, and in this form it has a status before the law and a long record of legal existence dating back to the middle of the last century. The means for binding members indissolubly to the central organization have been perfected to a degree unknown in the United States or in England. The breakdown of the old pooling system in the United States was chiefly due to the laxness of the contracts, and their constant violation by less scrupulous members. The trust in America replaced the pool. In Germany any disregard of the syndicate contract is almost certain to be discovered and penalized. The continued disregard of syndicate contract obligations would probably bring about the financial ruin of the delinquent.

The experience of coal proprietors has been an enduring argument of syndicate makers. The average wholesale price of bituminous coal in 1893, when the Rhenish-Westphalian coal syndicate was formed, was $1.68 (seven marks) a ton on the Essen exchange. The following year the price was raised twelve cents, and it remained at $1.80 for two years. In 1896 the average was $1.99; in 1897, $2.06½; in 1899, $2.18½; in 1900–1902, $2.42½. The price was then lowered on account of the industrial crisis in Germany, and coal sold at $2.16 and $2.23 during four years. In 1906 the average selling price of the syndicate was advanced to $2.40; in 1907, to $2.64, in 1909 to $2.76. The shares of important coal companies that are members of the syndicate have risen since 1903 from 90 to 1000 per cent. Gelsenkirchen, for instance, has risen from 127 to 218, Consolidation from 140 to 422, Nordstern from 40 to 400, at which price it was taken over by the Phœnix in 1897. The shares (Cuxen) of the Graf Bismarck mine have increased from 12,000 marks in 1893 to 78,000 marks each,

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Ewald from 7,000 to 54,000, König Ludwig from 3,200 to 32,000.

The imperial ministry of the interior classifies the following industries as controlled by syndicates: coal, iron, other metal industries beside iron, chemicals, textiles, leather, and rubber wares, timber, paper, glass, tiles, bricks, pottery, foods and drinks and electric appliances. Not all the works in a single line belong necessarily to a single national syndicate. Often there are territorial syndicates which have agreements among themselves. The whole number of syndicates, as recorded by the ministry of the interior, is 385.

This economic unification founded upon syndicates and alliances among the banking powers is not a completed structure, change and growth have been continuous in the direction of co-ordination, coercive only by the logic of dividends. As will presently be indicated, the imperial government has now taken an extraordinary step in the direction of compelling private companies to form a syndicate. The imperial government had occasion eight years ago, after a discussion in the federal council, to make a public declaration of neutrality toward combinations restraining competition. Count von Posadowsky-Wehner, imperial vice-chancellor and minister of the interior, said in the Reichstag on November 14, 1902:

"The syndicate question has for a long time had such an important place in the economic life that the imperial administration has considered it a duty to observe the movement carefully. For the present, the imperial government takes a position neither for nor against syndicates."

Count Posadowsky, speaking on the same subject in parliament a few days later, said:

"Complaints about syndicates have become audible since the high tide of our production has been reached. On one hand it is affirmed that prices within the country are too high to enable home industries to compete with foreign industry in the world's markets, and on the other side that the syndicates often export at too low prices raw materials and half-finished goods, to the disadvantage of fully manufactured goods. The government has nothing to say at this time upon these complaints. The impression is that the syndicates have been often deceived in their judgment of the market situation, because they are not in close enough touch with their customers. The fact is that the effects of the syndicates extend far beyond the direct buyers from syndicates to the extreme borders of our economic life."

Public opinion in 1902 and 1903 was more concerned over the powerful development of industrial combinations than now, and the influence of the agitation in America was felt in Germany. Parliament requested the government to inquire into the question. Count Posadowsky, as minister of the interior, directed the inquiry and laid the results before parliament in four volumes, which report fully and simply an immense number of facts about the syndicates, their organization, the movement of prices, their relation to their members, and their activities in the foreign market. The spirit throughout the report is one of detachment. The government acts as though it were a disinterested agent.

Herr Moeller, Prussian minister of commerce, said in the Prussian legislature while the government inquiry was in progress: "The problems connected with syndicates are difficult to solve, but to overthrow syndicates would destroy the ability of our country to compete abroad."

The state and the imperial governments, through owning immense producing properties, have become members of syndicates, or work with them. The freight rates made by the associated state and private railway companies of Germany, under the supervision of the imperial federal council, make a distinction between the small and the large shipper, thus favoring the syndicate holding companies. The Prussian administration of mines, while not a member of the coal syndicate, has a common policy, although it is not friendly to the syndicate in some ways. The Prussian state digs 25 per cent of the Upper Silesian coal output, and more than one-half of that from the Saarbruecken fields, but in the centre of the coal-mining industry, Westphalia, Prussia has no independent ownership. Herr Delbrueck, now imperial minister of the interior, then Prussian minister of commerce, said in the Prussian legislature, November 26, 1907:

"I am asked whether we can prevent the coal syndicate from fixing prices arbitrarily.

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I pass over the question as to how far the syndicate has gone beyond reasonable limits in fixing coal prices. The test as to whether prices have been fixed according to economically right principles will be applied in the event of a further decline in industry. We are not in a position now to exert influence on the syndicate's prices, and such influence would only be possible under general syndicate legislation, regarding which the necessary investigations have not yet been completed."

Herr Moeller, who preceded Herr Delbrueck as Prussian minister of commerce, said in the Prussian house of lords in June, 1905, in advocating a measure to ameliorate the conditions of labor in the mines:

"The reform is a consequence of the concentration of capital in the mining industry. I have often admitted the necessity of such concentration, and opposed anti-syndicate laws, but the government must show the syndicates that they cannot, in the public interest, go beyond certain limits; and such a transgression by the coal syndicate has occurred. The syndicate has taken a too masterful position toward the justifiable demands of the working people." The bill was adopted.

Professor Gustav Schmoller, one of the foremost orthodox political economists, would give the state the authority to appoint one-fourth of the directors of the larger syndicates in the public interest. He has also suggested that one-half the profits beyond a certain amount, for instance, 10 per cent, should go to the state.

The imperial government has compelled potash mine-owners to avoid merciless competition among themselves by forming a syndicate. The governments of Anhalt, Prussia, and the imperial province of Alsace-Lorraine had for many years been members of the potash syndicate. It was formed in 1879 under the lead of the Prussian government, with the government's two mines and two private concerns. With the opening of fresh mines and the increased market for the product the syndicate was from time to time enlarged. The Prussian fiscus, the board having control of the state properties, was always active in the formation of the syndicate, and a Prussian official was chairman. The syndicate agreements expired June 30, 1909, and could not be renewed because one powerful member believed that more money could be made by running his mines to their fullest capacity, extending them and underselling the syndicate in the American market, the largest buyer. Long-term contracts were made by the insurgent within a few hours after midnight, June 30. When it became evident that agreement was impossible, the Prussian cabinet recommended to the imperial government a measure establishing a compulsory syndicate. The bill was accepted by the federal council, and submitted to parliament, but was withdrawn because of a protest by the American government on the ground that American contracts were unjustly affected. The bill was changed in terms, but not in effect, and adopted by parliament. The act, running for twenty years, allots to each of sixty-five mines the percentage it may mine, prices are subject to the federal council, should wages be reduced the mine's percentage of output is correspondingly reduced, and minute regulations protect the workman in hours of health and extra compensation. The statute is so drawn that mine proprietors, for their own convenience in complying with the requirements of the law, have been obliged to reconstitute the syndicate.

The acceptance by parliament of the principle that the state has the right of compulsory regulation of private production may have a profound effect upon the future in Germany. In the potash production it has enabled the government to exercise the vital powers that it would have over properties owned by the government without buying them. Parliament would almost certainly have refused to grant the 200,000,000 marks, or more, which would have been required to buy the mines. The mine-owners, owing to the dissolution of their syndicate and the impossibility of agreeing among themselves, for the most part welcomed interposition by the government. Speakers pointed out that if the government could erect a state monopoly in potash while the properties affected remained in private ownership, the same thing could be done in coal or iron or any other product. The only limitations would be those of expediency. This assertion the government did not dispute. Ministers stood frankly upon the position that the monopoly designed was in the interest of

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the nation, that it would conserve a national treasure, that it would enable German agriculture to obtain fertilizers at a moderate price, and that it would enable the producers to make a large profit out of the foreign buyers. The government did not controvert, indeed it accepted the idea that other natural products might also be controlled by statutory syndicates.

The creation of government syndicates is a middle course between private combinations of capital and government ownership. The government, it is reasoned, will be able to have all the advantages of state ownership without investment, and without taking the management of individual properties out of the experienced hands of their owners. Should the potash syndicate work according to the expectations of its contrivers, Germany will probably have a succession of such state monopolies. An immense perspective of change is opened.

Although ministers have not at all times said the same thing regarding the centralization of industrial capital, the attitude of the government of the empire and those of the states has been friendly. The indications are rather toward the government-made syndicate than toward legislative checks on the syndicates as now existing. The considerations underlying this position toward these combinations appear to be:

First, the prevailing official or orthodox political economy, such as Wagner and Schmoller teach, that production on a great scale must inevitably replace individual company production just as factory production took the place of cottage industry. Therefore the most efficient and economical unit of production in an industry is likely, in some form, to be coterminous with the nation.

Second, the syndicate, after supplying the internal market, is able, with a relatively small additional cost, to turn out a surplus for the foreign market. The conviction is strong in Germany that the syndicates have been important, sometimes deciding, factors in the export trade.

Third, the syndicates have given life to smaller enterprises that might otherwise have been extinguished by competition without quarter or compromise. The syndicates have systematized and steadied production and distribution, so that alongside the syndicate works grew the independent works until strong enough to be worthy of attention; when they were, they were taken into the circle. The potash syndicate grew from the four mines existing in 1879 to the sixty-five forming the present statutory syndicate. The law provides for the admission of seven other mines that were being opened at the time the act was passed.

Fourth, no strong party seeks to restrain the power and growth of syndicates. The imperial and state governments have been mentioned as apart from political parties, because the ministers of these governments are responsible, under the German system, to the crown alone, and not to parliaments or diets. In theory, and also largely in practice, the imperial and Prussian governments are above and independent of parties, yet sensitive to public and party opinion.

One would suppose that the Social Democratic party, with 3,500,000 votes in the country, would be resolutely and implacably opposed to the principle of trust organization. Quite otherwise! The Socialist position toward "trusts, syndicates and rings" is defined in a resolution adopted at the national convention of the party for 1904 in Frankfort, in which it is affirmed that these combinations in all civilized countries, and especially in Germany, are the natural result of capitalistic production, and that they "hasten with increasing rapidity to their culmination." The purpose of associations of producers is declared to be the regulation of production and the fixing of prices so that the profits may be the highest attainable. "The competing middle and small producers are quickly eliminated as a necessary consequence of these capitalistic organizations," says the resolution. "The working classes have no occasion to disturb the revolutionary process of the syndicate system through reactionary legislative attempts, because every progressive step in the centralization of capital whereby the interests of the masses are separated from the interests of property teaches impressively and visibly the irresistible superiority of nationalty, and internationally organized and centrally directed production over the scattered production of free competition. This development, is, therefore, a step toward the realization of socialism."

The resolution avers, however, that the syndicate is a scourge that the capitalists use upon the workmen to depress wages,

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and that increasing social and political servility is inevitable; that it is a necessity for the working classes, if they would retain their manhood and self-preservation, to demand, emphatically and categorically, legal protection against any curtailment of the right of organization, and especially through effectual punishment of the attacks upon labor by the employer. The Socialist party, therefore, conducts a continuous, tenacious, and measurably successful agitation for better wages, shorter hours, and healthier factory and mine conditions.

During the discussion the speakers, in alluding to the campaign against trusts in the United States and Canada, regarded the anxieties of the "small citizens" as exaggerated and as destined to be transformed into regarding the trusts as a phase in the progress toward collective production. The prevailing view was that the syndicates are restrained from fixing prices despotically high because of the latent power of competition, ready at any time to produce when an artificial condition is pushed beyond moderate limits.

The Socialist party, with about one-third of the votes cast in Germany, draws within its organization most radicals. The attitude of the Socialist party, therefore, toward the syndicate and trust question represents the classes and the thought which in America are most active in the agitation against combinations of capital. Journalists are numerous among the leaders of the party. The men who in other countries are sometimes called muckrakers, feel themselves estopped in Germany from attacks on capital, except in the orthodox socialistic way. Since the Socialists accept trust production as an inevitable phenomenon of the period, and not to be resisted on principle, the government is relieved of criticism from that source of its friendly bearing toward the syndicates.

By odd chance the Conservatives, the moneyed national Liberals, the so-called free-thinking Radicals, and the Socialists hold in wide outline the same convictions regarding the legitimacy of syndicates. The landed interests, so powerful politically, are committed to an approval of the syndicate principle, because the great landowners are members of the alcohol syndicate, and are beneficiaries of the sugar combination. Landowners are united in numerous associations with common selling agencies. For instance, the sale of milk in Berlin is controlled by a landowners' association that adjusts the prices according to what the buyer will pay. Besides, agriculture is so highly protected that the conservative landholding interest is not disposed to complain of syndicate manipulation in non-agricultural production.

I have endeavored to show that the attitude of all the interests—agriculture, finance, mines, manufactures—are united upon a recognition of the syndicate idea as a necessary principle in production, and that both conservative and extreme radical thinking support this view. It is easy, therefore, for the government to be well disposed toward the plexus of monopolies that penetrates every part of German production and distribution. Under such favoring political conditions the unifying of control of the immense fabric of German finance and industry has advanced to its present highly centralized position, so that it has been called "a state within a state."

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THE HALL OF PANELS

IN THE HOUSE OF SIR LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.

By Rudolph de Cordova

"I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul remembering my good friends."

THOSE words from Shakespeare's "Richard the Second" are inscribed over the mantel-piece in the hall of the beautiful house Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema built for himself and has occupied for many years, in St. John's Wood, which has well been called the artistic quarter of London because so many members of that profession live in it.

The quotation is peculiarly apt because, although the room is called the Hall of Panels in consequence of the pictures which form the subject of this article, it might not less appropriately be named the Hall of Friendship, since every one of the canvases is an evidence of the esteem and affection Sir Lawrence's fellow artists entertain for him, who is not only one of the greatest painters of the generation, but one of the few men to whom King Edward awarded the Order of Merit which his late Majesty, himself, founded as a reward for the highest individual achievement in all walks of life.

The quotation was suggested by Mr. Andrew Carnegie as he stood, one day, looking at the pictures, each of which was specially designed and arranged to fill its own particular place among the forty odd panels framed in the walls and on the staircase leading from the hall to Sir Lawrence's studio. While the panels are, with a single exception, of uniform height—thirty-one inches and a half—they vary considerably in breadth, from two and a half inches, the size of the panel entitled "Flags," painted by Sir Lawrence's younger daughter, to eight inches, the size of that called "In the Garden," by Marcus Stone, R.A., which was afterward elaborated into a picture.

Nearly if not quite half of them have been painted by Sir Lawrence's brother Academicians, while ten have been the gift of four other painters, Professor C. Van Haanen, of Venice, and Mrs. R. Williams, Sir Lawrence's sister-in-law, having each painted three, and Alfred Parsons, A.R.A., and the late Stacy-Marks, R.A., two each.

The delight of the artists in contributing to this unique exhibition was vividly demonstrated to me by the late G. H. Boughton, R.A., on whose reputation the United States have nearly an equal claim with England. His geniality and tender sympathy are abiding memories with those whose privilege it was to know him.

One evening he was at a party given by Sir Lawrence and the late Lady Alma-Tadema. In the hall, several of the guests stopped to look at the panels, many of which already contained their pictures. "I felt as if I had been left out," Mr. Boughton said to me in describing the incident, "so I went to Sir Lawrence and asked him what I had done that I had not been invited to fill one of the empty spaces."

"My dear George," Sir Lawrence replied, "no one has been asked. Everybody you see here has been a volunteer." "Then am I in time?" Mr. Boughton inquired. "That little space has been waiting for you," said Sir Lawrence, pointing to it. It is the one which is the exception in height, for in the space below the picture is usually a circular barometer which had to be taken out in order that the pictures might be photographed for this article.

As soon as Mr. Boughton was shown his place, Sir Lawrence had to get him a foot-rule that its dimensions might be taken and the picture might be fitted accurately. The subject Mr. Boughton chose was a tall girl habited in the riding-dress of the early part of the nineteenth century with a whip under her arm and standing on an old-fashioned mounting-stone by the side of the wall of the house in which she lived, waiting until the groom in the background brought the horse on which she was going for a ride.

The composition of pictures of the exceptional size of the panels is a matter of

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great difficulty, as I have been assured by many of the artists. What that difficulty is was at once vividly and humorously pointed out by the late Lord Leighton. When he offered to do a panel for Sir Lawrence, the latter sent him the dimensions of the space selected for him to fill. The next evening they met at dinner at a friend's house and were placed immediately opposite each other. Naturally, the subject of the impending picture came up. Lord Leighton took up a dessert knife and holding it up, said to Sir Lawrence, "My dear Tadema, what kind of a subject do you expect me to paint on this?" Sir Lawrence laughingly replied that Lord Leighton would have to find out for himself. It was not long before he did find out. Later on, he painted the figure which is undoubtedly one of the best-known of all his canvases, under the title of "The Bath of Psyche." It must not, however, be supposed that Sir Lawrence's picture is really "The Bath of Psyche." This he painted later with the permission of Sir Lawrence, and while modelling the figure he removed the reflection in the water and added the columns which are not in the panel.

After Lord Leighton's lamented death, he was succeeded in the presidency of the Royal Academy by Sir Edward Poynter, whose panel is one of the latest additions to the number. This subject, as will be seen, represents the terrace of a palace overlooking the harbor of some beautiful Italian city, washed by the blue waters of the Mediterranean. It is night time and the whole scene is suffused with moonlight, against which the flame of the torch in the foreground and the beacon in the lighthouse on the pier at the entrance to the harbor strike a contrasting note, and give the opportunity for introducing an effect in the color-scheme which is peculiarly alluring to certain artists. The stillness of the night is suggested by a fact which the casual onlooker might, at first sight, be disposed to regard as a defect, that the open sea is as smooth as the harbor. This stillness is further emphasized by the steady flame of the beacon and the smoke rising straight up from it. Note with what skill the marble mosaic pavement and the shadow of the tree on it are painted.

Only four of the panels have on them anything in the way of an inscription other than the artist's name or his initials. They are those of Mr. John S. Sargent, R.A.; the late Mr. Stacy-Marks, R.A., the humorist in chief among the artists of his generation; Mr. Alfred Parsons, A.R.A., who is universally regarded as the greatest painter of flowers in England, an opinion which Sir Lawrence cordially endorses; and one of Mr. Van Haanen's, which is mentioned later.

Mr. Sargent's picture has on it the words, "To my friend Alma-Tadema." It represents a Japanese dancer, one of a troupe which created a considerable sensation at the Paris Exhibition of 1889. The girls used to paint their faces and those portions of their bodies which the artist has represented bare, of a bright yellow color. This Mr. Sargent has reproduced exactly and the effect is at once striking and bizarre, although mere black and white can give but a poor idea of the effect of a picture impregnated with the qualities which have given the artist so exalted a position among the painters of his generation.

Mr. Alfred Parsons's panels differ in one respect from the rest, for one of them, that of the wild roses growing by the side of a river bank, was painted specially for Lady Alma-Tadema and bears the inscription in the left-hand corner, "To my friend Mrs. Alma-Tadema," while the other with apple blossoms is inscribed toward the right-hand bottom corner, "To my friend Alma-Tadema." They were painted rather more than twenty years ago when Mr. Parsons was at Stratford-on-Avon, so that Lady Alma-Tadema's picture is no doubt a bit of the landscape past which the river flows near Shakespeare's town. At that time, as the inscription on Lady Alma-Tadema's panel denotes, Sir Lawrence had not been knighted, for he did not receive that honor until 1899. It is amusing to recall the fact that shortly after Queen Victoria had conferred this honor on him, a lady, congratulating him, said with charming naïveté, "I suppose, Sir Lawrence, now that you have been made a knight you will leave off painting and live like a gentleman?" Her supposition proved incorrect, so far as Sir Lawrence's leaving off painting goes, for he paints as industriously as ever he did "in spite of Anno Domini," for, although he was seventy-five in January last, his hand has lost no jot of its exquisite

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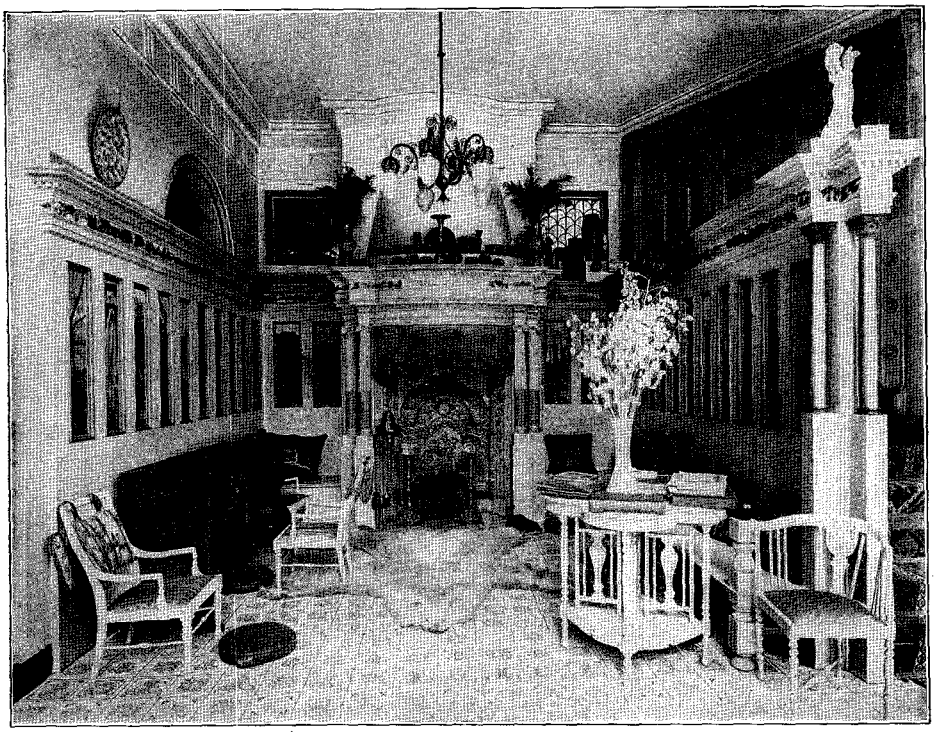

The Hall of Panels.

skill and his eye is as keen to seize on a subtle cadence of light—if the phrase may be allowed—and to reproduce it as it was in the days when the tale of years reversed the present figures.

Mr. Stacy-Marks's pictures are two in one—"At the Anchor Inn"—for each is a complement of the other. Each is distinguished by the humor which was so characteristic of the painter. At the bottom step of the inn is the inscription, "L. A. T. from his friend H. S. M.," with the date 1887 underneath. The sailor who has just taken his pipe out of his mouth is supposed to be saying "Good morning" to the maid of the Anchor Inn, and it was Mr. Marks's idea that he should always be taken as conveying his own morning greeting to Sir Lawrence when the latter glanced at the canvas as he passed on his way through the hall.

The only other really humorous panel is —like the preceding—the work of hands which will nevermore know the touch of brush or mahlstick, "A Bit of Old Hampstead," by the late Charles Green, R.I. The picture represents a barber standing at the door of his shop, at which is the old barber's pole, while his wife is watering the flowers out of the window of the floor above. Mr. Green used to declare that he never passed that shop without seeing the barber at the door waiting for customers and the woman at the window watering the flowers. Perhaps the reason for the slackness of trade is to be found in the background of the picture, for it will be noticed that the artist has himself painted the hour, twelve minutes to twelve, when few people are at leisure to patronize the art the barber practises.

Before he went to his present house, Sir Lawrence lived for many years at Townsend House, Regent's Park, which was partly destroyed by the explosion of a gunpowder barge on the Regent's Canal on the 2d of October, 1874. This house was the scene of many artistic reunions and there are three interesting souvenirs of it among the panels—"The Drawing-Room" and "The Studio," by Mrs. R. Williams, and "The Panel-Room," by Miss Hipkins.

In the drawing-room, no one can help noticing the vivid contrast between the black boards of the floor and the white

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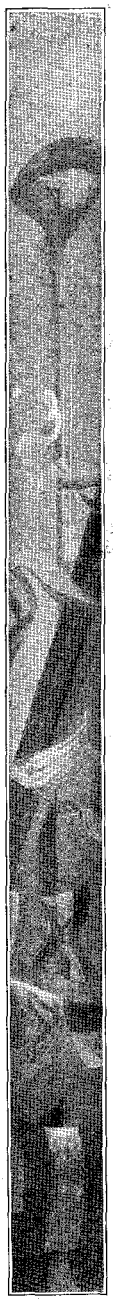
lines between them. This effect owes its origin to the design of Sir Lawrence himself. He had the floors stained a deep black and the division between each of the boards was grooved out and filled with holly which is white. The effect was very striking and it started a vogue which was widely copied at the time, although it has now gone out of fashion.



Flags.
By Miss A. Alma-Tadema.

Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, R.A., in the Hall of Panels.

The picture of the studio shows the typical work-room of Sir Lawrence. So far as the easel and the wicker work-seat go, they might be those he still uses, for he generally sits at his work, while on the little table seen to the right of the easel is the tray for his paints, and on it is generally an ash-tray, for he smokes a good deal. The books, however, which are seen in the background—most of them being valuable volumes relating to archæology —no longer have a space in the studio proper, but are housed in an annex in an adjoining apartment. Naturally, every one will be curious to know what is the picture which is shown on the easel. It is called "An Old Story" and is painted in water-colors. It was bought by Messrs. Agnew, but I have been unable to trace its present owner.

A Landscape.
By Mrs. R. Williams.

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Flowers.
By Alfred Parsons, A.R.A.

Italian Landscape.
By M. R. Corbett, R.A.

A Landscape.
By H. W. B. Davis, R.A.

Apple Blossoms.
By Alfred Parsons, A.R.A.

Mrs. Williams's third panel represents a landscape in Switzerland.

"The Panel-Room" by Miss Hipkins is interesting for the reason that it shows the sixteenth-century Antwerp window which is a part of the room in that style that now forms the annex to what was Lady Alma-Tadema's studio. The china ornaments seen at the top of the picture are fine specimens of blue and white and also take part in that room's present decoration, but much of it was destroyed in the explosion to which reference has been made.

In appropriate connection with the house in which they live comes the consideration of the panel painted by Miss Alma-Tadema as a birthday present to her father. It is, as has been said, the narrowest of all, and its subject is a reminiscence of the late Queen Victoria's first jubilee in 1887. It is called "Flags" and represents the exterior of a building from the windows of which are hung the flags of various nations which float in the breeze. It irresistibly recalls Robert Browning's famous line, "The church-spires flamed, such flags they had." In order to give the picture that intimate touch which transforms it from an artistic design, pure and simple, to one having a close personal identity with the recipient, Miss Alma-Tadema made the lowest flag that of Holland, in which country, no one will need reminding, Sir Lawrence was born, while emblazoned on it is a laurel wreath encircling the initials L. A. T.

In opposition to Miss Alma-Tadema's as the smallest, that of Mr. Marcus Stone is the largest in the collection. Although far removed from being a really large picture, it nevertheless took Mr. Stone longer to paint than any other canvas of that size to which he has ever put his hand. The suggestion

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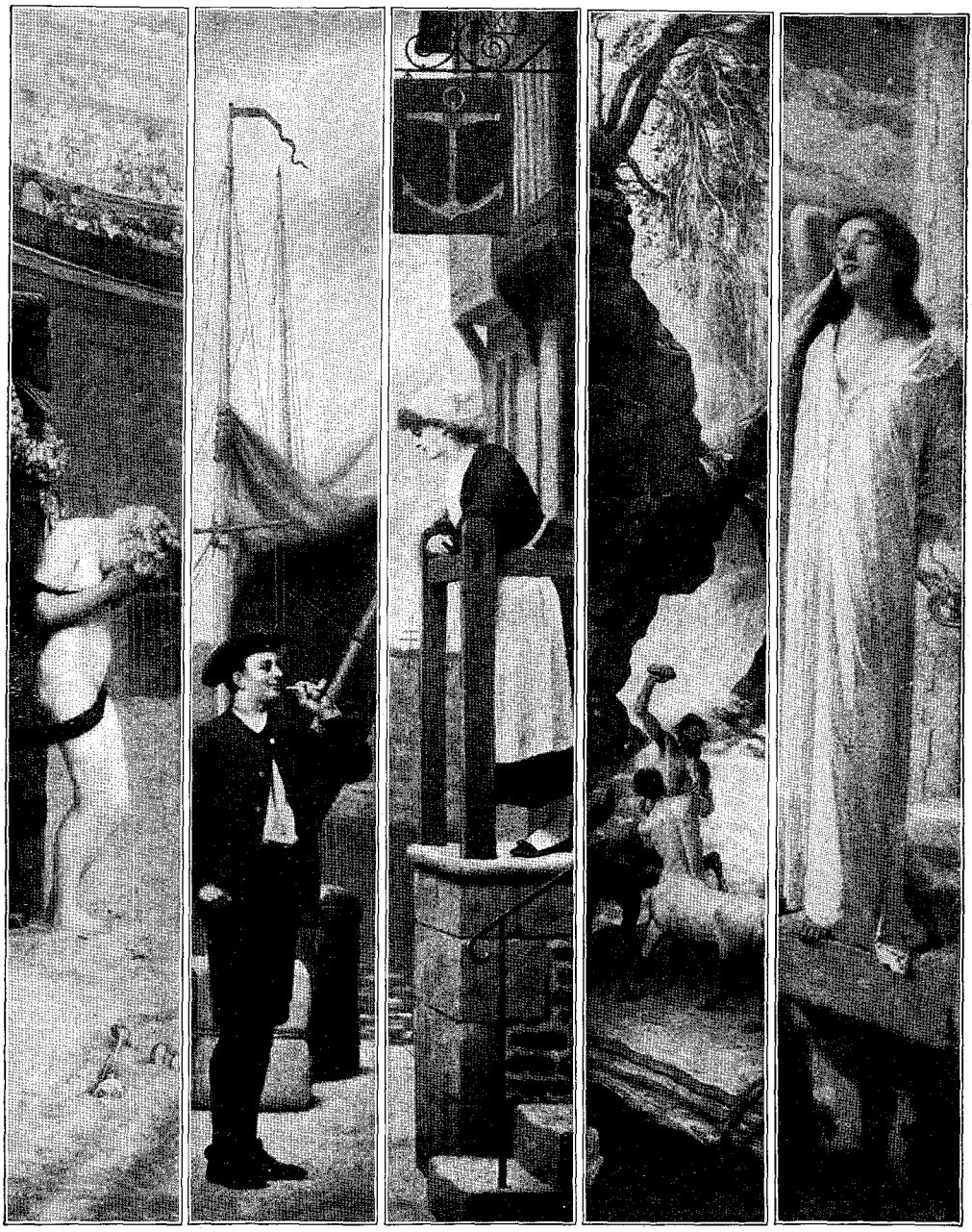

A Christian Martyr. By Herbert Schmalz.

At the Anchor Inn. By H. Stacy-Marks, R.A.

A Fight Between Two Centaurs. By J. Archer, R.S.A.

The Sleepwalker. By G. Pope.

that he should paint it is also regarded by Mr. Stone as one of the greatest compliments of his life, and for this reason he made it represent as much of himself as he could. As he once said to me, speaking of this picture, "The things I like most are a fine day, a lovely garden, good company, and a cat." All these are readily to be seen in the picture which has often been described as "a Marcus Stone at his best."

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Befano Fuoci.

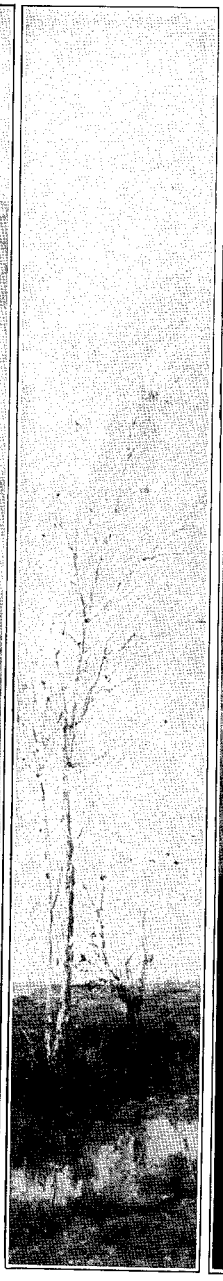
By H. O. Olivier.

A Landscape.

By David Murray, R.A.

Valley of Sweet Waters.

By Sir Alfred East, A.R.A., P.R.A



A Scene in Drenthe.

By Mme. Mesdag van Houten.

Lions.

By Briton Rivière, R.A.

Among the landscapes pure and simple it will be noticed that some of the greatest modern masters of that form of art have contributed characteristic pictures, for they include the names of Mr. John McWhirter, R.A., Mr. H. W. B. Davis, R.A., Mr. David Murray, R.A., Sir E. Waterlow, R.A., Sir Alfred East, A.R.A., Mr. M. R. Corbett, R.A., in addition to Mr. H. A. Olivier and Madame Mesdag van Houten,

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while among the seascapes are contributions by Mr. H. Moore, A.R.A., and Mr. Colin Hunter, A.R.A.

So great was the furore created by Mr. McWhirter with his picture of three silver birches which is called "The Three Graces," that in spite of the many fine canvases he has painted, his name is probably identified in the public mind with these trees to which he has given much the same intimate study as a man bestows on the face of a woman he loves. For Sir Lawrence, therefore, he painted silver birches in his best and most characteristic fashion. Knowing as I do of the conditions under which the "Three Graces" were painted, I may here hazard a guess that the specimens in the panel are "portraits" of real trees, using the term in exactly the same manner as a portrait-painter would apply it to his sitter.

Mr. Davis's landscape, representing sheep grazing in a field, was painted in the grounds of the house in which he was living at the time in France, but its execution developed no incident. Lacking also in incident of a literary character are the landscapes of Mr. David Murray, R.A., and Sir E. Waterlow, R.A. The former represents a bit of countryside under a mellow evening light, while the latter is a scene in Ireland. Sir Alfred East's love of Japanese art, coupled with the fact that he has spent a good deal of time in that country and has painted many of its scenes, is, in part, responsible for his selection of a Japanese subject in his "Valley of Sweet Waters" and his determination was finally brought about by the consideration that Sir Lawrence himself takes a great interest in Japanese art and is a member of the Japanese Society. It will be noticed that the picture introduces a feature which is rarely absent from any native Japanese landscape, the snow-capped truncated cone of Fujiyama, the sacred mountain. Sir Alfred's picture is made additionally interesting by the reason that it was painted on the same spot as that on which Hokusai, the chief of the realistic school of Japanese artists, painted one of the thirty-six views he did of the famous mountain.

Joan of Arc.
By Blake Wirgman.

A Japanese Girl.
By John S. Sargent, R.A.

Looking toward the mountain, Sir Alfred saw the exquisite "Valley of Sweet Waters," as the natives call the village of Suzukawa, built on the edge of the lake in which Fujiyama's everlasting snows are reflected. While engaged in making his sketch one of those earthquakes, for which Japan is celebrated, occurred. As Sir Alfred described it to me, the earth seemed as if it were moving in undulating folds and the artist raised his eyes from his work to watch the phenomenon, for it was his first experience of a Japanese earthquake. As the earthquake passed, the servant who was attending Sir Alfred said to him, "Honored sir,

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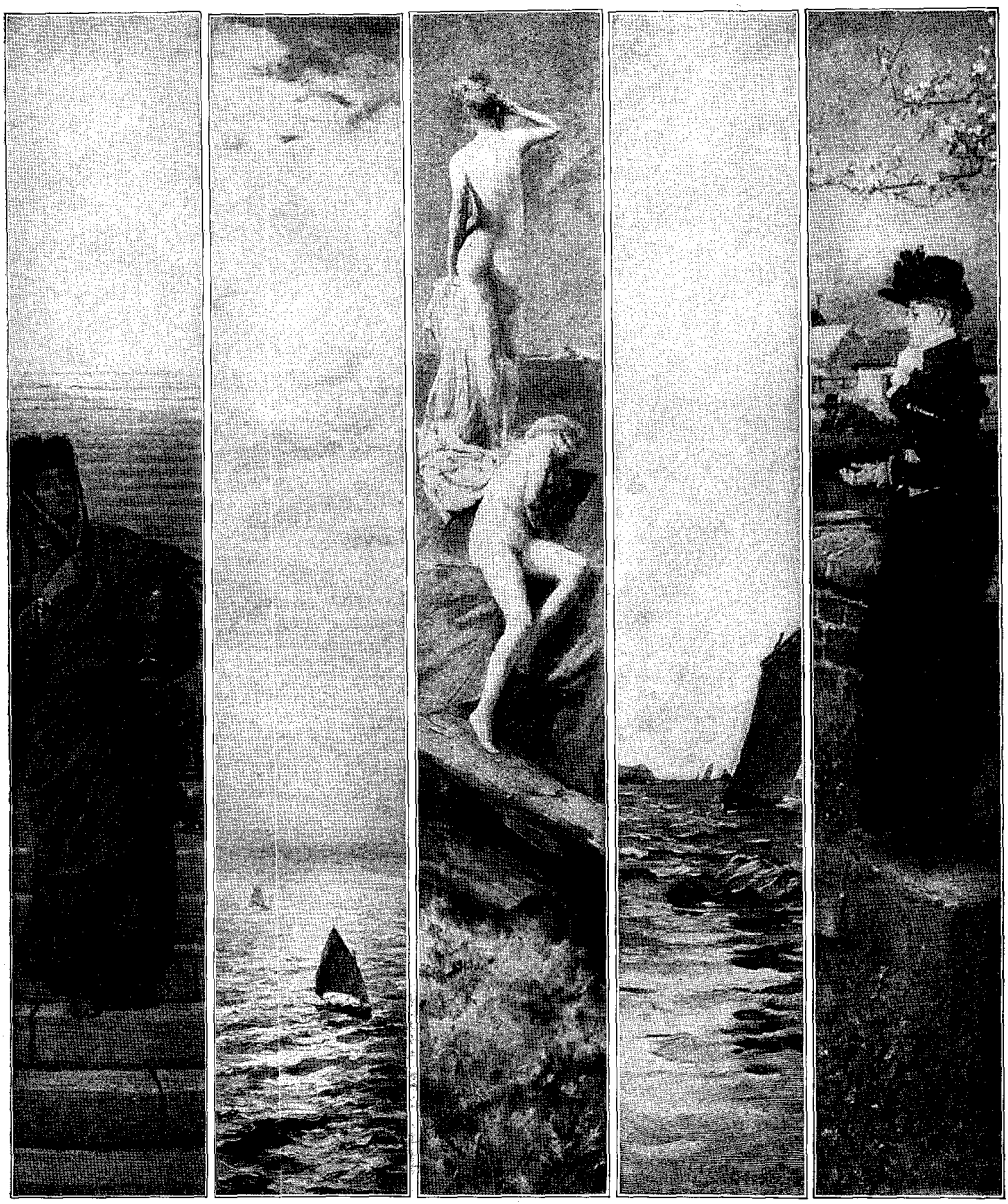

An Indian Girl.
By the late Val Prinsep, R.A.

A Seascape.
By H. Moore, A.R.A.

The Bathers.
By J. R. Weguelin.

A Seascape.
By Colin Hunter, A.R.A.

Ready For a Ride.
By the late G. H, Boughton, R.A.

it will be fine to-morrow, for whenever there is an earthquake in the morning, the next day is always fine."

From Japan we journey to Italy where the late Mr. M. R. Corbett painted his landscape. The mountain in the background is part of the Carrara range celebrated for its white marble, the painting of which has always been so great a delight to Sir Lawrence. The general tone of the picture is golden and the blue kingfisher which can be seen to the right-hand side and rather below the middle of the design stands out like a beautiful turquoise set in it.

Italian, too, is Mr. Herbert A. Olivier's picture to which he fixed the name "Be-

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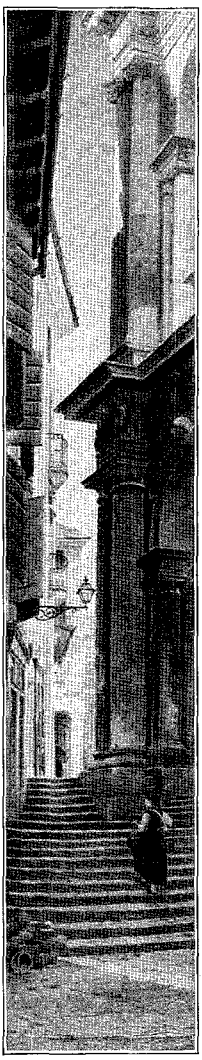
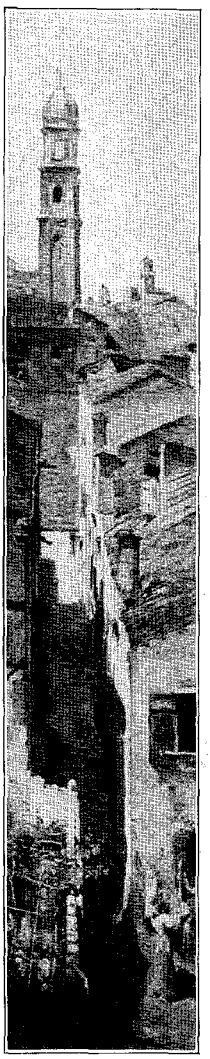
fano Fuoci." It recalls an old Italian custom, of lighting fires on the eve of the Epiphany. According to one belief this is to remind people of the star in the east which was the traveller's joy, while others aver that the fires are simply to frighten away evil spirits. Mr. Olivier was induced to choose this subject for a double reason—not only that it was beautiful in itself, but because he saw in it the allegory that the mind of the artist gathers all the light it can obtain from everything about him. The scene of the landscape was on the hills of Asolo, the little town of which Robert Browning was so fond. All along the road, up the hill, the tendrils of the plants are bright with the wild clematis also called "traveller's joy," the seeds of which always seem to gather into themselves all the "light of heaven that they can."



A View in Vicenza.
By John O'Connor.



View in Venice.
By C. Van Haanen.

Entirely different in character is "A Scene in Drenthe," by Madame Mesdag van Houten. It is in one of the northern provinces in Holland, where the artist spent some time painting from nature. This panel has the distinction of being one of the first ever given to Sir Lawrence, for it was painted for Townsend House, where it was hung with the pictures of Mr. John O'Connor, the first of Mr. Van Haanen's contributions, and Mr. Pope's canvas.

Mr. O'Connor's picture is "A View in Vicenza," northern Italy, and is interesting from the fact that he was at one time a scene-painter, a form of art with which Sir Lawrence is himself in great sympathy. Proof of this was furnished when the scene-painters of London formed themselves into a society and he took the chair at their first dinner.

Mr. Van Haanen's first picture is a view from the window of his studio in Venice representing the Rio Terra Ognisanti, and must have a peculiar interest for Sir Lawrence, for it was made in the way in which he once recommended the sea-painter H. W. Mesdag, a pupil of his, to work. After studying with Sir Lawrence for some time, Mesdag said to him that he wished to devote himself to landscapes. "Very well," said Sir Lawrence, "begin by painting the street as you see it from your window in fine weather, in dull weather, in wet weather and in snow, when it has been snowing, and when the snow has turned into slush." Mesdag took the advice. In his billiard-room Sir Lawrence has hung one of these pictures—the dull-weather one—and it is amazing how fine an effect is obtained by the faithful reproducing of what would seem so unlikely a subject.

The second of Mr. Van Haanen's contributions represents two typical Venetian girls, as opposed to the made-up Italian flower-girl type. When the picture is in its place, so life-like is the composition that it gives the spectator the curious impression

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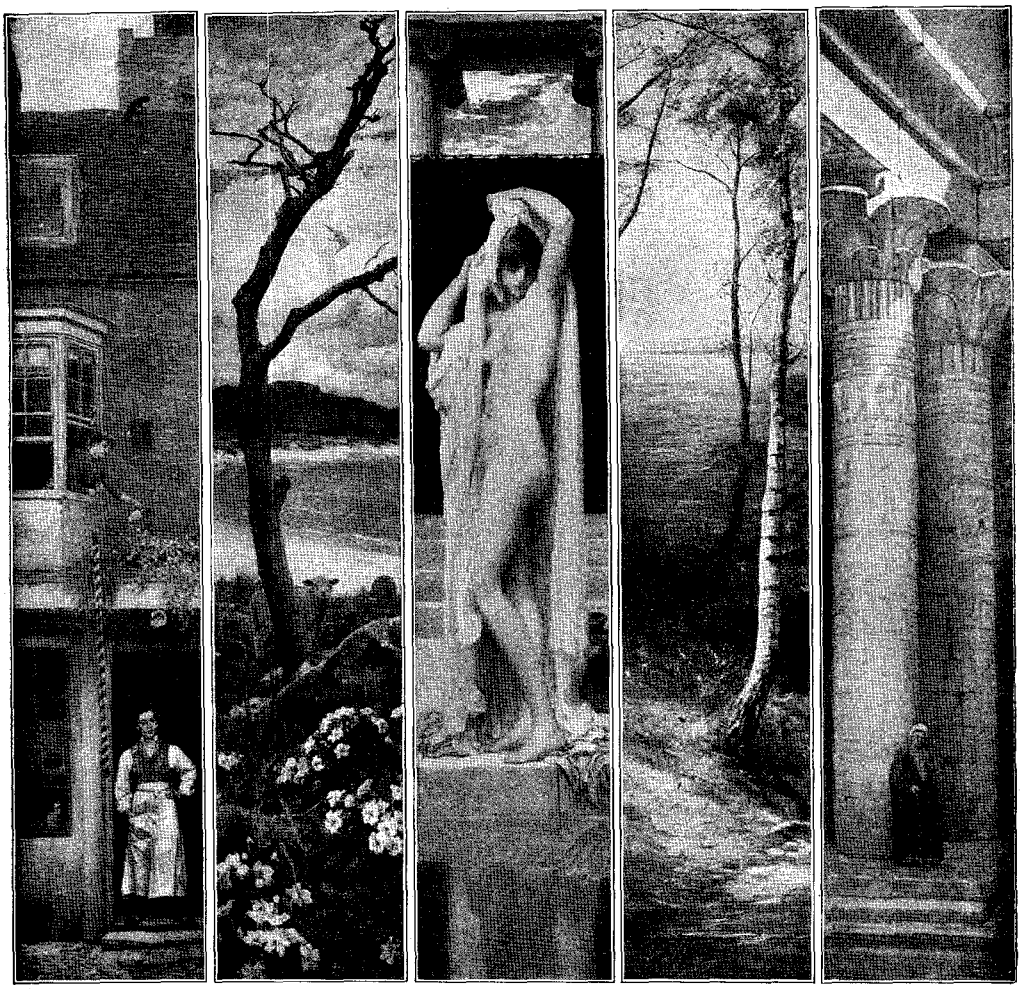

A Bit of Old Hampstead. By Charles Green, R.I.

A Scene in Ireland. By Sir E. Waterlow, R.A.

The Bath of Psyche. By Lord Leighton, P.R.A.

Silver Birches. By John McWhirter, R.A.

Temple at Philæ. By Hon. John Collier.

that, instead of looking at a work of art in a frame, he is really looking through a window and seeing the two girls pass by.

Mr. Van Haanen's third panel belongs to those with an inscription, for on it are the words "Anch' io son pittore," which are attributed to Correggio. It represents a house-painter in Venice exercising his vocation. Suspended above the canal, in which there is a pole to which gondolas can make fast, he is painting the walls of the building a bright red by means of a brush attached to a long stick. It will be noticed how, by introducing the window above and the water below, the artist has suggested the height at which the man is working.

A former pupil of Sir Lawrence's whose work is represented among the panels, is the Hon. John Collier, an artist of considerable executive skill who has committed that greatest of all sins in the eyes of a certain number of his confrères of painting pictures that always stimulate the curiosity and excite the interest of even the ordinary individual who may know nothing about art, as the artist understands the term, but is deeply interested in the problem of the picture, or the story it tells. While Mr. Collier now invariably paints portraits on the one hand and subject-pictures of modern life on the other, he has often gone backward through the centuries and

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painted mediæval and romantic subjects. His "Temple at Philæ," which represents his contribution to the Hall of Panels, is an eminently characteristic piece of work and subtly conveys an idea of the size and massiveness of the great temple in spite of the small space to which his panel is restricted.

When Mr. Collier determined to go in for an artistic career his father, the first Lord Monkswell, got Sir Lawrence to agree to take him as a pupil. It was in order to instruct Mr. Collier in the painting of flesh that Sir Lawrence painted his life-size nude figure, "The Sculptor's Model." Mr. Collier, who was present from the time the picture was begun until it was finished, was introduced into the canvas, for Sir Lawrence painted his portrait as the sculptor.

The Cruel Winter.
By E. F. Brewtnall, R.W.S.

In The Garden.
By Marcus Stone, R.A.

The two seascapes are very fine examples. That of Mr. Moore represents a moonlight effect, while that of Mr. Colin Hunter is a twilight one. Both are done with that mastery of execution for which the artists are renowned.

Although not a seascape, Mr. Charles Wyllie's "Cherry Garden Stairs" may not inaptly follow, for it is a river scene and represents a reach of the Thames near Rotherhithe. The building on the right-hand side of the picture is a public-house, which contains the captain's room described by the late Sir Walter Besant in his novel of that name. The stairs by it, leading from the river to the land, are "Cherry Garden Stairs," but the cherry gardens have, it need hardly be said, long ago vanished from the scene, though the life depicted, the boys bathing in the water, may be witnessed any Saturday afternoon in the summer. Unlike most of the other pictures, this is very full of detail and will repay careful study with a magnifying glass.

Mr. Pope's picture is entitled "The Sleepwalker." The first fact which will strike the observer is that he has represented her not in a room, but outside, as if she were the heroine of the opera "La Sonnambula," while the second is that, unlike Shakespeare's method of representing *Lady Macbeth*, whose eyes are open, hers are closed. No one, indeed, could by any possibility make the mistake of thinking that the artist had *Lady Macbeth* in his mind. If he did, the modern candlestick in the left hand of the figure would quickly contradict any such thought.

Just as Mr. McWhirter is famous as the painter of birch trees, so Mr. Briton Rivière, R.A., is one of the greatest English painters of lions. In his case, as in that of Mr. McWhirter, the suggestion of specialism is equally ill founded, for, in the first

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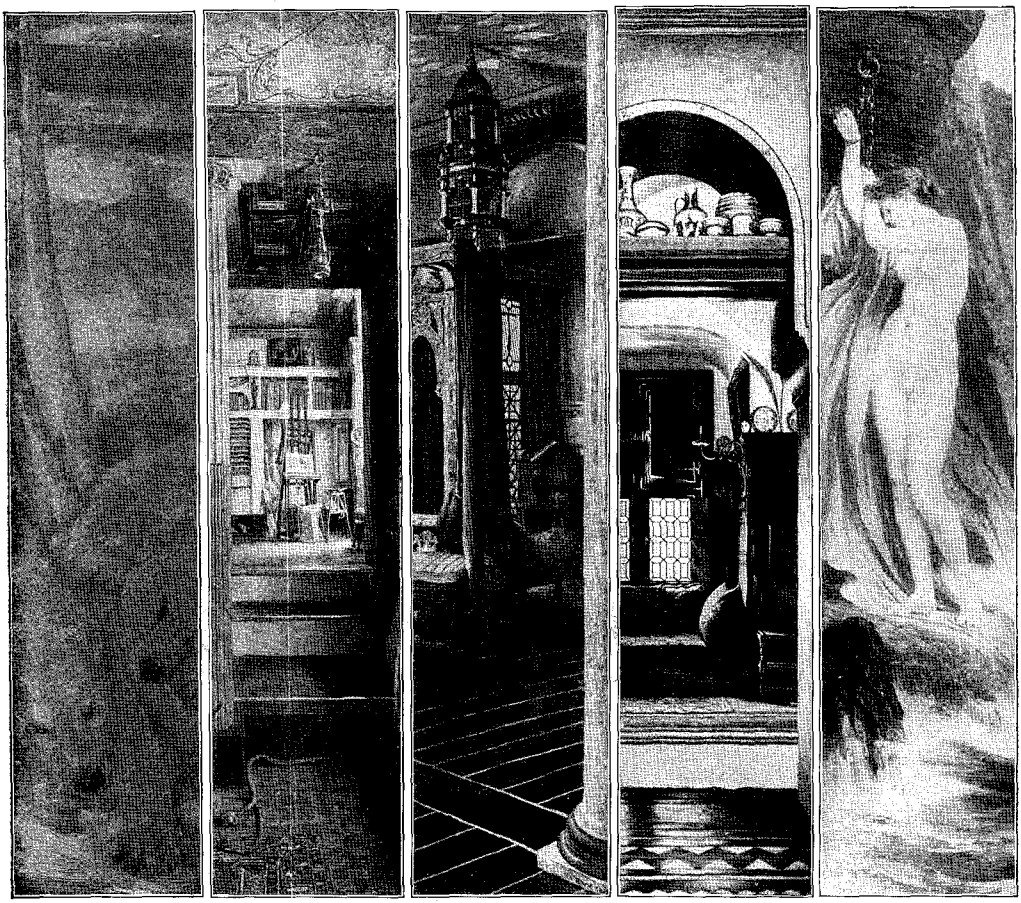

Polar Bears. By the late John M. Swan, R.A.

The Studio. By Mrs. R. Williams.

The Drawing-Room. By Mrs. R. Williams.

The Panel Room. By Miss Hipkins.

Andromeda. By Frank Dicksee, R.A.

place, he has painted many other animals besides lions, and, in the second, he has often introduced the human figure into his pictures. In "Lions" it will be noticed he has adopted a difficult composition, for he represents the great beasts advancing toward the spectator, as they prowl through the desert at night, with the moonlight throwing their shadows before them.

No one could have any difficulty in recognizing the subject of the beautiful picture of Mr. Frank Dicksee, R.A., even if it were not known by its many reproductions. It is "Andromeda," and represents the maiden just after she had been chained to the rock to await the coming of the monster which was to devour her. In this panel, however, it will be seen that there is no suggestion of the terrible fate she expected, or of her miraculous rescue from it by Perseus, a later embodiment of one of the legends of Apollo, as St. George was a still later variant of the same story.

Implied compliments to Sir Lawrence have, as has been seen, been the determining factor in the selection of certain subjects. This was the case, too, with regard to "A Fight Between Two Centaurs," by Mr. J. Archer, R.S.A., for he wished to associate his design with Sir Lawrence's great knowledge of archæology, of the past and his skill in reproducing it. The fact which decided him to select centaurs for the purpose was that he had, some time before, painted a picture in which centaurs appeared, and Sir Lawrence had expressed a great admiration for it. A glance will reveal the waterfall in front of which the two

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An Italian Night.
By Sir Edward Poynter, P.R.A.

Venetian Girls.
By C. Van Haanen.

A House Painter at Work.
By C. Van Haanen.

Cherry Garden Stairs.
By Charles Wyllie.

centaurs are fighting on a ledge of rock. Mr. Archer's reason for introducing this, instead of mere rocks, was that in the course of his reading he came upon an allusion to them as the sons of Zeus and Nephele (the cloud) as the symbols of the torrent which, in its everlasting course, hurls onward great stones and branches of trees the weapons the centaurs used in their combats.

Another classical picture is "A Christian Martyr," by Mr. Herbert Schmalz, which every one who has seen the artist's famous "Christiani ad Leones," or "The Martyrs," will recognize as one of the chief figures in that composition. It was, indeed, Sir Lawrence's own idea that this figure should form the subject of the panel, conveying as it does so much of the spirit of the large picture which has been exhibited in most of the countries of the world with the greatest success. The picture was a veritable inspiration. Mr. Schmalz had no intention of painting it, or anything like it, when, one day, a young girl of fifteen who was sitting to him was resting after a pose. When she was about to resume her original position she took up an attitude which greatly impressed the artist. "Hold that position," he said, and as she stood he took up a canvas and made a rapid sketch of her. From that simple sketch grew the idea of the "Martyrs."

Classical too, in spirit, though entirely modern in reality, is "The Bathers," about which Mr. J. R. Weguelin once said to me, "It may represent an incident occurring in

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any serene and lonely spot where the sea is blue and smooth, say the Greek islands, in an age when manners were simple." How far "is" transcends "may be" is illustrated by the fact that the picture was painted in the little village of Winchelsea in Sussex, where Miss Ellen Terry had a country house for many years. In that quaint old town Mr. Weguelin had his studio; and a fault in its construction caused the sun to penetrate into it, and so gave him an opportunity of painting the figures in actual sunlight with the happy result which can be judged from the reproduction.

In the romantic genre, is Mr. Wirgman's "Joan of Arc," in full armor, with the white banner powdered with fleurs-de-lys in one mailed hand, while in the other is the cross-hilted sword. In the background an angel carries, in its uplifted hands, the circlet of immortality with which to crown the maid, who is realistically represented by the artist as a typical French peasant, though he has preserved the rapt look of the mystic in her eyes.

Bridging the past with the present, a symbol of the everlasting East where custom never changes, is the "Indian Girl," by the late Mr. Val Prinsep. It shows her going down the sacred steps to the Ganges in order to fill with water the two pitchers she carries in her hands. Mr. Prinsep made his study for this figure on the spot at the time when he went to India to paint the great picture of the "Proclamation of Queen Victoria as Empress of India," in the year 1877.

Quite modern is "The Cruel Winter," by Mr. E. F. Brewtnall, R.W.S. It is made additionally interesting by the fact that a water-color drawing of this subject was exhibited by him at the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colors and caused his election as a full member. The subject is not entirely imaginary, for it was suggested to him one very severe winter when a larger number of birds than usual was killed by the cold.

In "Peace," Mr. Andrew C. Gow, R.A., represents a Royalist gentleman whose son is sitting on the horse in front of him, while the animal quietly drinks from the stream under a bridge over the side of which a boy leans to talk to the gentleman. The scene naturally suggests the termination of the war between King Charles the First and the soldiers of the Commonwealth.

It was only a short time before his unfortunate death that the late John M. Swan, R.A., sent his contribution to Sir Lawrence, who holds the memory of his friend in affection as deep as is his admiration for the art of the dead painter. It is the last contribution, so far, to the Hall of Panels. Polar bears were favorite subjects for the display of Mr. Swan's consummate art, and in this panel he is at his best. In this instance, unfortunately, the beautiful coloring does not lend itself to reproduction by the camera, and the three bears which come looming out of the distance in the original and seem to grow in intensity of outline as the eye gets accustomed to the color scheme appear only as shadowy figures in the photograph. Even though so much is lost, there is still something of the same sensation of visual growth if one looks intently at the illustration, which also conveys, in a subtle manner, the suggestion of the cold of the frozen north, which chills the sense as one studies the original. In spite of the comparatively small size of the panel—it is not more than six inches wide—there is a remarkable suggestion of bigness in the work—an impression of vast sweeps of frozen landscape stretching as far as the eye can see.

Although not strictly belonging to the panels, there are certain artistic objects connected with the hall in which they are exhibited to which a reference must be made since they give completeness to the whole scheme.

The first of these is the decorative design which runs round the room above the panels. It is composed of various flowers, an eminently appropriate selection, for Sir Lawrence himself is, as a man, exceedingly fond of flowers of all sorts, while, as an artist, every one knows the important decorative part they play in his pictures. These flowers were painted by Mrs. R. Williams, who has done her work with exquisite feeling, though unfortunately it is not possible for it to be appreciated in the reproduction in the same way as it is possible to appreciate the beauty of the panels.

The second of these objects is formed by the tiles of which the floor is composed. They were designed by Mr. George Henschel, the famous musician, and represent the letters L. A. T., which form the monogram of the members of Sir Lawrence's family. Obviously, they are the initials of

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Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema himself. Curiously, however, those three letters form the initials of all the members of Sir Lawrence's family, L. A. T. standing also for Laura Theresa Alma-Tadema (the late Lady Alma-Tadema), and Miss Lawrence Alma-Tadema, whose recent lectures have made her name so well known in the United States, while Miss Anna Alma-Tadema's initials are A. A. T.

The third of these artistic adjuncts is the shield of beaten brass on the door, leading, by a flight of brass steps, from the entrance-hall into Sir Lawrence's studio. It is the work of Mr. George Simonds, the famous sculptor, and it represents a piece of work which was in hand for a year, although, it need hardly be said, it was not worked at every day during that period. After Mr. Simonds had offered to do something for Sir Lawrence, the question of the exact form it should take remained in abeyance for a long time. At length, one day, Sir Lawrence sent a circle of plain white paper with certain dimensions on it and a letter containing the following words: "This is what I want for the door of my studio," coupled with the information that Mr. Simonds could do anything he liked, "but it must be repoussé and in brass." For some time Mr. Simonds turned the matter over in his mind, wondering what he should do, before he finally determined to go back to the old quatre-cento. He then divided the circle into sections, into each of which he determined to put a figure which should be separated from the next by a shield. From this beginning came the design that the shield should represent the day by its four distinctive features—the Dawn, the Daylight, the Evening, and the Night. Dawn, the topmost figure on the right, is suggested by the female figure surmounted by the morning star and the lark with outstretched wings rising at her feet. On the opposite side Daylight is represented by the figure of a man crowned with the sun and with a trumpet in his hand summoning the world to work. Below the figure of Dawn comes Evening, in the guise of a laborer resting after the day's work is done and refreshing himself with food and drink, while Night is appropriately brought to mind by the figure of the sleeping woman above whom is the crescent moon.

At the top of the shield is the head with the butterfly wings of invention—not, as might be supposed at first glance, a symbolic representation of the sun. The artist's design in introducing it was a delicate compliment not only to Sir Lawrence's own mental equipment, but to that of the whole of his household, in which the inventive faculty is constantly being emphasized in an artistic manner. Miss Alma-Tadema, like her late mother, is, it need hardly be said, an accomplished painter, while Miss Lawrence Alma-Tadema paints her pictures in words instead of color and is known as a writer of poems and plays, novels, short stories, and criticisms.

The outer design of the shield is the ordinary Greek honeysuckle ornament. This was selected as one of the bosses had to be movable to loosen the spring which causes the door to open. In order to get the exact effect desired, Mr. Simonds beat each panel of the shield separately and they had afterward to be welded together. Even this part of the work, mechanical though it seems, Mr. Simonds refused to allow any one to do and did it himself. As the shield is three feet eight inches in diameter, it was difficult to prevent it twisting when it was being brazed. Mr. Simonds overcame this difficulty, however, by making a large iron tray set on legs and filling it with charcoal on which the shield was heated. When it was hot, large gas blow-pipes were brought to bear on it and in that way the solder was made to run. This work, however, was not done in anything like a casual manner, for before making the shield which is seen on the door, Mr. Simonds made a complete model of it in brass, beating it out as carefully as the other; and that model he still possesses.

The ropes which form the handrail to the staircase are of yellow and black silk, so they make an effective harmony with the yellow of the brass against the white wall and the black tiles.

When all the work involved in the production of the artistic objects which have been mentioned, and when the spirit in which that work was undertaken and carried out, are recorded, the suggestion that the Hall of Panels might also be called the Hall of Friendship is abundantly justified; and it is not difficult to imagine the spirit of pride with which Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema saw inscribed in the central place of the hall the words with which this article began.

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RECOLLECTIONS, GRAVE AND GAY

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON

I

MY father was Archibald Cary, of Carysbrooke—all old-time Virginians loved to write themselves down as part of their parental estates—son of Wilson Jefferson Cary, a nephew of Thomas Jefferson, whose marriage with Miss Virginia Randolph had taken place at Monticello; upon which occasion the bride was given away by the master of the house, who hung around her neck a little pearl necklace sent for by him to Paris, and still treasured by her descendants. There remains also a copy of "Don Quixote" in French, lovingly inscribed by Mr. Jefferson to my grandmother.

Jefferson's mother, it will be recalled, was Jane, daughter of Isham Randolph, and when in 1790 Martha Jefferson married Thomas Mann Randolph, she and her husband claimed a great-great-grandfather in common. Young Randolph, having lived with the Jeffersons for two years in Paris, completing his education under Mr. Jefferson's direction at the University of Edinburgh, was entirely at home in the household of his future wife; so much so, that after their marriage he brought into it his little sister, Virginia, whose wit and charm, with her gift of making sweet music, appealed to Mr. Jefferson as strongly as did her motherless condition. Miss Randolph grew up under her sister-in-law's devoted care, and to Mr. Jefferson owed the intellectual impetus he so well knew how to give to a girl's education.

She was a long-time member of his circle at Monticello, and by him was inspired with the love of letters and habit of authorship that marked her in later years, when Mrs. Cary's novels, essays, and poems enjoyed considerable vogue. My father spoke to me admiringly of his good mother's literary achievements, when, as a very little girl perched upon his knee, I listened in charmed awe to the tales of a grandmamma who was a real live author, publishing every scrap of MS. as fast as she wrote it; and said by the critics to combine the style of Hannah More with a grace and humor all her own. When I tried to read her books, it must be owned that I thought them rather too grave and sermon-like for human nature's daily food. Not until many years had gone over my head, did I appreciate them at their rightful value.

My father, an old-line Whig of the enthusiastic type, yet had great personal admiration for, and loved to talk about, his "Uncle Jefferson," the "Father of American Democracy." Certainly, he induced all of us, and our children after us, to look with appreciation upon Jefferson's splendid originality of thought, and fearless expression of opinion; still more upon the breadth of his interest in the whole human field of intellectual endeavor, which made him a pharos in his time. Mr. Henry Watterson has well expressed our united family opinion in saying that, after Washington and Franklin, the one clear figure in the early history of American politics is Jefferson—"a perfect Doric column."

My son, Congressman Francis Burton Harrison, is fortunate in possessing a fine Gilbert Stuart portrait of Jefferson. Strangely enough, there is a strong likeness in this, as in the St. Memin profiles of Jefferson, to various members of the family in the present generations.

A crackling (alas! time-dried!) letter lying before me, addressed by my father to his sister, "Mrs. Gouverneur Morris, of Morrisania, Harlaem, New York," announces the arrival in this world of his daughter, Constance; stating that although she has red hair, he hopes if nothing happens she will not be a homely girl; "of this, however, nothing can be said with certainty." The upper part of her head is very much like their mother's, so that

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"should she live, I anticipate for her some of her grandmother's talent for writing, particularly as I have great confidence in phrenology." This I insert more as a contribution to the annals of the science of bumps, than with confidence in its interest to the public.

The Carys of my father's line had been scholars, leaders, and land-owners in the Virginian Colony since 1640, and before that were well known in south-western Britain.

My father was at the time of his death just entering upon his fortieth year (a period traditionally dreaded by Cary men as likely to cut short their mortal span), living in the beautiful mountain town of Cumberland, in Maryland, where he was editor of its leading newspaper, *The Cumberland Civilian*. Bred in the practice of literary study, well equipped in history, a classic by descent from men educated at English universities and owners of the best libraries in the State, he was also an ardent Whig politician and has left printed pamphlets, speeches, and editorials without number, breathing the fiery spirit of his creed. One of my earliest recollections was being taken to a hotel in Cumberland to visit his idol, Henry Clay, then an aged man, who lifted me in his arms and kissed me, to my secret discomfiture as I thought him dreadfully old and ugly. A gentleman present remarked: "Little girl, you must never forget that you started in life with a kiss and a blessing from the immortal Henry Clay."

Of that interview I ought to have retained a silver pencil-case, which I promptly lost.

My father, when a young lawyer of three-and-twenty, had married his distant cousin, Monimia, youngest daughter of Thomas, ninth Lord Fairfax, Baron of Cameron in the Scottish peerage, who residing quietly on his estates in Virginia, had never assumed his title except when going once to England to claim an inheritance.

My grandparents sometimes took a house in Washington for the season, and there my mother, making her début at seventeen, had been admired and belauded in the society of the capital. Chapman, the artist, commissioned to paint "The Baptism of Pocahontas" for the rotunda of the Capitol, asked leave to introduce her into his picture as one of the two Englishwomen, their heads wrapped in scarfs, who stand directly behind the kneeling Pocahontas, which was done. My mother, at this time, made friends with Mr. and Mrs. N. P. Willis, he greatly extolling her beauty and inviting her to accompany them to various festivities. She remembered going to see them one day in their sitting-room at a hotel, and finding the lion still at his breakfast in a gorgeous dressing-gown and smoking-cap, like Thackeray's Clarence Bulbul; with a page-boy kneeling before the fire at his feet, toasting each mouthful of bread as demanded by his fastidious master, Willis declaring "it was the only way to make toast tolerable," to the amusement of the little Virginia girl bred in simplicity by her austere sire.

My father, very indulgent to his only girl, used to delight me with endless stories. Particularly did I relish those of the French-Indian campaign in that very neighborhood and of young Colonel Washington's return from the disastrous venture, to Mount Vernon where our mother's grandfather, Col. William Fairfax of Belvoir, his son, George the Tory (Washington's old comrade in surveying), and George's fascinating wife, Sally, our father's great-aunt, had hastened to console the young Achilles sulking in his tent, by kind notes and visits.

I loved all the gossip about the Mount Vernon and Belvoir families, and felt as if they still lived in my day. Then there were Indian massacres of the most exciting sort, the scenes of occurrence in the mountain fastnesses around us; and often was I bid to travel over sea and hear about the motherland and the people we sprang from there. But, affectionate to England, my father believed with all his heart in the ideal of our own republic and its institutions. He used to describe how its borders would go on broadening till it compassed the whole mighty continent; and once pointed out to me suddenly, in the red glow of sunset, the splendid cleft in the Alleghanies through which a river and a railway ran, westward of the town. "That, my daughter, is the gateway for the future greatness of our land," he said, so impressively that I looked to see some actual titanic form with trailing garments sweep outward through the gorge.

My education was carried on at day-school, in the polite establishment for young ladies of a Miss Jane Kenah, where I must

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have done something, however inadequate, to win from her the copy of "The Lady of the Lake" in faded red and gold, which still haunts my book-shelves, "presented to Constance Cary, as a reward for scholarship, by her loving teacher." I honestly do not now believe I deserve it in the least, for I did not enjoy that school, nor yet the lessons in Latin imposed upon me by my father, at the hands of the amiable and learned Rev. Hillhouse Buel, in his study at the rectory. I must have made them a misery to my instructor! And as to mathematics in general, I have always considered them an invention of the Evil One!

The rule of our house was firm if loving. There was no weak yielding by either parent to our whims. Our pleasures were of a simple sort, long walks on the hills, flower-picking, skating in winter, and sledding over "jumps" on the steep snow-clad heights above our home; excursions to Flintstone, Frostburg, and the Mines, tea-parties with our little friends, and, at rare intervals, a show at some town-hall, into which we walked proudly with free tickets as children of the editor. I think we heard Mme. Anna Bishop sing. My brother's sled bore her name in crimson letters.

A vivid memory of my father is of an occasion when, my busy mother going off for one of her rare holiday jaunts to Berkeley Springs, and leaving her children and their nurse in his care, I awoke in the night crying for her and would not be consoled. No one heard me, no one answered, and I sprang out of bed and ran barefooted down the stairs. There, in the little study where he was accustomed to sit half the night (in an arm-chair I still possess) and make clippings from exchange journals for *The Civilian*, I beheld the editor buried in reading, snowed in with newspapers. At my timid note of alarm, he looked up, frowned a little, then smiled tenderly, and bounding up the steps, caught me in his arms, pressed me to his breast, carried me down to his den, and after a brief delicious time of cosseting and soothing, carried me back to bed, and stayed by me, tender as any mother, till I slept.

With his death, our Cumberland home was broken up forever. My mother, with her three young children, was reclaimed by her own mother, who took the long journey from Alexandria to Cumberland to fetch us. It did not seem a hardship to go to live with dear Grandmamma Fairfax—sweetest and gentlest of mortals.

Grandmamma was now a widow—the cold, stately old patriarch with silver locks and eyes of steely blue, whom I dimly recalled in earliest infancy, having gone to sleep with his grandfathers on the slope of a Virginian hillside.

Vaucluse, the place in Fairfax County, near the Theological Seminary of Virginia, had been left to the widow during her lifetime, to her son Reginald after her. And at Vaucluse our composite family lived until it was destroyed by the war between the States. When the dear chatelaine breathed her last there, our sailor uncle declared that everything must be kept as it was, to be a happy port for him at the end of his voyages. I was very much overawed by the continual remembrance of my dead grandpapa when first we reached Vaucluse. I did not dare tell any one how I was possessed by my chief image of him when I was three years old (seen through an accidentally opened door, lying in bed in the Long Room in the wing, whether ill or merely asleep I have no idea), but the picture of that stern ivory profile against the pillow, and the long locks like spun glass beside it, haunted me for years with shuddering. There was a flight of stairs leading past his door to my mother's room, up which I used to fly with fast-beating heart after nightfall. Also, I dreaded a long clock-case standing at the foot, which I associated with a story in a chap-book, told me by my nurse, about a corpse set on end in one of them.

II

Our establishment at Vaucluse now consisted of the dear and beneficent lady, its head, and her two widowed daughters with their children (six of the latter, off and on), together with an endless procession, coming and going, of aunts and cousins who stayed as long as they found it convenient and agreeable. Now, the "connection," as it was called, embraced a surprising number of people with the same blood in their veins, and habit had made it law that any one included in this brotherhood should be sacrosanct and free of all the house could offer as entailed upon hospitality. So the old

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white stucco dwelling, with its wings to right and left under the great oak trees of its lawns, went on stretching to receive guests, the stable took in their horses, the servants' building a little way from the pantry wing received their attendants, and nobody ventured to think anybody was ever inconvenienced!

The two daughters of the house, my mother and my aunt, Mrs. Hyde, took care between them of the housekeeping. Our servants were hired black people, good and faithful souls, but thank heaven, not slaves of ours. My grandfather Fairfax had been the first gentleman in Virginia to manumit his slaves, had each of them taught a trade, and the efficient ones sent to Liberia at his expense. The latter part of his humanitarian scheme was, needless to say, no success, most of them writing imploring letters to "old Marse" to take them back again.

There was no farm attached to the place, only gardens, a chicken-yard, orchard, and dairy, from which the table was supplied with country dainties. In the rooms were assembled the flotsam of family furnishings, accumulated from other homes in England and Virginia—Towlston, Belvoir, and Ashgrove. We had on the walls a few interesting old Fairfax portraits, a "Percy, Earl of Northumberland," a "Parliamentary General," ladies with busks carrying long feathers in their hands, Roundheads and Cavaliers; and in the secretary, many old parchments, and a pedigree illuminated in Elizabethan days, with a land transfer of the date of Richard Cœur de Lion. The drawing-room was large and bright, with many windows, all furnished and curtained in crimson damask. A wide open grate held in winter a fire of logs and lumps of coal making a royal blaze; upon the mantel were girandoles and ostrich eggs, with some Dresden cups and saucers beautifully painted with wreaths of blossoms. In an alcove to one side, were shelves of books, mostly old English volumes, saffron-hued and musty, that when opened were apt to send little queer bloodless insects scuttling out of them. There I sat (oftenest upon my foot) poring over the world of joy I got from this fragment of a library. When not thus employed, I was out of doors, scouring the woods, climbing trees, riding horses to water, wading streams, and picking wild flowers. Except for my cousin, Meta Hyde, younger than I, a big-eyed quaint creature whom her brothers teased and petted alternately, I was the only girl at Vaucluse. Of the young men and boy cousins, passing in and out of the house, Vaucluse sent fourteen or fifteen to the war. They always seemed to me to illustrate what Colonel Lambert told Harry Warrington about the Persians: "They can ride and speak the truth." The wonder is I was not spoiled utterly by their setting me on a pinnacle and doing all I asked, big or little, in or out of season.

It was then decided by my mother that I should no longer roam and ride, or go shooting with the boys; so, after a long foreign correspondence, a French governess, Mademoiselle Adami, appeared upon the scene and was instructed to keep with me always in my walks abroad. Poor lady! It must be owned that she had her hands full, that I writhed under her mincing conventionalities of social doctrine; and that the boys played many a welcome trick on her, including the offering of persimmons from a tree in the pasture upon which frost had not yet laid its redeeming spell. But she knew how to teach, and in school hours I was interested, and learned to like reading in French, which I have kept up unremittingly all my life since.

Washington, our chief shopping-place, eight miles distant, was usually attained from Vaucluse in the family coach drawn by two highly groomed chestnuts with long frizzled tails, in which we jogged over the Long Bridge to have our daguerreotypes taken at Whitehurst's, to order bonnets of Miss Wilson, and to eat ices at Gautier's. To keep us children quiet on the drive, so that the elders could talk coherently, it was grandmamma's practice to smuggle into the carriage Scotch cakes, Everton toffee, and rosy apples. While we nibbled and munched (especially if the draw on the bridge were off and some slow-sailing Potomac craft were pursuing its dignified course down the tawny stream) they chatted, and oh! of what interesting things! Of the doings at Queen Victoria's court, which these British-lined ladies dearly loved to discuss, of Washington social affairs and notabilities, of the dear bishop our neighbor, and matters of the church in Virginia, of books read, and of events, ancient and modern, in families who somehow or other

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seemed always to be of kin to ours! As the war came on, the talk grew more solemn. They none of them wanted secession, and were waiting to see what Col. Robert Lee would do. Sometimes, mademoiselle was told off to conduct us upon improving visits to the dentist and various government buildings, especially the Patent Office, while my mother and aunt made calls upon old friends. Sometimes we children, too, were taken to call upon long-suffering acquaintances. At the corner of I Street and Sixteenth, stood a brick house overgrown with ivy, around which was a pleasant old garden. Here lived a kinswoman, Mrs. Richard Cutts, and in residence with her was her mother Mrs. Hackley, sister of my grandmother Cary. My obeisance accomplished to Aunt Hackley, I generally made all speed to the garden, in company with our little Cutts cousins, Gertrude (now Mrs. Moorefield Storey, of Boston) and her sister Lucia. My first glimpse of the radiant Adelaide Cutts, afterward Mrs. Stephen A. Douglas, was in this garden, and the vision smote my heart-strings with delight. And, strange to say, in part of the same enclosure was afterward built the house where I have now pitched my tent, "a day's march nearer home."

My grandmother Fairfax had a daughter, Mrs. Irwin, living in Washington with her husband and two children; so that we had always a *pied à terre* for visits and stops over to see special sights. To this kind aunt, I owed many happinesses as I grew older, and from her house, years after, I went to my first ball in Washington at the house of my present next-door neighbor—still living in the same spacious mansion with its wide garden shadowed on my side by a noble maple, in which, in early spring, come to perch numberless migrating birds, including the cardinal grosbeak, who taps at my window-pane and flits through the branches, revealing his scarlet majesty, before the leaves are out.

Time glided by peacefully in our sweet old home, broken only by the necessary severing of links in the chain of life that, by heaven's mercy, close again to give us courage to go on. The early death of my brother Falkland was followed in a few years by that of my gentle grandmother. We had few excitements; occasionally we went to the Springs, to make visits at Charlottesville, Baltimore, or Washington, and to the country-houses of friends. I had one journey only to the North, to visit the home of my aunt and uncle, the Gouverneur Morrises of Morrisania. Not only did it seem wonderful to be penetrating to such a far-away region as New York, but I had heard such interesting stories about Morrisania. How it was built upon the site of his earlier home by Gouverneur Morris, member of the convention which adopted the Constitution of the United States, senator, and minister to France during the Reign of Terror—who had known familiarly all the great actors of that awful drama, and the grandees of other countries. How he had come back to live at Morrisania, bringing a ship-load of relics from old palaces in France, mirrors, tapestries, gilded chairs and couches, books, a rare dessert service of old Sèvres, with forks and spoons of solid gold—and had put all these inside the oak-panelled walls of his home on the Harlem Kills, where they still remained. How he had entertained Talleyrand, the Jerome Bonapartes, Tom Moore, and all the visiting celebrities as well as statesmen of his day. How his romantic marriage at sixty with Miss Anne Randolph, of Virginia, had occurred there, his wife having a year later given him his only son, the present master of the house. How the second Gouverneur had in his turn married a Virginian lady, a first cousin. How when Grandmamma Cary went to see her nephew at Morrisania, in the early days after her sister's death, they would drive and drive, and be always, like the Marquis of Carabas, upon his own land! Now the estate had come down to forty acres surrounding the delightful, mellow old house. Piece by piece, my uncle had sold it for stations on the Hartford and New Haven railway, or else the great encroaching monster of New York had swallowed it by bits.

Naturally, I was eager to visit there, and it was a time of unalloyed pleasure with my uncle and aunt and their family of boys and girls near my own age.

But nothing whispered to me that one day, after a terrible war that should destroy my own home, I should be married from Morrisania. And yet this was to be.

I am making no attempt to record chronologically the events of my modest experience in childhood. I am simply writing down as they drift to me out of the mists of memory, things about the people most fa-

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miliar to me, thinking it may interest readers as a page torn from old-time chronicles of American social life before the war. The two or three years after the reign of my French governess came to an end, were spent by me in Richmond at the boarding-school of M. Hubert Pierre Lefebvre. As a rule, narratives of boarding-school life are more interesting to the teller than to hearers, and I will only say that the experience broadened my horizon in introducing to me types of girls from the higher classes of society all over the South, and convincing me that the surrounding of slave service was inspiring neither to the energy of body nor independence of ideas I had been taught to consider indispensable. Many of these pretty languid creatures from the far Southern States had never put on a shoe or stocking for themselves; and their point of view about owning and chastising fellow-beings who might chance to offend them, was abhorrent to me.

For in some mysterious way, I had drunk in with my mother's milk—who inherited it from her stern Swedenborgian father—a detestation of the curse of slavery upon our beautiful Southern land. Then, of course, omnivorous reader that I was, I had early found and devoured "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "that mischievous incendiary book," as some of our friends called it. When the thunderbolt of John Brown's raid broke over Virginia, I was inwardly terrified, because I thought it was God's vengeance for the torture of such as Uncle Tom.

I was on a visit to my aunt, Mrs. Irwin, in Washington, following Mr. Lincoln's inauguration, while yet arose spirited discussion in many households concerning the outcome of national events. We young people had not waked up to a full understanding of the issues involved, nor had become the fierce partisans of after days. When, therefore, my aunt's husband (who remained a supporter of the Union during the war) insisted that as an epoch in life, I should be taken to see the new President, I went with him to one of the levees at the White House. A terrible crush of people, it seemed to me, of all sorts and conditions, foreign ministers preceding backwoodsmen in flannel shirts and Sunday coats, *grandes dames* of the administration in line with struggling women and children hardly dressed or kempt for festal occasion. That was the reception where the curtains had pieces cut out of them for souvenirs by the backwoodsmen who, it was said, swarmed to Washington in the wake of the "man of the people." Budding secessionist although I was, I can distinctly remember that the power of Abraham Lincoln's then personality impressed itself upon me for a lifetime. Everything faded out of sight beside the apparition of the new President, towering at the entrance of the Blue Room. He held back the crowd a minute, while my hand had a curious feeling of being engulfed in his enormous palm, clad in an ill-fitting white kid glove. He said something kind to his youthful visitor, and over his rugged face played a summer-lightning smile. We passed on, and I saw him no more till he drove past our house in captured Richmond, in an ambulance, with his little son upon his knee.

III

And now the war-clarion blew, the clans were all alert, and every male creature belonging to us was straining for the fray. As Vaucluse lay in the track of probably advancing armies, my mother and aunt decided promptly to send their younger children out of harm's way. Accordingly, to my unmitigated despair, I was packed off with my brother Clarence, and my little cousin Meta Hyde, to stop with a relation at Millwood, in Clarke County, Virginia. Consolation, in the shape of lovely surroundings, bountiful hospitality, visits to such places as Saratoga, Carter Hall, The Moorings, Annfield, etc., made the May days dance along, until we were suddenly confronted with the news that Vaucluse had been forsaken by my mother and aunt, who had driven away by night in their own carriage, their destination the immediate neighborhood of Manassas Junction where the Southern troops were massing.

One of the letters from my mother of this date told how at the last moment before leaving Vaucluse, having no way of despatching the silver to a safety vault in Washington or Alexandria, she had undertaken to bury it in the cellar of the house. Aided by a young nephew who was to go on the morrow to volunteer at Manassas and a faithful old negro gardener, who died soon afterward (she holding a lantern), they worked half the night till pits were made large enough to contain two large travelling

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trunks into which the silver had been hastily packed. The pits filled in and rubbish strewn over them, my mother got into the carriage before daybreak and drove away to the Confederate lines.

Four years later, the house having been destroyed by incendiaries, all the splendid old trees on the place cut down for breast-works, and the site used for a United States camp during many months, she came back to her home, accompanied by men with spades and picks. Save for slight depressions in the grass, there was no token of where the house had stood, and many bewildered moments were spent in searching for it. Some hours followed while the men toiled, and my mother sat on the ground and looked on, amid gathering tears. Any idle soldier prodding the ground might have struck the boxes, she argued, and there was little hope. Just as she was about giving the order to stop work, one of the men cried out, holding up a tea-spoon black as jet! Soon, the earth was covered with dark objects from around which the boxes had rotted. Candelabra, urn, tea-sets, tankards, bowls, dishes, and the complete service of small silver were recovered, not a salt-spoon missing! Sent to Galt's in Washington for treatment, they were soon restored to pristine brilliancy.

If we were to join them at all, wrote my mother from Bristoe Station, it must be now, as who knew when the military lines might shut us out? She warned me in eloquent phrase, that our sylvan paradise at Millwood must be exchanged for a poor little roadside tavern on the Orange and Alexandria railroad, treeless, shabby, crowded to excess with officers' families, under burning sun all day, no ice for rather muddy water, no fruit, the plainest of fare, and nowhere to walk but up and down the railway track. *Per contra*, the camp containing our boys was but five miles away, we would get all the army news direct; and day after day saw trains thundering by, full of eager soldiers thrilling and shouting with joy that they were so near the goal! When the battle came we should be nearest it, to do our best for them. If our troops were to be driven back—why then, we would "take our chance"!

We went. By lumbering stage-coach down the peaceful Shenandoah valley clad in the radiancy of summer foliage; by way-train here and there, passing "the Junction," the centre of all hope and thought, the cradle of the future Army of Northern Virginia—arriving safely and gladly at Bristoe to "take our chance" with the others.

The month that elapsed before the first battle of the war, on July 18, 1861, was one in which I woke up to the strongest feeling of my young life. My mother saw her only remaining son, aged fifteen, looking several years younger, go into service as a marker in an Alexandria regiment. She sewed for him, with the neatest of stitches, little white gaiters, and a "havelock" for his cap—these afterward abandoned by authority as too shining marks for riflemen—tears dropping now and then upon her handiwork, but never a thought of telling him he should not go. All about me, were women ready to give their all. I realized that love of country can mean more than love of self.

In the family carriage, sold later, as a superfluity of luxury, to refugees and hospital nurses, we drove to several impromptu entertainments at Camp Pickens, during the month of waiting the enemy's advance. What young girl's heart would not beat quicker in response to such experience? There were dinners cooked and served to us by our soldier-lads, spread upon rough boards, eaten out of tin plates and cups amid such a storm of rollicking gayety and high hope that war seemed a merry pastime. In the infancy of war, the Louisiana chieftain, Gen. Pierre Gustave Toutant Beauregard, of ancient creole family, was distinctly looked upon as the future leader of the Confederacy. His name was upon all lips, his praise on every breeze that blew. Some early war rhymester wrote verses of which the refrain was:

"Beau canon, Beauregard! Beau soldat, Beauregard!
Beau sabreur! Beau frappeur! Beauregard, Beauregard!"

Needless to say that to be received with visitors' honors at his head-quarters, was a source of undying pride. We met or saw on those occasions the lamented Brigadier-General Bartow, killed at the first battle of Manassas, General Longstreet (who in those days before he lost several children at once by scarlet fever, was rollicking and jolly always), looking as his aid, Moxley Sorrel, afterward said of him, "like a rock of steadiness when sometimes in battle the

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world seemed flying to pieces"; and many another destined to high fame. There were drills, dress parades, and reviews, viewed from the head-quarters tents of great generals. In all our dreams sounded the blare of trumpets, the roll of drums. And so till the morning of July 17th, when word came that our troops were moving forward.

Now knew we the rude reality! Those women and girls and children left at Bristoe who, on the 18th, spent all day on the railway tracks straining eyes and ears in the direction of the belt of woodland above which arose columns of dun smoke, hearing the first guns of the war as distinctly as one hears a fog-horn on an Atlantic liner, had mostly all they loved best in the fight. It seemed eternal, that sullen roar of artillery, that crackle of fire-arms. And who should say how it was coming out? We could not rest, we could not speak or eat. Toward afternoon, appeared, limping down a long red-clay road, a single smoke-stained, fiery-faced, bandaged soldier. With one accord the women fell upon him like a swarm of bees, questioned, fed, soothed, exalted him. He was rather a dreadful-looking person, we had to own, and his manner unpleasant to say the least. His wound, on examination, proved a mere scratch on the middle finger, but he rose to the occasion as a hero, and answered our fevered, eager queries with statements that took our breath away.

"The Seventeenth Virginia?" he responded to our especial inquiry. "Why, they fought like tigers and was cut all to pieces. Hardly an officer was left."

A beaming smile and a strong whiff of whiskey accompanying this revelation, we took heart to doubt. But none the less, that first wounded soldier from Bull Run had had a monopoly of patriotic sympathy never again to be surpassed.

A little later, we heard of Confederate victory and that our boys were safe. It nerved us for the evening's work. After dark, a train came thundering into our station, stopping to ask food and drink for the wounded. By lantern light, we passed through the cars, carrying and distributing all there was to give.

Over and again we were to do this service during the four years to come. Never, perhaps, with such keen emotion.

The day before, a closely veiled, shabbily dressed little woman, her luggage a small archaic hair trunk inscribed with an undistinguished name, had been put off a train from Richmond upon the platform before our poor overpacked hostelry. In vain did Lipscomb, our distracted host, assure her there wasn't a room or a bed left for any one—nothing save a servant's pallet on the floor of a hot garret. Also, he stated, looking her over doubtfully, all the occupants of this hotel were members of officers' families well known to General Beauregard. She kept her ground manfully, explained that she had been ill of typhoid, had come all the way from New Orleans to be near her brother at the front, and had no strength to turn back; so he gave her the garret, where a negro girl carried her food and drink; and we lookers-on thought no more of her in the greater excitement of the battle.

In the evening, my mother having gone on to Culpeper Court House to volunteer as a nurse in the new military hospital, my aunt, who was busy elsewhere, suggested that I go up to see what had become of the odd little woman in the garret. When I tapped at the door, it was no uneducated voice that bade me enter, but one sweet and refined, coming from a girl huddled on a chair near the window, who sprang up to meet me with a cry of joy.

"News? News from the front?" That was all she wanted, not supper or anything. The servant-girl had told her the troops were moving. It was a mercy to speak to any one; she had cried all day, and now thought she would go mad.

Little by little it came out that she was the petted daughter of a wealthy creole family, engaged to a lieutenant of artillery with whom she had quarrelled and broken, just as he went off to Virginia with the battalion in which her brother also was an officer. Repenting, she tried to wire him her regrets, and finally on the impulse of a moment had left the plantation where her family were, went in to her mother's town house, possessed herself of the housekeeper's trunk and garments, and set off for Virginia. Her intention, only to see him and then go back again, spite of her dread of the brother's wrath should he find out her escapade, was now frustrated by the movement to the front.

Taken thus into confidence by a rare romance of which the heroine seemed to my fervid imagination one of the most fascinating little creatures ever seen—charmed by

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her good looks, her dainty lingerie with fine embroidery and lace, the rich toilet articles strewn about, and the gold-edged writing-case from which she took her lover's portrait to show it to me—I readily promised secrecy and, if possible, help. She cheered up at this, and to my surprise ended by kissing me, then promised to eat her neglected supper and try to sleep.

During the battle, next day, she passed quite out of my mind, and when, at dusk, a shabby little veiled figure stole up upon the platform and begged me to go with her for an instant to her room, I acquiesced. When there, she burst into a storm of tears and sobs. The day had nearly killed her, she had spoken to nobody, her heart was breaking with anxiety. She had heard there was a list of wounded in the grocery store, would I mind seeing whether *his* name or her brother's was upon it?

And then she told the names which I was to come to know well and respect as they deserved, in after days.

I coaxed her downstairs again, and while all the rest of us squeezed into the little country store where behind the counter, by the light of a tallow candle, a man was spelling out a newly arrived register of the casualties of the day, she stood outside in the darkness, afraid to show herself. Begging for a glance at the paper, I ran my eye hastily over it, and the third or fourth name was that of her lover, "badly wounded." And—strange happening of my first war love-story—just after I had induced her to go back to her room with her misery, the first train of wounded men from Manassas slowed up at Bristoe, and while every woman and girl in the hotel except herself went through it carrying milk, water, brandy, and bread, to my lot it fell to minister to a young Louisiana artilleryman lying upon a cot in a freight car, suffering greatly, but with perfect fortitude; while she who had been his affianced was at ten steps from him wearing her heart out in longing for him, yet knowing nothing of his vicinity.

The sequel of this episode was, alas! not cheerful. They met again in Richmond, whither he was taken and she followed, but the breach between them widened instead of drawing together, and then two lives went apart.

On Saturday evening, July 20, a messenger was sent by General Beauregard to the ladies and children at Bristoe, saying that an engine and car would be placed at their disposal immediately; with urgent advice for them to leave for a point of greater safety, since a battle was impending upon whose issue it was impossible to count. The women, sewing flannel shirts and making bandages fast as hands could fly, looked at each other and sent thanks to the general, with the answer that they preferred to stay.

That Sunday of the "first Manassas" was a repetition on a larger scale of our experience of the 18th. Some women sewed awhile, then ran bareheaded, desperate, out in the burning sun to look, to listen, to pray, to yearn. With every fresh roar of cannon, came the piercing javelin of thought: "Was mine taken then?" "Was mine?"

By mid-day we heard of victory and the rout of the Federal forces. By evening we had individual returns. Again, those most near to us were preserved in safety.

My brother, the marker, although twice ordered by his sympathetic superiors to the rear to guard hospital stores, had managed to get his full share of the excitement. The story told by his captain of seeing the tired little fellow, during an interval in the fight, asleep under a tree, near which a shell had burst without warning or awakening him, went into the newspapers with sundry other more sensational accounts of his prowess, since disavowed. He told us later, of wading Bull Run quite up to his knees, in pursuit of the fleeing enemy, and of the long tramp to Fairfax Court House and back; the greatest hardship to our troops being that they were obliged to pass by forsaken tents with delicious soup boiling itself away upon the fires, and abundant food everywhere—together with a sutler's wagon broken open, its tempting contents scattered on the ground—when all they could lay hold of as first spoils of war was a jar of sticks of candy, greatly enjoyed in the ranks as far as it would go.

My brother was that same evening ordered by General Longstreet, who picked him up upon the field, to his head-quarters as "courier." His duties of message-carrying to the various head-quarters through the camps were made lighter by the necessity of exercising the fine horses of a late staff officer, Colonel Fisher, killed in the action of the 21st; and his leisure time more

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pleasant by the society of Colonel Moxley Sorrel, and an afterward much-talked-of Major Terry, a noted scout and Texan ranger, who delighted him by stories of Indian warfare on the plains, etc.; the line of demarcation between officers and privates having hardly yet made itself felt, so numerous were the gentlemen in ranks. Shortly afterward, through our friend, Congressman W. W. Boyce, of South Carolina, Clarence received his commission as midshipman in the Confederate States Navy, and reported for duty in Richmond. From that time till the end of the war, he was in active service whenever opportunity occurred.

A fact about the first battle of Manassas told to me by my husband, years later, as an authentic instance of the secret history of the war, may be inserted here. A lady in Washington it was, a member of the family of Mrs. Dolly Madison, who actually enabled the Confederate generals to win that important victory in July, 1861, and the Confederate government, after that success, to muster men and resources in the South, unavailable had we suffered defeat.

An impatient expectation was at fever heat in both North and South. General Scott and his lieutenants were incessantly urged by his government to move upon the enemy. The whole Northern press was clamoring, "On to Richmond." "We shall move to-morrow," was repeatedly announced from Washington, to be followed on the morrow by the explanation, "The advance is necessarily delayed for a week, for further preparation." By the middle of July, everything seemed to depend for the South upon concentration of our forces at the exact moment of advance, before General McDowell could be re-enforced by General Patterson. Until then, her brigades must be kept widely distributed—General Johnson before Martinsburg, General Bonham at Fairfax Court House, General Holmes on the Potomac near Eastport; a force that if assembled, would be greatly outnumbered by General McDowell's single column.

To accomplish this end, General Beauregard must know exactly when McDowell should be ordered to begin his march of invasion.

From the lady in Washington, this fateful information came to Confederate headquarters carried by a trusty messenger down the Potomac on the Maryland side, who crossing near Dumfries, and reaching Manassas at the critical instant, safely arrived with a note reading as follows:

"McDowell has certainly been ordered to advance on the 16th.

"(Signed) R. O. G."

The informant's initials and handwriting were recognized, her statement accepted. Bonham, pulled behind the line of Bull Run, narrowly escaped his pursuers, who, at noon on the 17th, marched through what had been his camp. Holmes was brought up on the right; Johnson was called down from before Patterson to arrive in the very nick of time during the battle of the 21st, when the unexpected appearance of his men threw McDowell's right into confusion, resulting in the panic and rout of his army.

So much for a clever woman's use of official information gained unexpectedly. Not the first time, however, that a woman's touch has set the pendulum of a nation's fate aswing.

My dearest mother was by now well launched in her hospital nursing at Culpeper Court House, first among the many soldiers ill in the Methodist church, and later among the wounded. Her life from this time forward (afterward at Camp Winder, near Richmond) was of the hardest and most heroic kind. I have never known any woman possessed of better qualifications for her task. With a splendid physique, almost unbroken good health, a tireless hand, and a spirit of tender sympathy, she was the ideal attendant upon homesick boys from the far South, disheartened by illness at the outset of their campaign, as well as those cruelly mangled and wounded in the first fights. Almost every comfort we have nowadays in nursing was absent from the beginning, and toward the last the hospitals were unspeakably lacking in needfuls. Sleeping on a soldier's bunk, rising at dawn, laboring till midnight, my mother faced death and suffering with the stout spirit that was a rock of refuge to all around her. Her record, in short, was that of a thousand other saintly women during that terrible strife. How many dying eyes looked wistfully into hers! how many anguished hands clung to hers during operations or upon death-beds! What poor, lonely spirits far from home and kin took

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courage from her lips, to flutter feebly out into the vast unknown! What words of Christian cheer she whispered, what faith, hope, love, were embodied in that tall, noble figure and sweet, sad face moving tirelessly upon her rounds!

"They call to me all over the church like a set of boys after their mother," she wrote me at this time, "and tell me they should give up and die if I left them," and then, characteristically modest, she begs me not to show this letter to any one. And here, a lifetime intervening, I venture to disobey her.

A week after the first battle of Manassas, I rode on horseback with a party over the field, between hillsides piled with hecatombs of dead horses and scattered with hasty graves. The trees and undergrowth were broken and bullet-riddled. The grass between the scars of upturned earth was green as if it had known no baptism of fire and blood, and hardy wild flowers had already begun to bloom again, but for obvious reasons we could take but a passing glimpse. I saw a ghastly semblance of a hand protruding at one spot, and thought of it afterward when I stood in the crypt of the Pantheon in Paris by the gloomy tomb of Rousseau, where a skeleton hand holds up from within the bronze coffin-lid of the French philosopher and epoch-maker.

My mother had arranged for me to stay near her at Culpeper, at a beautiful old place called Belpré, where I was most kindly treated, and made one of themselves, by the family. It was my wise mother's desire that I, already pressing forward into unwonted privilege and eager to consider myself "a young lady," should be put back into the place habitual to immature years, and spend my days in reading and study. Alas! it was war-time, I had already tasted the sweets of emancipation, the woods were full of handsome and delightful officers and privates, eager to be entertained and heartened for the fray. Like all the other girls of my acquaintance thereabout, I grew up in a night, and soon there was plenty of women's work for us.

Even now, writing of it after so many, many years, I seem to feel again the pulse of that thrilling time. And it was here that there came intimately into my life one of its strongest influences, in the radiant person of my cousin, Hetty Cary, daughter of my uncle, Wilson Miles Cary, of Baltimore, my father's elder and only brother. She, with her younger sister, Jennie, had taken the lead in the secessionist movement among the young girls in Baltimore, who having seen all their best men march across the border to enlist with the Confederates for the war, relieved their strained feelings by overt resentment of the Union officers and troops placed in possession of their city.

It was Jennie Cary who set Randall's stirring poem of "Maryland" to the air of "Lauriger Horatius" (brought to her by Burton Harrison, when a student at Yale College) and first sang it with a chorus of her friends, in a drawing-room in Baltimore. She tells me that the refrain, as originally printed in the copy of verses cut by them out of a newspaper, was simply "Maryland!" and that she added the word "My" in obedience to the exigency of the music. As the song thus boldly chanted by young Confederate sympathizers, in a city occupied by their enemy and under strict martial rule, was to drift over the border, to be caught eagerly by the troops of the Maryland line, and to echo down the ages as the most famous battle-song of the Confederacy, it is fitting that to Miss Jennie Cary should be awarded all the honor of this achievement. We both sang it amid a little group of visitors in September, 1861, standing in the doorway of Captain Sterrett's tent at Manassas, the men of the Maryland line facing us in the dusk of evening. This was in answer to the request sent in from the soldiers to their friend, Captain Sterrett, "that they might hear a woman's voice again." I can hear now the swing of that grand chorus, as the men gradually caught up the refrain and echoed it, and by next day, to my cousin's joy and pride, the whole camp at Manassas was resounding with "MY Maryland!"

In the autumn of 1862 my cousins and I had the honor of being asked by the Committee of Congress, appointed to decide upon the new Confederate battle-flag, to be the makers of the first specimens, which we accepted with pride, each of us setting our best stitches upon our work.

It is generally stated by historians that these flags were made from our own dresses, but it is certain we possessed no wearing apparel in the needful flamboyant hues of poppy red and vivid dark blue. We had a great search for materials, I well remember. I have always been sorry we did not keep the model sketches and list of the committee

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assigned to us by Major A. D. Banks, to whom the Committee gave the pleasing task. I only remember that our faithful friend, Congressman Boyce, was of their number.

When finished, we were at liberty each to present one to any general of our selection as head-quarters flag. Miss Hetty Cary, having first choice, sent her's to her personal friend, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, the favored son of Maryland. Miss Jennie Cary's went to General Beauregard, serving, later, to drape the coffins of Beauregard and Jefferson Davis; and mine to Gen. Earl van Dorn, a dashing cavalry leader whom I had never seen, for whom we predicted great fame and success. One of his aides, Capt. Durant da Ponté, of New Orleans, grandson of Lorenzo da Ponté, the librettist of "Don Giovanni," and himself a charming writer of verse, conveyed my flag to the general, together with a sincere but rather high-flown note of presentation. (We still modelled our correspondence in these parts after that of Sir Walter Scott's heroines, sometimes dropping to a touch of Cherubina de Willoughby!)

My flag went with Van Dorn through much brilliant service to the Confederacy in Virginia, in the Trans-Mississippi, and in the States of Tennessee and Mississippi. Torn with bullets and stained with the battle-smoke of Pea Ridge, Corinth, Iuka, and Holly Springs, it ultimately came back to me at the hands of Capt. Clement Sullivan, Gen. Van Dorn's nephew and aide-de-camp, in accordance with instructions found in the dead leader's papers, and is now in my home in Washington.

(To be continued.)

THE POET OF JUMPING SANDHILLS

By E. W. Hornung

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD GILES

OLIVE was not to know it from the outward character of her reception, which maintained the best traditions of bush hospitality, but there had been a fairly strong prejudice against her on the station. It was no fault of hers, but a vicarious reproach which a very little knowledge of the girl herself sufficed to remove. Yet the inauspicious fact remained that her brother had been there before her, not as a guest, but in a somewhat responsible position in which he had failed to give signal satisfaction. It was many years ago, in Olive's childhood, but Philip Armitage had been writing bush stories ever since, with that station and its mighty paddocks for the unmistakable background of the often impudent picture. In the silly Old Country he was said to be taken quite seriously as a representative Australian writer. If so, as Mr. Pochin averred, "it was about time those colonies paddled their own canoe"; but he and his at any rate knew the fellow for what he had been as a beardless boy in their midst. It was like his nerve to write and tell them when his young sister was going out for her health, which he described as having broken down after the strain of working for her B. A. degree. Ladies with B. A. degrees, with or without brothers who put people into books, were not wanted on Meringul Station, N. S. W. But after such a letter some little attention was the geographical necessity of an irksome situation. And so it came that Olive Armitage penetrated to the Riverina, in response to a justifiably indefinite invitation, and in happy ignorance of the literary and scholastic shadow that she cast before her.

Indeed, she had never felt prouder of her brother than on the journey, to her a triumphal progress through scenes that seemed almost as much his handiwork as that of "nature learning how to write." All through Victoria there were his forests of "weird" gum-trees, amply justifying their inseparable epithet, and in the Murray region the train put up a perfect cloud of sulphur-crested cockatoos. These were not Philip's favorite scenes or properties,

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but he had written about them more than once. It was when she reached the coaching stage, from Denliquin to Hay and from Hay to Jumping Sandhills, that Miss Armitage felt like one of her brother's heroines. To be sure, no dandy bushranger stuck up the coach; but that "vermilion vehicle" duly "panted" on its leather springs, as described by Philip with somewhat cynical iteration. And the road-side shanties were all that he had painted them; the Jumping Sandhills did shimmer and change places, like living things, on the brazen and blue horizon; and there at last was one of Philip's own dilapidated horsemen, a figure of tantalizing interest, because there also was a tiresomely smart young man, come to meet her in an equally smart buggy, and introducing himself unconstrainedly as Godfrey Pochin.

"I remember your brother perfectly," said the young man, smiling at the long tails of the pair he drove. "I was one of his pupils. He taught us Latin grammar and sentences, and a lot of extraordinary rhymes about Latin genders. I remember some of them still, but I can't say they come in extra handy in the back-blocks."

Olive laughed quite heartily.

"Poor old boy, he had only just escaped from school himself," she urged in Philip's defence; "he was obliged to teach you something he knew!"

But she was greatly tickled, and Godfrey Pochin as pleasantly surprised as he had been by her merry interesting face and sparkling eyes. She was dark, too, and he had an idea that all the girls from Home were pink and yellow; the only difference between this one and a bush brunette was that Olive had not been sunburnt from the cradle, but had turned the very color of her own name without losing her sweet English purity of skin. Neither was she quite blinded by the reflected lustre of her brother's notoriety. She could see the humor of some of Godfrey's reminiscences, the new point of view of Philip's stories. The point of view was not obtruded, so her loyal reserves were not called out in defence of the stories, nor her lips sealed on the subject of their local color.

"It's all exactly as I pictured it," she declared at the station itself: "this red-brick veranda, these white posts, those other little buildings—the wire fences and the crows—the corrugated roofs—there! That's the very noise he says they make in the heat! There's only one thing he seems to me wrong about, but he should really be forgiven much for that—because I haven't met a single one of his characters!"

This was when they were all at tea. There was a slightly chilling pause.

"I don't think you'll meet them here," said Mr. Pochin, gazing into his cup. He was himself the fair-bearded and blue-eyed squatter of half the tales, but Olive did not see it till she had spoken, because the beard had grown gray and was close-cropped. But now she realized that Philip had never done justice to her courteous and attentive host.

"That wasn't what I meant," the girl colored up as she explained. "I was thinking of the picturesque people in red shirts and spurs, not of what he's pleased to call the parlor folk."

"That's good!" said Godfrey, encouraging her tentative smile with a broad grin. "That's one of the sayings that evidently sank into Mr. Armitage."

"I was thinking," insisted Olive, "of his little army of lost angels in the shape of gentlemanly whim-drivers, boundary-riders, and bushrangers."

"My whim-drivers and boundary-riders don't answer to that description," replied the squatter, laughing. "And as for bushrangers, Miss Armitage, the Kellys were the last authentic gang, and that was some years before your brother was out here."

"But surely you have the stockman and the tramp who have seen better days?"

"I've no doubt we have, but they don't always give it away for our benefit."

And the blue eyes twinkled merrily with the hit, at which Godfrey and Olive laughed outright.

"What about old Stafford?" asked Fred, an elder son of fewer words; and Mrs. Pochin and the girls, who began to wish they had been with Godfrey to meet the coach, remarked that they had just been thinking of old Stafford.

"To be sure!" cried Mr. Pochin. "He's the nearest thing of the kind we've got to show. I was forgetting Stafford. He's a poet."

"A poet?" queried Olive, politely sceptical. It was a word of which she thought she knew the value, and she could not help looking amused.

"When he isn't riding my boundaries or minding my sheep," said Mr. Pochin,

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chuckling consumedly. "Quite a character, Stafford; you must see him for yourself, and tell us what your brother would have made of him."

"We did see him, at the sandhills," Godfrey informed Miss Armitage and the company—"waiting for his *Bulletin* as usual."

He had no need to remind their visitor of the dilapidated horseman who had met the coach on his own account. Her single glimpse of him had appealed to Olive more than she cared to say in such civilized company, yet now her interest would have been greater if she had not seen him. That a poet! They all laughed at the serio-comic face that she made at the thought; for of course she was right, and those of them who had seen any of the lucubrations encouraged her dismay, while the laconic Fred found words to denounce the best of them as a barefaced imitation of Harvey Devlin. Poor Devlin, most mercurial of bush balladmongers, but a true singer in his own compass, still enjoyed a posthumous popularity in the bush itself, if not such universal fame as his indigenous admirers imagined; but it so happened that Olive Armitage, who thought she knew something about it, was a recent convert to their creed. She had bought the little selection of the real thing in Melbourne, and she wished to hear no more about the false. But here Godfrey had a word to say, and it was strangely in favor of the plagiarist and an early visit to his hut; in fact it so happened that Godfrey himself would have to be going out there next day, with some things the old man had been asking for that afternoon, and he seemed quite anxious to take Olive with him.

"You'll really rather like the old chap, Miss Armitage," said Godfrey. "He's a bit mad, but perfectly harmless, and I believe myself that he's only just missed being a genius. You should see all the extraordinary mad mottoes and things he's got plastered about the place!"

Olive saw them. They were stuck all over a hut otherwise as familiar to her as though she had been brought up in such another. She looked at once for the wide log chimney, with the white ash of ages on the hearth, the billy-can in the ashes, the slush-lamp on the Robinson Crusoe table, the ration-bags dependent from the beams; and for none of these things did she look in vain. The only feature not on Philip's list was the pencil jottings tacked like texts to the unbarked timbers, in place of the fly-blown oddments from illustrated papers which had invariably garnished that author's pet interior. The hut-keeper being out about his business, Olive lost no time in inspecting the scraps of dirty paper, to see what subjects the poor man was mad on; and Godfrey looked over her shoulder with a running chuckle.

"Poetry, of course!" said Godfrey.

And Olive read out below her breath:

> "'Hateful is the dark-blue sky,
> Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea.
> Death is the end of life; then why
> Should life all labor be?'

"Poor fellow!" was her only comment, with a side glance into the outer radiance.

"That isn't Stafford's!" exclaimed Godfrey, emphatically.

"No, indeed, it isn't; and only one word wrong!"

Olive was looking about for books.

"I believe it's a bit your brother once gave us for dictation. I seem to remember that about the sky."

"Then he wasn't here in vain," said Olive, with a look of pleasure. It was a transitory look; the writing on the wall engrossed and troubled her. It was all of the same sort, remembered fragments of great verse, immortal images rescued practically intact from the ruins of ancient reading. The extracts ranged from a single line, as "In Tempe or the dales of Arcady," or "One day when all days are one day to me," to most of the second chorus in "Atalanta" and the opening couplets of "Locksley Hall." Olive read them all, only muttering an occasional line aloud, and Godfrey danced attendance with his eyes seldom off her dark crisp hair and clear sunburnt skin. She was so absorbed that he could look his fill at her for the first time. She knew how to dress, he noted; her white linen frock was crisp like her hair, as though hot from the iron; and yet he had never seen anybody look so cool and trim in the heat, or striking picture more tellingly composed than that of Olive in the languorous gloom of the bushman's hut, with a vertical sun still striking through stray holes in the roof, and breaking its lances on her snowy shoulders.

Godfrey was all the more disappointed and aggrieved when she turned to him in the end with glistening eyes.

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He had no need to remind their visitor of the dilapidated horseman who had met the coach on his own account.—Page 328.

"I must see something he's written himself," she whispered. "I can't think it can be as bad as you all say. And I don't believe in a man who remembers only the very best being such a slavish imitator of—Harvey Devlin!"

Godfrey rooted in a corner pink with copies of the *Sydney Bulletin*. In a few moments he unearthed a battered Shakepeare (who was not represented on the walls) and a quarto scribbling-book in debased American cloth.

"He keeps good company, you observe," said Godfrey, turning over the blue-lined leaves without compunction. "No, he won't mind, Miss Armitage. He's often shown me them himself."

"But that's not quite the same thing as your showing them to me," suggested Olive, whose eyebrows had already signified her qualms; but the protest went for nothing with the confident young man.

"Here's a new one, by Jove!" cried he. "I say, this is rather good; he must have written this when he knocked down his last check, at the New Year."

And there was no stopping him from reading every word of it aloud, with a marginal supply of his own remarks:

"'There's a hut in Riverina where a solitary hand
May weaken on himself and all that's his;
There's a pub in Riverina where they keep a smashing brand
Of every sort o' liquor short o' fizz.
And I've been and blued another fifty-pounder at the pub—
You're very sorry for me, I'll be bound!
But when a man is fit up free with hut an' horse an' grub,
What the blazes does he want with fifty pound?
Why the dickens should he hoard his fifty quid?
Who would be a bit the better if he did?
Though they slithered in a week
When I couldn't see or speak,
Do you think I'm here to squeak?
Lord forbid!'"

So the thing began; but Godfrey had stopped to explain that this was obviously the hut, and Stafford himself the "solitary hand." Olive seemed sorry to hear it; and quite contrary to expectation it was the reader who waxed enthusiastic as he proceeded, and the listener who grew lukewarm. In the next stanza it appeared that the reveller had been duly warned against the "pub in Riverina," which Godfrey offered to show Miss Armitage any day she liked:

"'The boss was in the homestead. When he give me good advice
I took my oath, but took his check as well.
And to me the moonlit shanty looked a pocket Paradise,
Though the boss had just been calling it a Hell.'

"You'll see which you think it," said Godfrey, "and what you make of the publican and sinner who runs the sink! He's hit him off to the life. Listen!" And he

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gabbled on to the titbit, only to give it with the greater unction:

"'But the shanty-keeper smoked behind the bar.
Oh, his words were grave and few,
And he never looked at you,
And he just uncorked a new
Gallon jar.'

"I can see him doing it!" cried Godfrey. "But I must say I'd no idea old Stafford could do anything as good as this—if it's his own."

Olive found herself keenly hoping it was not, and thinking of the snatches of Keats and Tennyson on the walls. So she was fortunate enough to miss a little of what followed:

"'We fed, and then we started in the bar at nine o'clock;
At twelve we made a move into the cool;
The shanty-keeper *he* was just as steady as a rock,
And me as paralytic as a fool.
I remember the veranda like a sinking vessel's deck,
And a brace of moons suspended in the sky—
And nothing more till waking and inquiring for my check——"

"Mr. Pochin!" interrupted Olive at this ultimate point.

"Well? What's wrong?"

"The whole thing. It's terrible!"

"It's jolly clever, if you ask me. I only want to know who really wrote it."

"I didn't mean that—not the verses as verses—but the complacent degradation of the thing itself!"

"I'm afraid that's just where it's so true to life," he answered, tuning his tone to hers. "I wish it wasn't, but it's only too true of nearly all our hands."

Olive took her eyes from the scraps of pencilled paper. He resented their drowned sparkle.

"True of this one?" she asked.

"Old Stafford? Rather! He's like all the rest; he'll slave for months and months, and then knock down a check for all his earnings at the nearest bar."

"Then I don't want to hear any more."

And she took herself to the open door, where she could turn her back without discourtesy, as though in sudden admiration of the yellow shimmering salt-bush plains, with their blobs of gray-green fodder and their smudges of bottle-green scrub. The long streak of desolate sandhills was picked out by telegraph posts running right and left into infinity, like an endless row of pins, against the loud blue sky so harped upon by her brother; and at her feet lay the shadow of the hut, sharp and dark as his standing simile of a sheet of new brown paper.

But at her elbow Godfrey was saying that she must just hear the end, and forcing her to realize the unmerited consolations of the debauchee's return to the very threshold on which she stood.

. . . . . .

"Yet the gates have not come open that I shut,
I have seen no fences broken, and I've found no weak sheep bogged,
And my little cat is purring in the hut!
There's tea, too, for the billy-can, there's water in the tanks,
The ration bags hang heavy all around,
And my good old bunk and blanket beat the bare veranda planks
Of the shanty where I blued my fifty pound!
Here I stick until I'm worth fifty more,
When I'll take another check from the store;
And with Riverina men
All the betting is that then—
I shall knock it down again
As before.'"

Olive was still standing in the doorway when a gaunt brown man rode up on his very counterpart in horse-flesh, and she could look upon yesterday's tatterdemalion in the light of the verse he wrote and the poems he loved.

No; he was not the fine gentleman buried in the bush; it was hardly from social heights that he had fallen, of that she was quite certain, and knew not whether to be glad or sorry. But a starved lover of literature he was; the life-long passion beamed in his tanned and furrowed face, turning its oaken hue to a rich mahogany when Godfrey told him that Miss Armitage admired his taste. Olive filled out the statement with enthusiastic detail, and in a minute he and she were capping each other's quotations while Godfrey remained mumchance on mere earth. Nor did all this sadden the battered creature, as it might have done if ever in the past he had been familiar with such as Olive; his joy in the moment was like a child's; but he had a wild eye, with a tragic twinkle in it, that kept the author of his own lines ever before the girl.

Godfrey soon had enough of it. He must push on to the sandhills with the outgoing mail-bag; but he had to push on

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alone. Olive preferred to wait in the cool shelter of the hut. And there in another half-hour he found her somewhat hurriedly receiving a few sheets of MS., obviously torn from the old scribbling-book in the bushman's hands, and giving in receipt some verbal undertaking that Godfrey failed to catch.

Nor did all this sadden the battered creature; his joy in the moment was like a child's.—Page 330.

"Old Stafford and you seemed as thick as thieves," said the young man, cutting his horses smartly on the way home. "Was that another poem of his that he was giving you?"

"Yes."

"One of his own writing, for a change?"

"He wrote them all, Mr. Pochin."

"So he's cracking—as they once used to say about here, and still do in your brother's books!"

"I don't see why you should disbelieve it," said Olive, warmly. "At any rate there's no question about the verses I've borrowed."

"Then we shall have a treat!"

Olive felt seriously aggrieved. All that was great in her had been touched and fired by the wild old fellow and his almost wonderful work; but she was not great enough to resist snubbing Godfrey as he deserved, even though she thought him a very nice young man, and had made a friend of him so far to the comparative exclusion of all the other members of his family. She let him have his chuckle in advance at the fun they would all have over the manuscript in her possession; then she informed him, cavalierly as she knew even at the time, that they were none of them to see a single line.

"Was that what he was getting you to promise him?" demanded Godfrey in his point-blank fashion.

"Yes—it was."

"Well, of all the cheek!"

"On my part?"

"You know I mean on his. As if it were a pearl of price, and we the swine!"

"That's not a very pretty way of putting it," retorted Olive. "But it *is* a little gem, in my opinion, though I don't suppose you would see its beauty even if you could!"

That was obviously the last word, but Olive was not proud of it for a single instant. She felt hot and sore, and soon not least so with herself, for her own rudeness; but that only angered her the more with Godfrey, who had brought it on himself. It was too much that she should come out there to be told what was and what was not a genuine poem. That was not exactly what had happened, but her pride of intellect was wounded; it was a vulnerable point. Olive was the last person in the world to exploit her learning or to give herself conscious airs of scholarly superiority; but she considered her opinion entitled to some respect on matters of which she might be accounted a

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reasonably qualified judge. She did not realize that she had a rather decided opinion on most mundane matters, and often a tart way of expressing it under opposition. An expert on some subjects, she was inclined to extend her own province unduly, and to meet rather more than half-way the slightest attack upon her intellectual frontiers. But in this case her heart was involved as well, since into it she had taken the outcast poet and all his works. And matters were not mended by the only other remark that Godfrey ever volunteered on the subject.

"I'm sorry we got to logger-heads about poor old Stafford," said the frank young man, as they exchanged good-nights on the veranda. "I've no doubt the poem you liked is all you think it. I'm no judge of that; but I know the man better than you possibly can. If it's as good as all that, you bet he's bagged the whole thing from Harvey Devlin or some other old poet!"

And this time Olive did succeed in curbing a natural pugnacity to which she had given only too much rein before; but her silence was more chilling than any words, and henceforward there was a studied coolness between two young people who had been drawn together, almost at sight, by a strong mutual attraction. Its very strength made their mutual resentment all the stronger in its turn. In her ignorance of the world, Olive had not expected to meet a young man of Godfrey's parts at its uttermost ends. He was quick-witted, capable, full of character as herself; her inferior in book-learning, but by no means in general knowledge or intelligence. Through him she gained some insight into the modern live Australian, clear thinker and plain speaker on social and industrial questions, sapper and miner in the world's advance, as opposed to the hardy upstart with a nasal twang who seemed to have made such an impression on Philip in his early wanderings. Philip, she began to fear, had not been a very great character as a young man from the old country; but Godfrey Pochin, still so young, had every strong quality except breadth and charity of view.

In much the same fashion Godfrey revised his opinion of young Englishwomen in general, and of young women with degrees before all others; but it was at a distance that the pair came to appreciate each other to such a nicety. Their intimacy was a matter of the first twenty-four hours only. They were alike in nothing more than in their pride. They had come to blows about a matter of no importance to either of them, and each was too proud to refer to it again.

Not that it was so unimportant to Olive as she pretended on occasions when Stafford and his hobby became a table topic, and she would fight his battles with a forced levity, while Godfrey sat ostentatiously aloof from the discussion. Stafford himself she saw more than once, but never again alone in his hut. It was remarked in her presence that he had beaten all his records in the length of time which had elapsed since he last knocked down a check. That was as yet her only reward for the little she had done for him, and the much, the very much, she hoped to do.

Late summer cooled into an autumn in name only, and a winter unworthy even of that, despite a fire at nights and coats on horseback, and all the wraps that one could find for a long drive across the plains. Olive thought it the loveliest weather she had ever known; it was the safest subject that she still had in common with Godfrey, and they discussed it daily with animated courtesy. Olive was to stay till after shearing, if her people at home could spare her so long; it would only mean a six months' visit then, her kind friends said. She was more than willing to stay; it was a glorious rest and change, and the girl was happy enough, and the cause of happiness to all save one. But after about three months she grew suddenly restless; the incoming mail excited her strangely; she was absurdly disappointed when there was nothing for her. And then one day her delight knew no bounds, and it was a little awkward, because Godfrey had been the one to empty out the mail-bag, and they happened to have the homestead to themselves. Olive had backed out of a ride for no other purpose than to see if her letter had not come at last; and it actually had.

"Godfrey!" she cried, as he was retreating into the store with the business correspondence. She had never addressed him so familiarly before, and did not know that she had done it now.

It brought him to her in a stride.

"Not bad news, I hope?"

"No, no, the very best! I don't know how to tell you; it seems like raking up dis-

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agreeables, and I know I was very rude. But I was right, right, right all the time!"

"Right?" he repeated. "Right about what?"

"That poor man Stafford, of course."

"Oh! I saw him this afternoon, when I got the mail," remarked Godfrey, with forced inconsequence.

"I'm thinking of three months ago. I never told you what I did at the time. You were so dreadfully unsympathetic, but I know you won't be now! I sent the poem he lent me home to Phil!"

"Well?"

"You said it couldn't be original!"

"I only said what I thought on general grounds. You wouldn't give me a chance of judging for myself."

"Well, if it wasn't original, they would hardly put it in the *Scrutator*, would they?"

"Not if they knew it."

"They'd know it all right!" the girl assured him, with radiant confidence. "Yet they did put it in, word for word as I wrote it out, and the very week after Philip submitted it!"

Godfrey found it good to look upon her triumph, even at his own expense. Never had he seen so keen a brain flashing through such sparkling eyes, or such a great heart flooding with its warmth a face so sweet and fine. But there was something fine about Godfrey, too; he was not the one to truckle in his discomfiture.

"Is that what Mr. Armitage says?" he inquired.

The gaunt, uncouth figure of the pseudo-poet swaying in the doorway.—Page 334.

"I haven't read what he says; but here's the poem itself from the *Scrutator!*"

He read it while she read her letter. It was rough, but noble; even Godfrey could see the nobility; and there was nothing in the thought that might not have come to a rugged solitary over his hut fire, and found its way out in just such words. A broken cry from the wilderness, it had won a ready hearing on the other side of the earth, and now it had travelled all the way out again to wake an echo in the heart of Godfrey. And he looked back, and saw himself in the wrong.

But just as he was as near abasement as was possible to his nature, a real cry broke from Olive. And the change in her was past belief; she stood before him abashed, humiliated, demoralized by her letter.

"You were right—I was wrong—after all!" She spoke in jerks of passionate indignation. "The whole thing was a fraud! You always said so; you were absolutely right. You said it was probably taken from Harvey Devlin, and so it was, almost word for word! No sooner did it appear than some one wrote to say so—and—and there's a fearful row about it!"

She could not help smiling guiltily at what she had done. It had its humorous side, and to her credit Olive was the first to see it. She pictured poor Philip, sometimes a little self-important, always ready to do the striking thing and to boast of having

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done it—pictured him in person at the *Scrutator* office—taking the greatest and kindliest trouble, but also some little credit for her find. And then all the vials of editorial wrath on his devoted head, as his were poured on hers, and hers on the original culprit out at Jumping Sandhills!

"I'm glad there's something original about him," said Godfrey, grimly, when she used the phrase among harder sayings. And Olive laughed until she cried, which, however, was next moment, and quite bitterly. But Godfrey had not even smiled.

And then and there came the climax, with the uneven trailing of long spurs through the veranda, and the gaunt, uncouth figure of the pseudo-poet swaying in the doorway. His eyes were wilder than ever, but they steadied themselves in a long gaze upon the guilty girl, and his voice did not disgrace him when he spoke.

"Was it you, Miss Armitage, who sent my verses to a London paper?"

His speech was low and yet distinct; it afforded no excuse for immediate interference on Godfrey's part. But Godfrey was not given a chance.

"They weren't yours!" cried Olive, passionately.

"They were!" he thundered back. Godfrey sprang forward; the man stopped him with the masterful wave of his lean brown hand. "They were my property," he resumed with his former self-control. "This young lady had no right to send them to any paper. I only lent them to her. It was a wrong thing to do."

"What about foisting what you never wrote on a lady who showed you kindness, and swearing it was all your own?"

Godfrey was very severe, but he had not yet adopted the bullying tone into which the best masters fall under sufficient provocation.

"That may be worse," returned Stafford, still slowly; "I don't say it isn't. But two wrongs never made a right, Mr. Godfrey, and it's no wrong of mine that's put all this fat in the fire."

"Then you admit that the thing was lifted bodily out of Harvey Devlin?"

"Out of a suppressed edition of his poems," supplemented Olive, quickly consulting her letter—"with hardly a single alteration!"

"Oh, all right! I'll admit it if it makes you happy. Is that it in your hand, sir?"

And the man was actually holding out his own.

"What the devil do you want with it?" Godfrey so far forgot himself in his lady's presence.

"Well, Mr. Godfrey, it's only fair that a man should see what's brought against him. I've only seen what the *Bulletin's* got to say about it, so far. They've got their laugh o' the old country again; but it's not my fault, not altogether. Thanky, much obliged!"

His words now telescoped in a manner worthy of his gait. He had certainly been drinking, and had abandoned a fine effort to conceal the fact. No sober impostor would have carried himself so jauntily in the hour of exposure, or gloated with maudlin humor over so futile and impudent a fraud; but the last proof of poor Stafford's condition was afforded by a sudden revulsion from fatuous fun to furious earnest.

"And you put my name to it!" he shouted, crumpling the cutting in his fist. "I'd forgotten that!"

"I didn't do it," said Olive, with unthinking penitence. "I never meant it to be done. I had to give his name," she explained to Godfrey, "but it must have been the editor in London who put it to the poem."

"Then damn the editor in London!" cried Stafford, and flung himself from the room with Godfrey at his heels.

It was his last appearance at the home station; within a very few minutes Godfrey had made out the man's account, and sent him about his business with a check for the uttermost farthing standing to his credit in the station books.

Olive, flown in more tears from the scene, did not know this at the time; when she found out it incensed her afresh against the poor young man. Had he really no sense of justice? Could he not see that this preposterous reprisal made it all the worse for her, since the whole thing was her fault in the beginning? She could not even swear that Stafford had actually said the poem was his; the fact did not affect his grievance against her; and now, so far from undoing an atom of the harm she had done, she had got him discharged into the bargain! Godfrey was bidden to repair his share of the damage without delay; and apart from all other considerations whatso-

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Drawn by Howard Giles.

One look told her why.—Page 336.

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ever, he had the fairness of mind to recognize that of the girl's demand.

But unfortunately a very serious delay had taken place before this scene between the two young people; and Stafford had spent a long night on frosty ground, heavily asleep in nothing more than his moleskins and his Crimean shirt. Olive had a note from Godfrey to say that the man had been reinstated in his hut; but Godfrey himself did not return, and old Mr. Pochin looked worried but said nothing.

And then next night Olive was awakened by a queer noise on the blind of her open window, and there was Godfrey just below, flogging it like a trout-stream with his buggy whip.

"It's poor old Stafford," he whispered. "He's pretty bad and wants to see you. If you'd care to bring one of the girls——"

His sentence had to wait unfinished while she dressed.

"It's only you he wants to see," he went on under the stars; "but if you'd like one of the others——"

"I'd like to start this minute," said Olive, decidedly. "How long will it take us to drive?"

It took them the best part of the hour before dawn, and the smoke from the horses' backs was a visible pillar of cloud when they pulled up.

A tongue of orange light played in and out of the open door, and on and off the faded purple blanket spread like a canopy over four low uprights driven into the naked earth; but under the blanket ran the ridge of a great gaunt frame, and from one end a pair of cavernous eyes burnt like beacons as they entered. Olive stooped over the pinched and shrunken face, and could feel its heat as though it were a fire.

"It's kind of you to come," he whispered—but his eyes rolled uneasily. "And you've really come alone? That's right, that's right! I've something to tell you both, but no one else. You promise? Not another soul?"

They promised, and Godfrey gave him new life from a replenished flask. In another instant they were trying to talk the sick man down; for he had begun at once about those unlucky lines of Harvey Devlin's. He had another confession to make. That was quite enough for them. Olive especially begged him to say no more. But he would go on; and they must hear the truth; for that was why he had got them there together, but no third person must ever know.

"Harvey Devlin! What a poet to steal from!"

There was the gallant twinkle in his fevered eyes; they seemed to have caught the scraps of paper on the walls.

"But he was a worse man," he muttered. "You know the life he led, and how he was supposed to have finished himself in the bush? It wasn't quite true, though very nearly. He was sick of life; dead sick of writing all he wrote, and yet being what he was! He hid his head in the bush, and was very near what he thought of doing, when he came across a man who'd done it weeks before. That was the man they found and buried as Harvey Devlin. I took good care they should!"

"You?" they cried.

"And I've lived to be accused of stealing from myself!"

A sovereign effort had given him a clear run of intelligible speech, and now it was as though his voice fell dead at the post. But the tragic eyes were still twinkling as they closed in the sudden sleep of sheer prostration. The two watchers exchanged long looks, but not a word, and presently one went and stood in the doorway as she had done that afternoon three months before.

The dawn was coming up in a coppery glow, straight ahead over the sandhills, and the stars going out like street lamps at the proper time. In a minute the copper turned to paler bronze, and the bronze to dead pink gold, with a last star blazing just above. The contour of the hills stood out, studded with telegraph posts that dwindled into nothing north and south. And the new day woke with a sigh that blew a puff of sand into the hut, and fluttered the captive scrap of paper nearest the door.

Olive peered at it between firelight and daylight, and for once even she could find no flaw in the quotation:

> "The same that oft-times hath
> Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn."

Godfrey came very quietly and took her hand. One look told her why; for a magic casement had opened in the hut, and the young man and woman were there alone.

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KENNEDY SQUARE

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY A. I. KELLER

XII

ALTHOUGH St. George dispensed his hospitality without form or pretence, never referring to his functions except in a casual way, the news of so unusual a dinner to so notorious a man, could not long be kept quiet.

While a few habitués occupying the armchairs on the sidewalk were chagrined at not being invited, although they knew that ten guests had always been St. George's limit, others expressed their disapproval of the entire performance with more than a shrug of the shoulders. Captain Warfield was most outspoken: "Temple," he said, "like his father, is a law unto himself, and always entertains the queerest kind of people; and if he wants to do honor to a man of that stamp why that, of course, is his business, not mine." At which old Tom Purviance had blurted out—"And a shiftless vagabond too, Warfield, if what I hear is true. Fine subject for St. George to waste his Madeira on!" Purviance had never read a dozen lines of anybody's poetry in his life, and looked upon all literary men as no better than play actors.

It was then that Richard Horn, his big deep-set eyes flashing, had retorted:

"If I did not know how kind-hearted you were, Purviance, and how thoughtless you can sometimes be in your criticisms, I might ask you to apologize to both Mr. Poe and myself. Would it surprise you to know that there is no more truth in what you say than there is in the reports of that gentleman's habitual drunkenness? It was but a year ago that I met him at his cousin's house and I shall never forget him. Would it also surprise you to learn that he has the appearance of a man of very great distinction?—that he was faultlessly attired in a full suit of black and had the finest pair of eyes in his head I have ever looked into? Mr. Poe is not of your world, or of mine—he is above it. There is too much of this sort of judgment abroad in the land. No—my dear Purviance—I don't want to be rude and I am sure you will not think I am personal. I am only trying to be just to one of the master spirits of our time so that I won't be humiliated when his real worth becomes a household word."

The women took a different view:

"I can't understand what Mr. Temple is thinking of"—said the wife of the archdeacon to Mrs. Cheston. "This Mr. Poe is something dreadful—never sober, I hear. Mr. Temple is invariably polite to everybody, but when he goes out of his way to do honor to a man like this he only makes it harder for those of us who are trying to help our sons and brothers—" to which Mrs. Cheston had replied with a twinkle in her mouse eyes and a toss of her gray head:—"So was Byron, my dear woman—a very dreadful and most disreputable person, but I can't spare him from my library, nor should you."

None of these criticisms would have affected St. George had he heard them, and we may be sure no one dared tell him. He was too busy, in fact—and so was Harry, helping him for that matter—setting his house in order for the coming function.

That the table itself might be made the more worthy of the great man, orders were given that the big silver loving cup—the one presented to his father by no less a person than the Marquis de Castellux himself—should be brought out to be filled later on with Cloth of Gold roses so placed that their color and fragrance would reach the eyes as well as the nostrils of his guests, while the rest of the family silver, brightened to a mirror finish by Todd, was either sent down to Aunt Jemima to be ready for the special dishes for which the house was famous, or disposed on the sideboard and serving table for instant use when required.

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Easy chairs were next brought from upstairs—tobacco and pipes, with wax candles, were arranged on teakwood trays, and an extra dozen or so of bubble-blown glasses banked on a convenient shelf. The banquet room too, for it was late summer, was kept as cool as the season permitted, the green shutters being closed, thus barring out the heat of early September—and the same precaution was taken in the dressing-room, which was to serve as a receptacle for hats and canes.

And Todd as usual was his able assistant. All the darky's training came into play when his master was giving a dinner: what Madeira to decant, and what to leave in its jacket of dust, with its waistcoat of a label unlaundered for half a century; the temperature of the claret; the exact angle at which the Burgundy must be tilted and when it was to be opened—and how—especially the "how"—the disturbing of a single grain of sediment being a capital offence; the final brandies, particularly that old Peach Brandy hidden in Tom Coston's father's cellar during the war of 1812, and sent to that gentleman as an especial "mark of my appreciation to my dear friend and kinsman, St. George Wilmot Temple," etc., etc.—all this Todd knew to his finger ends.

For with St. George to dine meant something more than the mere satisfying of one's hunger. To dine meant to get your elbows next to your dearest friend—half a dozen or more of your dearest friends, if possible—to look into their eyes, hear them talk, regale them with the best your purse afforded, and last and best of all to open for them your rarest wines—wines bred in the open, amid tender, clustering leaves; wines mellowed by a thousand sunbeams; nurtured, cared for, and put tenderly to sleep, only to awake years thereafter to warm the hearts and cheer the souls of those who honored them with their respect and never degraded them with their debauchery.

As for the dishes themselves—here St. George with Jemima's help was past-master: dishes sizzling hot; dishes warm, and dishes stone cold. And their several arrivals and departures, accompanied by their several staffs: the soup as an advance guard—of gumbo or clams—or both if you choose; then a sheepshead caught off Cobb's Island the day before, just arrived by the day boat, with potatoes that would melt in your mouth—in white uniforms these; then soft-shell crabs—big, crisp fellows, with fixed bayonets of legs, and orderlies of cucumber—the first served on a huge silver platter with the coat-of-arms of the Temples cut in the centre of the rim and the last on an old English cut glass dish. Then the woodcock and green peas—and green corn—their teeth in a broad grin; then an olio of pineapple, and a wonderful Cheshire cheese, just arrived in a late invoice—and marvellous crackers—and coffee—and fruit (cantaloupes and peaches that would make your mouth water), then nuts, and last a few crusts of dry bread! And here everything came to a halt and all the troops were sent back to the barracks—(Aunt Jemima will do for the barracks).

With this there was to follow a change of base—a most important change. Everything eatable and drinkable and all the glasses and dishes, were to be lifted from the table—one half at a time—the cloth rolled back and whisked away and the polished mahogany laid bare; the silver coasters posted in advantageous positions, and in was to rattle the light artillery:—Black Warrior of 1810—Port of 1815—a Royal Brown Sherry that nobody knew anything about, and had no desire to, so fragrant was it. Last of all the finger-bowls in which to cool the delicate, pipe-stem glasses; and then, and only then, did the real dinner begin.

All this Todd had done dozens of dozens of times before, and all this (with Malachi's assistance—Richard Horn consenting—for there was nothing too good for the great poet) would Todd do again on this eventful night.

As to the guests, this particular feast being given to the most distinguished literary genius the country had yet produced, those who were bidden were, of course, selected with more than usual care: Mr. John P. Kennedy, the distinguished author and statesman, and Mr. John H. B. Latrobe, equally noteworthy as counsellor, mathematician, and patron of the fine arts, both of whom had been Poe's friends for years, and who had first recognized his genius; Richard Horn, who never lost an opportunity to praise him, together with Judge Pancoast, Major Clayton, the richest aristocrat about Kennedy Square and

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whose cellar was famous the country over—and last, the Honorable Prim. Not because old Seymour possessed any especial fitness one way or the other for a dinner of this kind, but because his presence would afford an underground communication by which Kate could learn how fine and splendid Harry was—(sly old diplomat St. George!)—and how well he had appeared at a table about which were seated the best Kennedy Square could produce.

"I'll put you right opposite Mr. Poe, Harry—so you can study him at your leisure," St. George had said when discussing the placing of the guests, "and be sure you look at his hands, they are just like a girl's, they are so soft and white. And his eyes—you will never forget them. And there is an air about him too—an air of—well, a sort of haughty distraction—something I can't quite explain—as if he had a contempt for small things—things that you and I, and your father and all of us about here, believe in. Blood or no blood, he's a gentleman, even if he does come of very plain people;—and they were players I hear. It seems natural, when you think it over, that Latrobe and Kennedy and Horn should be men of genius, because their blood entitles them to it, but how a man raised as Mr. Poe has been should—well—all I can say is that he upsets all our theories."

"But I think you are wrong, Uncle George, about his birth. I've been looking him up and his grandfather was a general in the Revolution."

"Well, I'm glad of it—and I hope he was a very good general, and very much of a gentleman—but there is no question of his descendant being a wonder. But that is neither here nor there—you'll be right opposite and can study him in your own way."

Mr. Kennedy arrived first. Although his family name is the same as that which dignifies the scene of these chronicles, none of his ancestors, so far as I know, were responsible for its title. Nor did his own domicile front on its confines. In fact, at this period of his varied and distinguished life, he was seldom seen in Kennedy Square, his duties at Washington occupying all his time, and it was by the merest chance that he could be present.

"Ah, St. George!" he exclaimed, as he handed his hat to Todd and grasped his host's hand. "So very good of you to let me come. How cool and delicious it is in here—and the superb roses— Ah yes! —the old Castellux cup. I remember it perfectly; your father once gave me a sip from its rim when I was a young fellow. And now tell me—how is our genius? What a master stroke is his last—the whole country is ringing with it. How did you get hold of him?"

"Very easily. He wrote me he was passing through on his way to Richmond, and you naturally popped into my head as the proper man to sit next him," replied St. George in his hearty manner.

"And you were on top of him, I suppose, before he got out of bed. Safer, sometimes," and he smiled significantly.

"Yes, found him at Guy's. Sit here, Kennedy, where the air is cooler."

"And quite himself?" continued the writer, settling himself in a chair that St. George had just drawn out for him.

"Perhaps a little thinner, and a little worn. It was only when I told him you were coming, that I got a smile out of him. He never forgets you and he never should."

Again Todd answered the knocker and Major Clayton and Richard Horn joined the group. The major, who was rather stout, apologized for his light seersucker coat, owing to the heat, although his other garments were above criticism. Richard, however, looked as if he had just stepped out of an old portrait in his dull blue coat and white silk scarf, St. George's eyes lighting up as he took in the combination—nothing pleased St. George so much as a well-dressed man, and Richard never disappointed him.

The Honorable Prim now stalked in and shook hands gravely and with great dignity, especially with Mr. Kennedy, whose career as a statesman he had always greatly admired. St. George always said, in speaking of this manner of the Scotchman's, that Prim's precise pomposity was entirely due to the fact that he had swallowed himself and couldn't digest the meal; that if he would once in a while let out a big, hearty laugh it might crack his skin wide enough for him to get a natural breath.

St. George kept his eyes on Harry when the boy stepped forward and shook Prim

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by the hand, but he had no need for anxiety. The face of the young prince lighted up and his manner was as gracious as if nothing had ever occurred to mar the harmony between the Seymour clan and himself.

Everybody had seated themselves now—Malachi having passed around a course of palm-leaf fans—Clayton and Horn at one open window overlooking the tired trees—it was in the dog days—Seymour and the judge at the other, while St. George took a position so that he could catch the first glimpse of the famous poet as he crossed the Square—(it was still light), the dinner hour having arrived and Todd already getting nervous.

Again the talk dwelt on the guest of honor—Mr. Kennedy, who, of all men of his time, could best appreciate Poe's genius, and who, with Mr. Latrobe, had kept it alive, telling for the hundredth time the old story of his first meeting with the poet, turning now and then to Latrobe for confirmation.

"Oh, some ten or more years ago, wasn't it, Latrobe? We happened to be on the committee for awarding a prize story, and Poe had sent in his 'Manuscript in a Bottle,' among others. It would have broken your hearts, gentlemen, to have seen him. His black coat was buttoned up close to his chin—seedy, badly worn—he himself shabby and down at the heels but erect and extremely courteous—a most pitiable object. My servant wasn't going to let him in at first, he looked so much the vagrant."

"And you know, of course, Kennedy, that he had no shirt on under that coat, don't you?" rejoined Latrobe, rising from his seat as he spoke and joining St. George at the window.

"Do you think so?" echoed Mr. Kennedy.

"I am sure of it. He came to see me next day and wanted me to let him know whether he had been successful. He said if the committee only knew how much the prize would mean to him they would stretch a point in his favor. I am quite sure I told you about it at the time, St. George," and he laid his hand on his host's shoulder.

"There was no need of stretching it, Latrobe," rejoined Richard Horn in his low incisive voice, his eyes on Kennedy's face, although he was speaking to the counsellor. "You and Kennedy did the world a great service at the right moment. Many a man of brains—one with something new to say—has gone to the wall and left his fellow men that much poorer because no one helped him into the Pool of Healing at the right moment." (Dear Richard!—he was already beginning to understand something of this in his own experience.)

Todd's entrance interrupted the talk for a moment. His face was screwed up into knots, both eyes lost in the deepest crease. "Fo' Gawd, Marse George," he whispered in his master's ear—"dem woodcock'll be sp'iled if dat gemman don't come!"

St. George shook his head: "We will wait a few minutes more, Todd. Tell Aunt Jemima what I say."

Clayton, who despite the thinness of his seersucker coat, had kept his palm-leaf fan busy since he had taken his seat, and who had waited until his host's ear was again free, now broke in cheerily:

"I am not at all sure, St. George, of what this bee of literature can do to a man when it gets to buzzing. Kennedy is a lamentable example of what it has done to him. He started out as a soldier, dropped into law, and now is trying to break into Congress again—and all the time writes—writes—writes. It has spoiled everything he has tried to do in life—and it will spoil everything he touches from this on—and now comes along this man Poe, who——"

"—No, he doesn't come along," chimed in Pancoast, who so far had kept silence, his palm-leaf fan having done all the talking. "I wish he would."

"You are right, judge," chuckled Clayton, "and that is just my point. Here I say, comes along this man Poe and spoils my dinner. Something, I tell you, has got to be done or I shall collapse. By the way, Kennedy—didn't you send Poe a suit of clothes once in which to come to your house to dinner?"

The distinguished statesman, who had been smiling at the major's good-natured badinage, made no reply: that was a matter between the poet and himself.

"And didn't he keep everybody waiting?" persisted Clayton, "until your man found him and brought him back in your own outfit—only the shirt was four sizes too

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big for his bean-pole of a body. Am I right?" he laughed.

"He has often dined with me, Clayton," replied Kennedy in his most courteous and kindly tone, ignoring the question as well as all allusion to his charity—"and never in all my experience have I ever met a more dazzling conversationalist. Start him on one of his weird tales and let him see that you are interested, and in sympathy with him, and you will never forget it. He gave us parts of an unfinished story one night at my house, so tremendous in its power that every one was frozen stiff in his seat."

Again Clayton cut in, this time to St. George. He was getting horribly hungry—as were the others. It was now twenty minutes past the dinner hour and there were still no signs of Poe, nor had any word come from him. "For mercy's sake, St. George, try the suit of clothes method—any suit of clothes—here—he can have mine! I'll be twice as comfortable without them."

"He couldn't get into them," returned St. George with a smile—"nor could he into mine, although he is half our weight; and as for our hats—they wouldn't get further down on his head than the top of his crown."

"But I insist on the experiment," bubbled the major good-naturedly. "Here we are, hungry as wolves and everything being burned up: Try the suit of clothes trick—Kennedy did it—and it won't take your Todd ten minutes to go to Guy's and bring him back inside of them."

"Those days are over for Poe," Kennedy remarked with a slight frown. The major's continued allusions to a brother writer's poverty, though pure badinage, had begun to jar on the author.

Again Todd's face was thrust in at the door. This time it looked like a martyr's being slowly roasted at the stake.

"Yes, Todd—serve dinner!" called St. George in a tone that showed how great was his disappointment. "We won't wait any longer, gentlemen. Geniuses must be allowed some leeway. Something has detained our guest."

"He's got an idea in his head and has stopped in somewhere to write it down," continued Clayton in his habitual good-natured tone: it was the overdone woodcock—(he had heard Todd's warning)—that still filled his mind.

"I could forgive him for that," exclaimed the judge—"some of his best work, I hear, has been done on the spur of the moment—and you should forgive him too, Clayton—unbeliever and iconoclast as you are—and you would forgive him if you knew as much about fresh poetry as you do about stale port."

Clayton's stout body shook with laughter: "My dear Pancoast," he cried, "you do not know what you are talking about. No man living or dead should be forgiven who keeps a woodcock on the spit five minutes over time. Forgive him! Why my dear sir, your poet ought to be drawn and quartered, and what is left of him boiled in oil. Where shall I sit, St. George?"

"Alongside of Latrobe. Kennedy, I shall put you next to Poe's vacant chair—he knows and loves you best. Seymour, will you and Richard take your places alongside of Pancoast, and Harry, will you please sit opposite Mr. Kennedy?"

And so the dinner began.

XIII

WHETHER it was St. George's cheery announcement: "Well, gentlemen, I am sorry, but we still have each other, and so we will remember our guest in our hearts even if we cannot have his charming person," or whether it was that the absence of Poe made little difference when a dinner with St. George was in question—certain it is that before many moments the delinquent poet was for the most part forgotten.

As the several dishes passed in review, Malachi in charge of the small arms—plates, knives and forks—and Todd following with the heavier guns—silver platters and the like—the talk branched out to more diversified topics: the new omnibuses which had been allowed to run in the town; the serious financial situation, few people having recovered from the effects of the last great panic; the expected reception to Mr. Polk; the new Historical Society, of which every one present was a member except St. George and Harry; the successful experiments which the New York painter, a Mr. Morse, was making in what he was pleased to call Magnetic Telegraphy, and the absurdity of his claim that his invention would

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soon come into general use—every one commenting unfavorably except Richard Horn: —All these shuttlecocks were tossed into mid-air for each battledore to crack and all these, with infinite tact the better to hide his own and his companions' disappointment over the loss of his honored guest—did St. George keep on the move.

With the shifting of the cloth and the placing of the coasters—the nuts, crusts of bread, and finger-bowls being within easy reach—most of this desultory talk ceased. Something more delicate, more human, more captivating than sport, finance, or politics; more satisfying than all the poets who ever lived, filled everybody's mind. Certain Rip Van Winkles of bottles with tattered garments, dust-begrimed faces, and cobwebs in their hair, were lifted tenderly from the sideboard and awakened to consciousness; (some of them hadn't opened their mouths for twenty years, except to have them immediately stopped with a new cork), and placed in the expectant coasters, Todd handling each one with the reverence of a priest serving in a temple. Crusty, pot-bellied old fellows, who hadn't uttered a civil word to anybody since they had been shut up in their youth, now laughed themselves wide open. A squat, lean-necked, jolly little jug without legs—labelled in ink —"Crab-apple, 1807," spread himself over as much of the mahogany as he could cover, and admired his fat shape upside down in its polish. Diamond-cut decanters—regular swells these—with silver chains and medals on their chests—went swaggering round, boasting of their ancestors; saying "Your good health" every time any one invited them to have a drop—or lose one—while a modest little demijohn—or rather a semi-demi-little-john—all in his wicker-basket clothes, with a card sewed on his jacket—like a lost boy (Peggy Coston of Wesley did the sewing) bearing its name and address—"Old Peach, 1796, Wesley, Eastern Shore;" was placed on St. George's right within reach of his hand. "It reminds me of the dear woman herself, gentlemen, in her homely outside and her warm, loving heart underneath, and I wouldn't change any part of it for the world."

"What Madeira is this, St. George?" It was the judge who was speaking—he had not yet raised the thin glass to his lips; the old wine taster was too absorbed in its rich amber color and in the delicate aroma, which was now reaching his nostrils. Indeed a new—several new fragrances, were by this time permeating the room.

"It is the same, judge, that I always give you."

"Not your father's Black Warrior?"

"Yes, the 1810, don't you recognize it? Not corked, is it?"

"Corked, my dear man! It's a posy of roses. But I thought that was all gone."

"No, there are a few bottles still in my cellar—some— How many are there, Todd, of the Black Warrior?"

"Dat's de las' 'cept two, Marse George."

"Dying in a good cause, judge—I'll send them to you to-morrow."

"You'll do nothing of the kind, you spendthrift. Give them to Kennedy or Clayton."

"No, give them to nobody!" laughed Kennedy. "Keep them where they are and don't let anybody draw either cork until you invite me to dinner again."

"Only two bottles left," cried Latrobe in consternation!" Well, what the devil are we going to do when they are gone?—what's anybody going to do?" The "we" was the key to the situation. The good Madeira of Kennedy Square was for those who honored it, and in that sense—and that sense only—was common property.

"Don't be frightened, Latrobe," laughed St. George—"I've got a lot of the Blackburn Reserve of 1812 left. Todd, serve that last bottle I brought up this morning—I put it in that low decanter next to— Ah, Malachi—you are nearest. Pass that to Mr. Latrobe, Malachi— Yes—that's the one. Now tell me how you like it? It is a little pricked, I think, and may be slightly bruised in the handling. I spent half an hour picking out the cork this morning—but there is no question of its value."

"Yes," rejoined Latrobe moistening his lips with the topaz-colored liquid—"it is a little bruised. I wouldn't have served it—better lay it aside for a month or two in the decanter. Are all your corks down to that, St. George?"

"All the 1810 and '12—dry as powder some of them. I've got one over on the sideboard that I'm afraid to tackle"—here he turned to Clayton: "Major, you are the only man I know who can pick out a cork properly. Yes, Todd—the bottle at the end

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next to that Burgundy—that's it. Try your hand on that, major."

The Honorable Prim bent closer. "What is it, St. George, some old Port?" he asked in a perfunctory way. Rare old wines never interested him. "They are an affectation," he used to say.

"No, Seymour—it's really a bottle of the Peter Remsen 1817 Madeira. Part of a lot which——"

"Well—but why don't *you* draw the cork, St. George?" interrupted the major from across the table, his eyes on Todd, who was searching for the rarity among the others flanking the sideboard.

"I dare not—that is, I'm afraid to try. You are the man for a cork like that—and Todd!—hand Major Clayton the corkscrew and one of those silver nut-picks."

The bottle was passed, every eye watching it with the greatest interest:

"No, never mind the corkscrew, Todd," remarked the major, examining the hazardous cork with the care of a watchmaker handling a broken-down chronometer. "You're right, St. George—it's too far gone—I'll pick it out. Don't watch me, Seymour, or I'll get nervous. You'll hoodoo it too—you Scotchmen are the devil when it comes to anything fit to drink," and he winked at Prim.

"How much is there left of it, St. George?" asked Latrobe, watching the major manipulate the nut-pick.

"Not a drop outside that bottle."

"Let us pray—for the cork," sighed Latrobe. "Easy—e-a-sy, major—think of your responsibility, man!"

It was out now, the major dusting the opening with one end of his napkin—his face wreathed in smiles when his nostrils caught the first whiff of its aroma.

"By Jove!—gentlemen!— When I'm being snuffed out I'll at least go like a gentleman if I have a drop of this on my lips. It's a bunch of roses—a veritable nosegay. Heavens!—what a bouquet! Some fresh glasses, Todd."

Malachi and Todd both stepped forward for the honor of serving it, but the major waved them aside, and rising to his feet began the round of the table, filling each slender pipe-stem glass to the brim.

Then the talk, that had long since drifted away from general topics, turned to the color and sparkle of some of the more famous wines absorbed these many years by their distinguished votaries. This was followed by the proper filtration and racking both of Ports and Madeiras, and whether milk or egg were best for the purpose—Kennedy recounting his experience of different vintages both here and abroad, the others joining in, and all with the same intense interest that a group of scientists or collectors would have evinced in discussing some new discovery in chemistry or physics, or the coming to light of some rare volume long since out of print—everybody, indeed, taking a hand in the discussion except Latrobe, whose mouth was occupied in the slow sipping of his favorite Madeira—tilting a few drops now and then on the end of his tongue, his eyes devoutly closed that he might the better relish its flavor and aroma.

It was all an object lesson to Harry, who had never been to a dinner of older men—not even at his father's—and though at first he smiled at what seemed to him a great fuss over nothing, he finally began to take a broader view. Wine, then, was like food or music, or poetry—or good-fellowship—something to be enjoyed in its place—and never out of it. For all that, he had allowed no drop of anything to fall into his own glass—a determination which Todd understood perfectly but which he as studiously chose to ignore—so as not to cause Marse Harry any embarrassment. Even the "1814" was turned down by the young man with a parrying gesture which caught the alert eyes of the major.

"You are right, my boy," the *bon vivant* said sententiously. "It is a wine for old men. But look after your stomach, you dog—or you may wake up some fine morning and not be able to know good Madeira from bad. You young bloods with your vile concoctions of toddies, punches, and other satanic brews, are fast going to the devil—your palates, I am speaking of. If you ever saw the inside of a distillery you would never drink another drop of whiskey—there's poison in every thimble-full; there's sunshine in this, sir;" and he held the glass to his eyes until the light of the candles flashed through it.

"But I've never seen the inside or outside of a distillery in my life," answered Harry with a laugh, a reply which did not in the least quench the major's enthusi-

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asms, who went on dilating, wine-glass in hand, on the vulgarity of drinking standing up—the habitual custom of whiskey tipplers—in contrast with the refinement of sipping wines sitting down—one being a vice and the other a virtue.

Richard too, had been noticing Harry. He had overheard as the dinner progressed, a remark the boy had made to the guest next him, regarding the peculiar rhythm of Poe's verse—Harry repeating the closing lines of the poem with such keen appreciation of their meaning that Richard at once joined in the talk, commending him for his insight and discrimination. He had always supposed that Rutter's son, like all the younger bloods of his time, had abandoned his books when he left college and had affected horses and dogs instead. The discovery ended in his scrutinizing Harry's face the closer, reading between the lines—his father here, his mother there—until a quick knitting of the brows, and a flash from out the deep brown eyes, upset all his preconceived opinions: he had expected grit and courage in the boy—there couldn't help being that when one thought of his father—but where did the lad get his imagination? Richard wondered—that which millions could not purchase. "A most engaging young man in spite of his madcap life," he said to himself—"I don't wonder St. George loves him."

When the bell in the old church struck the hour of ten, Harry again turned to Richard and said with a sigh of disappointment:

"I'm afraid it's too late to expect him—don't you think so?"

"Yes, I fear so," rejoined Richard, who all through the dinner had never ceased to bend his ear to every sound, hoping for the rumble of wheels or the quick step of a man in the hall. "Something extraordinary must have happened to him or he may have been called suddenly to Richmond and taken the steamboat." Then leaning toward his host he called across the table. "Might I make a suggestion, St. George?"

St. George paused in his talk with Mr. Kennedy and Latrobe and raised his head:

"Well, Richard?"

"I was just saying to young Harry here, that perhaps Mr. Poe has been called suddenly to Richmond and has sent you a note which has not reached you."

"Or he might be ill," suggested Harry in his anxiety to leave no loophole through which the poet could escape.

"Or, he might be ill," repeated Richard—"quite true. Now would you mind if I sent Malachi to Guy's to find out?"

"No, Richard—but I'll send Todd. We can get along, I expect, with Malachi until he gets back. Todd!"

"Yes, sah."

"You go to Guy's and ask Mr. Lampson if Mr. Poe is still in the hotel. If he is not there ask for any letter addressed to me and then come back. If he is in, go up to his room and present my compliments, and say we are waiting dinner for him."

Todd's face lengthened, but he missed no word of his master's instructions. Apart from these his mind was occupied with the number of minutes it would take him to run all the way to Guy's Hotel, mount the steps, deliver his message, and race back again. Malachi, who was nearly twice his age, and who had had twice his experience, might be all right until he reached that old Burgundy, but "dere warn't nobody could handle dem corks but himself; Malachi'd bust 'em sho' and spile em' fo' he could git back."

"'Spose dere ain't no gemman and no letter, den what?" he asked as a last resort.

"Then come straight home."

"Yes, sah," and he backed regretfully from the room and closed the door behind him.

St. George turned to Horn again: "Very good idea, Richard—wonder I hadn't thought of it before. I should probably, had I not expected him every minute. And he was so glad to come. He told me he had never forgotten the dinner at Kennedy's some years ago, and when he heard you would be here as well, his whole face lighted up. I was too greatly struck with the improvement in his appearance, he seemed more a man of the world than when I first knew him—carried himself better and was more carefully dressed. This morning when I went in he——"

Todd, who had opened the door silently and crept in, laid his hand on his master's shoulder.

"Marse George, can I speak to you a minute?" he whispered. The boy looked as if he had seen a ghost.

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"Speak to me! Why haven't you taken my message, Todd?"

"Yes, sah—dat is—can't ye step in de hall a minute, Marse George—now—right away?"

"The hall!—what for?—is there anything the matter?"

St. George rose to his feet and followed Todd from the room. Something, evidently had gone wrong—something demanding instant attention or Todd wouldn't be scared out of his wits. Those nearest him, who had overheard Todd's whispered words, halted in their talk in the hope of getting some clew to the situation; others, further away, kept on, unconscious that anything unusual had taken place.

Several minutes passed:

Again the door swung wide, and a man deathly pale, erect, faultlessly dressed in a full suit of black, the coat buttoned close to his chin, his cavernous eyes burning like coals of fire, entered on St. George's arm and advanced toward the group.

Every guest was on his feet in an instant:

"We have him at last!" cried St. George in his cheeriest voice. "A little late, but doubly welcome. Mr. Poe, gentlemen."

Kennedy was the first to extend his hand, Horn crowding close, the others waiting their turn.

Poe straightened his body, focussed his eyes on Kennedy, shook his extended hand gravely, but without the slightest sign of recognition, and repeated the same cold greeting to each guest in the room. He spoke no word—did not open his lips—only the mechanical movement of his outstretched hand—a movement so formal that it stifled all exclamations of praise on the part of the guests, or even of welcome. It was as if he had grasped the hands of strangers beside an open grave.

Then the cold, horrible truth flashed upon them:

Edgar Allan Poe was dead drunk!

The silence that followed was appalling—an expectant silence like that which precedes the explosion of a bomb. Kennedy, who had known him the longest and best, and who knew that if his mind could once be set working he would recover his tongue and wits, having seen him before in a similar crisis, stepped nearer and laid both hands on Poe's shoulders. Get Poe to talking and he would be himself again; let him once be seated, and ten chances to one he would fall asleep at the table.

"No, don't sit down, Mr. Poe—not yet. Give us that great story of yours—the one you told at my house that night—we have never forgotten it. Gentlemen, all take your seats—I promise you one of the great treats of your lives."

Poe stood for an instant undecided, the light of the candles illuminating his black hair, pallid face, and haggard features; fixed his eyes on Todd and Malachi, as if trying to account for their presence, and stood wavering, his deep, restless eyes gleaming like slumbering coals flashing points of hot light.

Again Mr. Kennedy's voice rang out:

"Any one of your stories, Mr. Poe—we leave it to you."

Everybody was seated now with eyes fixed on the poet. Harry, overcome and still dazed, pressed close to Richard who, bending forward, had put his elbow on the table, his chin in his hand. Clayton wheeled up a big chair and placed it back some little distance, so that he could get a better view of the poet. Seymour, Latrobe, and the others, canted their seats to face the speaker squarely. All felt that Kennedy's tact had saved the situation and restored the equilibrium. It was the poet now who stood before them—the man of genius—the man whose name was known the country through. That he was drunk was only part of the performance. Booth had been drunk when he chased a super from the stage; Webster made his best speeches when he was half-seas-over—was making them at that very moment. It was so with many other men of genius the world over. If they could hear one of Poe's poems—or better still, one of his short stories, like "The Black Cat" or the "Murders in the Rue Morgue," it would be like hearing Emerson read one of his Essays, or Longfellow recite his "Hyperion." This in itself would atone for everything. Kennedy was right—it would be one of the treats of their lives.

Poe grasped with one hand the back of the chair reserved for him; stood swaying for an instant, passed the other hand nervously across his forehead, brushed back a stray lock that had fallen over his eyebrow, loosened the top button of his coat, reveal-

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ing a fresh white scarf tied about his neck, closed his eyes, and in a voice deep, sonorous, choked with tears one moment, ringing clear the next—word by word—slowly—with infinite tenderness and infinite dignity and with the solemnity of a condemned man awaiting death—repeated the Lord's Prayer to the end.

Kennedy sat as if paralyzed. Richard Horn, who had lifted up his hands in horror as the opening sentence smote his ears, lowered his head upon his chest as he would in church. There was no blasphemy in this! It was the wail of a lost soul pleading for mercy!

Harry, cowering in his chair, gazed at Poe in amazement. Then a throb of such sympathy as he had never felt before shook him to his depths. Could that transfigured man praying there, the undried tears still on his lids, be the same who had entered on his uncle's arm but a few moments before?

Poe lifted his head, opened his eyes, walked in a tired, hopeless way, toward the mantel and sank into an easy chair. There he sat with bowed head, his face in his hands.

One by one the men rose to their feet and with a nod or silent pressure of St. George's hand, moved toward the door. When they spoke to each other it was in whispers; to Todd, who brought their hats and canes; to Harry whom, unconsciously, they substituted for host; shaking his hand, muttering some word of sympathy for St. George: No—they would find their way, better not disturb his uncle, etc. They would see him in the morning, etc., and thus the group passed out in a body and left the house.

Temple himself was profoundly moved. The utter helplessness of the man; his abject and complete surrender to the demon which possessed him—all this appalled him. He had seen many drunken men in his time—roisterers and brawlers, most of them—but never one like Poe. The poet seemed to have lost his identity—nothing of the man of the world was left—in speech, thought, or movement.

When Harry re-entered, his uncle was sitting beside the poet, who had not yet addressed him a word; nor had he again raised his head. Every now and then the sound of an indrawn breath would escape Poe, as if hot tears were choking him.

St. George waved his hand meaningly.

"Tell Todd I'll ring for him when I want him, Harry," he whispered, "and now do you go to sleep." Then, pointing to the crouching man, "He must stay in my bed here to-night, I won't leave him. What a pity! O God! what a pity! Poor fellow—how sorry I am for him!"

Harry was even more affected. Terrified and awestruck, he mounted the stairs to his room, locked his chamber door, and threw himself on his bed, his mother's and Kate's pleadings sounding in his ears, his mind filled with the picture of the poet standing erect with closed eyes, the prayer his mother had taught him falling from his lips. This, then, was what his mother and Kate meant—this—the greatest of all calamities—the overthrow of a *man*.

For the hundredth time he turned his wandering search-light into his own heart. The salient features of his own short career passed in review: the fluttering of the torn card as it fell to the floor; the sharp crack of Willits's pistol; the cold, harsh tones of his father's voice when he ordered him from the house; Kate's dear eyes streaming with tears and her uplifted hands—their repellent palms turned toward him as she sobbed—"Go away—my heart is broken!" And then the refrain of the poem which of late had haunted him night and day:

> "Disaster following fast and following faster,
> Till his song one burden bore,"

and then the full, rich tones of Poe's voice pleading with his Maker:

"Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us."

"Yes:—Disaster had followed fast and faster. But why had *it* followed him? What had he done to bring all this misery upon himself? How could he have acted differently? Wherein had he broken any law he had been taught to uphold, and if he had broken it why should he not be forgiven? Why, too, had Kate turned away from him? He had promised her never to drink again; he had kept that promise, and God helping him he would always keep it, as would any other man who had seen what he had just seen to-night. Perhaps he had trespassed in the duel, and yet he would fight Willits

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again were the circumstances the same, and in this view Uncle George upheld him. But suppose he had trespassed—suppose he had committed a fault—as his father declared—why should not Kate forgive him? She had forgiven Willits, who was drunk, and yet she would not forgive him, who had not allowed a drop to pass his lips since he had given her his promise. How could she, who could do no wrong, expect to be forgiven herself when she not only shut the door in his face, but left him without a word or a line? How could his father ask forgiveness of his God when he would not forgive his son? Why were these two different from his mother and his Uncle George, and even old Alec—who had nothing but sympathy for him? Perhaps his education and training had been at fault. Perhaps, as Richard Horn had said, his standards of living were old-fashioned and quixotic.

Only when the gray dawn stole in through the small window of his room did the boy fall asleep.

XIV

Not only Kennedy Square, but Moorlands, rang with accounts of the dinner and its consequences. Most of those who were present, and who witnessed the distressing spectacle had only words of sympathy for the unfortunate man—his reverent manner, his contrite tones, and abject humiliation disarming their criticism. They felt that some sudden breaking down of the barriers of his will, either physical or mental, had led to the catastrophe. Richard Horn voiced the sentiments of Poe's sympathizers when, in rehearsing the episode the next afternoon at the club, he had said:

"His pitiable condition, gentlemen, was not the result of debauchery. Poe neither spoke nor acted like a drunken man; he spoke and acted like a man whom a devil had overcome. It was pathetic, gentlemen, and it was heart-rending—really the most pitiful sight I ever remember witnessing. His anguish, his struggle, and his surrender I shall never forget; nor will his God—for the prayer came straight from his heart."

"I don't agree with you, Horn," interrupted Clayton. "Poe was plumb drunk! It was the infernal whiskey he drinks that puts the devil in him. It may be he can't get anything else, but it's a damnable concoction all the same. Kennedy has about given him up—told me so yesterday, and when Kennedy gives a fellow up that's the last of him."

"Then I'm ashamed of Kennedy," retorted Horn. "Any man who can write as Poe does should be forgiven, no matter what he does—if he be honest. There's nothing so rare as genius in this world and even if his flame does burn from a vile-smelling wick it's a flame, remember!—and one that will yet light the ages. If I know anything of the literature of our time Poe will live when these rhymers like Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper whom everybody is talking about will be forgotten. He's possessed of a devil, I tell you, who gets the better of him once in a while—it did the night of St. George's dinner."

"Very charitable in you, Richard," exclaimed Pancoast, another dissenter—"and perhaps it will be just as well for his family, if he has any, to accept your view—but devil or no devil, you must confess, Horn, that it was pretty hard on St. George. If the man has any sense of refinement—and he must have from the way he writes—the best way out of it is for him to own up like a man and say that Guy's barkeeper filled him too full of raw whiskey, and that he didn't come to until it was too late—that he was very sorry, and wouldn't do it again. That's what I would have done, and that's what you, Richard, or any other gentleman, would have done."

Others, who got their information second hand, followed the example of St. George's guests censuring or excusing the poet in accordance with their previous likes or dislikes. The "what-did-I-tell-yous"—Bowdoin among them—and there were several—broke into roars of laughter when they learned what had happened in the Temple Mansion. So did those who had not been invited, and who still felt some resentment at St. George's oversight.

Another group—and these were also to be found at the club—thought only of St. George, Murdoch voicing their views when he said: "Temple laid himself out, so I hear, on that dinner, and some of us know what that means. And a dinner like that, remember, counts with St. George. In the future it will be just as well to draw the line at poets as well as actors."

The Lord of Moorlands had no patience with any of their views. Whether Poe was

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a drunkard, or not, did not concern him in the least. What did trouble him was the fact that St. George's cursed independence had made him so far forget himself and his own birth and breeding, as to place a chair at his table for a man in every way beneath him. Hospitality of that kind was understandable in men like Kennedy and Latrobe—one the leading literary light of his State, whose civic duties brought him in contact with all classes—the other a distinguished man of letters as well as being a poet, artist, and engineer, who naturally touched the sides of many personalities. So too, might Richard Horn be excused for stretching the point—he being a scientist whose duty it was to welcome to his home many kinds of people—this man Morse among them, with his farcical telegraph, and who was courteous enough therefore not to draw the line at this Mr. Poe—a man in the public eye who seemed to be more or less talked about in the public press; but of whom he himself knew nothing. But why St. George Temple, who in all probability had never read a line of Poe's, or anybody else's poetry in his life—should give this man a dinner—and why such sane gentlemen as Seymour, Clayton, and Pancoast should consider it an honor to touch elbows with him, was as unaccountable as it was incredible.

Furthermore, and this is what rankled deepest in his heart—St. George was subjecting his only son, Harry, to corrupting influences, and at a time, too, when the boy needed the uplifting examples of all that was highest in men and manners.

"And you tell me, Alec"— he blazed out on hearing the details, "that the fellow never appeared until the dinner was all over and then came in roaring drunk?"

"Well, sah, I ain't yered nothin' 'bout de roarin', but he suttinly was 'how-come-ye-so'—fer dey couldn't git 'im upstairs 'less dey toted him on dere backs. Marse George Temple gin him his own baid an' sot up mos' ob de night, an' dar he stayed fo' fo' days till he come to. Dat's what Todd done tol' me, an' I reckon Todd knows."

The colonel was in his den when this conversation took place. He was generally to be found there since the duel, his wife, or Alec, or some of his neighbors surprising him buried in his easy chair, an unopened book in his hand, his eyes staring straight ahead as if trying to solve some problem which constantly eluded his grasp. After the episode at the club he became more absorbed than ever. It was that episode, indeed, which had vexed him most. Not that St. George's tongue-lashing worried him—nor did Harry's blank look of amazement linger in his thoughts. St. George, he had to confess to himself as he battled with the questions, was the soul of honor and had not meant to insult him. His love for Harry had incited the quixotic onslaught, for St. George dearly loved the boy, and this in itself wiped all resentment from the autocrat's heart. As to Harry's attitude toward himself, this he continued to reason was only a question of time. That young upstart had not learned his lesson yet—a harsh lesson, it was true, and one not understood by the world at large—but then the world was not responsible for his son's bringing up. When the boy had learned it, and was willing to acknowledge the error of his ways, then, perhaps, he might kill the fatted calf—that is, of course, if the prodigal should return on all fours and with no stilted and untenable ideas about his rights, etc., etc.—ideas that St. George, of course, was instilling into him every chance he got, etc., etc.

So far, however, he had had to admit to himself that while he had kept steady watch of the line of hills skirting his mental horizon, up to the present moment no young gentleman in a dilapidated suit of clothes, inverted waist measure, and lean legs had shown himself above the sky line. On the contrary, if all reports were true—and Alec omitted no opportunity to keep him advised of Marse Harry's every movement—the young Lord of Moorlands was having the time of his life, even if his sweetheart had renounced him and his father forced him into exile. Not only had he found a home and many comforts at Temple's—being treated as an honored guest alongside of such men as Kennedy and Latrobe, Pancoast and the others, but now that St. George had publicly declared him to be his heir, these distinctive marks of his approbation were likely to continue. Nor could he interfere, even if he wished to—which, of course, he did not, and never could so long as he lived. "Damn him!" etc., etc. And with this the book would

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drop from his lap and he begin pacing the floor, his eyes on the carpet, his broad shoulders bent in his anxiety to solve the problem which haunted him night and day —how to get Harry back under his roof and not yield a jot or tittle of his pride or will— or to be more explicit, now that the mountain would not come to Mahomet, how could Mahomet get over to the mountain?

His friend and nearest neighbor, John Gorsuch, who was also his man of business, opened the way. The financier's servant had brought him a letter, just in by the afternoon coach, and with a glance at its contents the shrewd old fellow had at once ordered his horse and set out for Moorlands, some two miles distant. Nor did he draw rein or break gallop until he threw the lines to a servant beside the lower step of the colonel's porch.

"It's the Patapsco again! It will close its doors before the week is out!" he cried, striding into the library where the colonel, who had just come in from inspecting a distant field on his estate, sat dusting his riding boots with his handkerchief.

"Going to stop payment! Failed! What the devil do you mean, John?"

"I mean just what I say! Everything has gone to bally-hack in the city. Here's a letter I have just received from Harding— he's on the inside, and knows. He thinks there's some crooked business about it; they have been loaning money on all sorts of brickbats, he says, and the end has come, or will to-morrow. He wanted to post me in time."

The colonel tossed his handkerchief on his writing table: "Who will be hurt?" he asked hurriedly, ignoring the reference to the dishonesty of the directors.

"Oh!—a lot of people. Temple, I know, keeps his account there. He was short of cash a little while ago, for young Pawson, who has his law office in the basement of his house, offered me a mortgage on his Kennedy Square property, but I hadn't the money at the time and didn't take it. If he got it at last—and he paid heavily for it if he did—the way things have been going —and if he put that money in the Patapsco, it will be a bad blow to him. Harry, I hear, is with him—so I thought you ought to know."

Rutter had given a slight start at the mention of St. George's name among the crippled, and a strange glitter still lingered in his eyes.

"Then I presume my son is dependent on a beggar," he exclaimed, rising from his seat, stripping off his brown velveteen riding jacket and hanging it in a closet behind his chair.

"Yes, it looks that way."

Gorsuch was watching the colonel closely. He had another purpose in making his breakneck ride. He didn't have a dollar in the Patapsco, and he knew the colonel had not; he, like himself, was too shrewd a man to be bitten twice by the same dog, but he had a large interest in Harry and would leave no stone unturned to bring father and son together.

The colonel again threw himself into his chair, stretched out his slender, well-turned legs, crooked one of his russet leather riding boots to be sure the spurs were still in place, and said slowly—rather absently as if the subject did not greatly interest him:

"Patapsco failed and St. George a beggar, eh?— Too bad!—too bad!" Then some disturbing suspicions must have entered his head, for he roused himself, looked at Gorsuch keenly, and asked in a searching tone: "And you came over full tilt, John, to tell me this?"

"I thought you might help. St. George needs all the friends he's got if this is true— and it looks to me as if it was," answered Gorsuch in a positive tone.

Rutter relaxed his gaze and resumed his position. Had his suspicions been correct that Gorsuch's interest in Harry was greater than his interest in the bank's failure, he would have resented it even from John Gorsuch.

His suspicions disarmed by the cool, unflinching gaze of his man of business, his mind again took up in review all the incidents connected with St. George and his son, and what part each had played in them.

That Temple—good friend as he had always been—had thwarted him in every attempt to bring about a reconciliation between himself and Harry, had been apparent from the very beginning of the difficulty. Even the affair at the club showed it. This would have ended quite differently—and he had fully intended it should—had not St. George, with his cursed officiousness, interfered with his plans. For what he had

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really proposed to himself to do, on that spring morning when he had rolled up to the club in his coach, was to mount the steps, ignore his son at first, if he should run up against him—(and he had selected the very hour when he hoped he would run up against him)—and then, when the boy broke down, as he surely must, to forgive him like a gentleman and a Rutter, and this too, before everybody. Seymour would see it—Kate would hear of it, and the honor of the Rutters remain unblemished. Moreover, this would silence once and for all those gabblers who had undertaken to criticise him for what they called his inhumanity in banishing his only son when he was only trying to bring up that child in the way he should go. The tide now seemed to be on the turn. The failure of the Patapsco might be his opportunity. St. George would be at his wits' end; Harry would be forced to choose between the sidewalk and Moorlands, and the old life would go on as before.

All these thoughts coursed through his mind as he leaned back in his chair, his lips tight set, the jaw firm and determined—only the lids quivering as he mastered the tears that crept to their edges. Now and then, in his mental absorption, he would absently cross his legs only to straighten them out again, his state of mind an open book to Gorsuch, who had followed the same line of reasoning and who had brought the news himself that he might the better watch its effect.

"I'm surprised that Temple should select the Patapsco. It has never got over its last smash of four years ago," Gorsuch at last remarked. He did not intend to let the topic drift away from Harry if he could help it.

"I am not surprised, John. St. George is the best fellow in the world, but he never lets anything work but his heart. When you get at the bottom of it you will find that he's backed up the bank because some poor devil of a teller or clerk, or maybe some director, is his friend. That's enough for St. George, and further than that he never goes. He's thrown away two fortunes now—his grandmother's, which was small, but sound—and his father's, which if he had attended to would have kept him comfortable all his life."

"You had some words at the club, I heard," interjected Gorsuch.

"No, he had some words, I had a julep," and the colonel smiled grimly.

"But you are still on good terms, are you not?"

"I am, but he isn't. But that is of no consequence. No man in his senses would ever get angry with St. George, no matter what he might say or do. He hasn't a friend in the world who could be so ill bred. And as to calling him out—you would as soon think of challenging your wife. St. George talks from his heart, never his head. I have loved him for thirty years and know exactly what I am talking about—and yet let me tell you, Gorsuch, with all his qualities—and he is the finest bred gentleman I know—he can come closer to being a natural born fool than any man of his years and position in Kennedy Square. This treatment of my son whom I am trying to bring up a gentleman—is one proof of it, and this putting all his eggs into one basket—and that a rotten basket—is another."

"Well, then—if that is your feeling about it, colonel, why not go and see him? As I have said, he needs all the friends he's got at a time like this." If he could bring the two men together the boy might come home. Not to be able to wave back to Harry as he dashed past on Spitfire, had been a privation which the whole settlement had felt. "That is, of course," he continued, "if St. George Temple would be willing to receive you. He would be—wouldn't he?"

"I don't know, John—and I don't care. If I should make up my mind to go—remember, I said 'IF'—I'd go whether he liked it or not."

He *had* made up his mind—had made it up at the precise moment the announcement of the bank's failure and St. George's probable ruin had dropped from Gorsuch's lips—but none of this must Gorsuch suspect. He would still be the doge and Virginius; he alone must be the judge of when and how and where he would show leniency. Generations of Rutters were behind him—this boy was in the direct line—connecting the past with the present—and on Colonel Talbot Rutter of Moorlands, and on no other, rested the responsibility of keeping the glorious name unsmirched.

Todd, with one of the dogs at his heels, opened the door for him, smothering a "Gor-a-Mighty!—sumpin's up fo' sho!"

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when his hand turned the knob. He had heard the clatter of two horses and their sudden pull-up outside, and looking out, had read the situation at a glance. Old Matthew was holding the reins of both mounts at the moment, for the colonel always rode in state. No tying to horse-blocks or tree-boxes, or picking up of a loose negro to watch his restless steed when he had a stable full of thoroughbreds and quarters packed with grooms.

"Yes, Marse Colonel—yes, sah—Marse George is inside—yes, sah—but Marse Harry's out." He had not asked for Harry, but Todd wanted him to get all the facts in case there was to be another such scene as black John described had taken place at the club on the occasion of the colonel's last visit to the Chesapeake.

"Then I'll go in unannounced, and you need not wait, Todd."

St. George was in his arm-chair by the mantel looking over one of his heavy ducking guns when the Lord of Moorlands entered. He was the last man in the world he expected to see, but he did not lose his self-control or show in any way his surprise. He was host, and Rutter was his guest; nothing else counted now.

St. George rose to his feet, laid the gun carefully on the table, and with a smile on his face—one of extreme courtesy, advanced to greet him.

"Ah, Talbot—it has been some time since I had this pleasure. Let me draw up a chair for you—I'll ring for Todd and——"

"No, St. George. I prefer to talk to you alone."

"Todd is never an interruption."

"He may be to-day. I have something to say to you—and I don't want either to be interrupted or misunderstood. You and I have known each other too many years to keep up this quarrel; I am getting rather sick of it myself."

St. George shrugged his shoulders, nodded to Todd who left the room followed by Floe, and maintained an attentive attitude. He would either fight or make peace, but he must first learn the conditions. In the meantime he would hold his peace.

Rutter strode past him to the fireplace, opened his riding jacket, laid his whip on the mantel, and with his hands deep in his breeches pockets faced the room and his host, who had again taken his place by the table.

"The fact is, St. George, I have been greatly disturbed of late by reports which have reached me about my son. He is with you, I presume."

St. George nodded.

Rutter waited for a verbal reply, and receiving none, went on: "Very greatly disturbed; so much so that I have made an especial trip from Moorlands to call upon you and ascertain their truth."

Again St. George nodded, the smile—one of extreme civility now, still on his face. Then he added, brushing some stray grains of tobacco from his sleeve with his fingers: "That was very good of you, Talbot—but go on—I'm listening."

The colonel's eyes flashed. Temple's perfect repose—something he had not expected—was beginning to get on his nerves. He cleared his throat impressively and continued, his voice rising in intensity.

"Instead of leading the life of a young man brought up as a gentleman, I hear he is consorting with the lowest class of people here in your house—people who——"

"—Are my guests," interrupted St. George calmly—loosening the buttons of his coat in search of his handkerchief, there being more tobacco on his clothes than he had supposed.

"Yes, you have hit it exactly—your guests—and that is another thing I have come to tell you, for neither I, nor your friends, can understand how a man of your breeding should want to surround himself with——"

"—Is it necessary that you should understand, Talbot?"—same low incisive but extremely civil voice, almost monotonous in its cadences. The cambric was in full play now.

"Of course it is necessary when it affects my own flesh and blood. You know as well as I do that this sot, Poe, is not a fit companion for a boy raised as my Harry has been—a man picked out of the gutter—his family a lot of play-actors—even worse, I hear. A fellow who staggers into your house dead drunk and doesn't sober up for a week! It's scandalous!"

Again St. George shrugged his shoulders, but one hand was clenched this time, the inside steel clamps in action, the handkerchief alone saving the nails from pressing into the palms.

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"And is that what you came from Moorlands to tell me, Talbot?" remarked St. George casually, adjusting the lapels of his coat.

"Yes!" retorted Rutter—he was fast losing what was left of his self-control—"that and some other things! But we will attend to Harry first. You gave that boy shelter when——"

"Please state it correctly, Talbot. We can get on better if you stick to the facts." The words came slowly, but the enunciation was as perfect as if each word had been cut with a knife. "I didn't give him shelter—I gave him a home—one you denied him. But go on—I prefer to hear you out."

The colonel's eyes blazed. He had never seen St. George like this—it was Temple's hot outbursts that had made him so easy an adversary in their recent disputes.

"And you will please do the same, St. George," he demanded in his most toplofty tone. "You know perfectly well I turned him out of Moorlands because he had disgraced his blood, and yet you—my life-long friend, have had the bad taste to interfere and drag him down still lower, so that now, instead of coming to his senses and asking my pardon, he parades himself at the club and at your dinners, putting on the airs of an injured man."

St. George drew himself up to his full height.

"Let us change the subject, Talbot, or we will both forget ourselves. If you have anything to say to me that will benefit Harry and settle the difficulty between him and you, I will meet you more than halfway, but I give you fair warning that the apology must come from you. You have—if you will permit me to say it, in my own house—behaved more like a brute than a father. I told you so the night you turned him out in the rain for me to take care of, and I told you so again at the club when you tried to make a laughing-stock of him before your friends—and now I tell you so once more! Come!—let us drop the subject—what may I offer you to drink?—you must be rather chilled with your ride in."

Rutter was about to flare out a denial when his better judgment got the best of him; some other tactics than the ones he had used must be brought into play. So far he had made but little headway against Temple's astounding coolness.

"And I am to understand then that you are going to keep him here?" he said, ignoring both his host's criticisms and his proffered hospitality.

"I certainly am," he was abreast of him now, his eyes boring into his—"just as long as he wishes to stay, which I hope will be all his life, or until you have learned to be decent to him. And by decency, I mean companionship, and love, and tenderness—three things which your damned, high-toned notions have always deprived him of!" His voice was still under control, although his meaning was unmistakable.

Rutter made a step forward, his eyes flashing, his teeth set:

"You have the impertinence, sir, to charge me with——"

"—Yes!—and it's true," the glance, steady as a rifle had not wavered, "and you know it's true! No, you needn't work yourself up into a passion—and as for your lordly dictatorial airs, I am past the age when they affect me—keep them for your servants. By God!—what a farce it all is! Let us talk of something else—I am tired of it!"

The words cut like a whip, but the Lord of Moorlands had come to get his son, not to fight St. George. Their sting, however, had completely changed his plans. Only the club which Gorsuch had put into his hands would count now.

"Yes—a damnable farce!" he thundered, "and one played by a man with beggary staring him straight in the face, and yet to hear you talk one would think you were a Crœsus! You mortgaged this house to get ready money, did you not?" He was not sure, but this was no time in which to split words.

St. George turned quickly: "Who told you that?"

"Is it true?"

"Yes! Do you suppose I would let Harry sneak around corners to avoid his creditors?"

The colonel gave a quick start, the blood mounting to the roots of his hair. Then he suddenly paled:

"You tell me that—you dared to—pay Harry's debts?" he stammered in amazement.

"Dared!" retorted St. George, lifting his chin contemptuously. "Really, Talbot, you amuse me. When you set that dirty

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hound Gadgem on his trail, what did you expect me to do?—invite him to dinner?—or have him sleep in the house until I sold furniture enough to get rid of him?"

The colonel leaned back against the mantel as if for support. All the fight was out of him now; not only was the situation greatly complicated, but he himself was his host's debtor. Then the seriousness of the whole affair confronted him. For a brief instant he gazed at the floor, his eyes on the hearth-rug, then he asked: "Have you any money left, St. George?" His voice was subdued enough now. Had he been his solicitor he could not have been more concerned.

"Yes, a few thousand," returned St. George. He saw that some unexpected shot had hit the colonel, but he did not know he had fired it.

"Left over from the mortgage, I suppose?—less what you paid out for Harry?"

"Yes, left over from the mortgage, less what I paid Gadgem. If you have brought any more of Harry's bills hand them out," he bridled. "Why the devil you ask, Talbot, is beyond my ken, but I have no objection to your knowing."

Rutter waved his hand impatiently, with a deprecating gesture; such trifles were no longer important.

"You bank with the Patapsco, do you not?" he asked calmly. "Answer me, please, and don't think I'm trying to pry into your affairs. The matter is much more serious than you seem to think." The tone was so sympathetic that St. George looked closer into his antagonist's face, trying to read the cause.

"Always with the Patapsco. I have kept my account there for years," he rejoined simply. "Why do you want to know?"

"Because it has closed its doors—or will in a few hours. It is bankrupt!"

There was no malice in his tone, nor any note of triumph. That St. George had beggared himself to pay his son's debts had wiped that clear. He was simply announcing a fact that caused him the deepest concern.

St. George's face paled, and for a moment a peculiar choking movement started in his throat.

"Bankrupt!—the Patapsco! How do you know?" He had heard some ugly rumors at the club a few days before, but had dismissed them as part of Harding's croakings.

"John Gorsuch received a letter last night from one of the directors; there is no doubt of its truth. I have suspected its condition for some time, so has Gorsuch. This brought me here. You see how impossible it is for my son to be any longer a burden on you."

St. George walked slowly across the room and drawing out a chair settled himself to collect his thoughts the better;—he had remained standing as the better way to terminate the interview should he be compelled to exercise that right. The two announcements had come like successive blows in the face. If the news of the bank's failure was true he was badly, if not hopelessly crippled—this, however, would wait, as nothing he might do could prevent the catastrophe. The other—Harry's being a burden to him, and Rutter using his misfortune as a lever to pry the boy loose from his care, must be met at once.

He looked up and caught the colonel's eye scrutinizing his face.

"As to Harry's being a burden," St. George said slowly, his lip curling slightly—"that is my affair. As to his remaining here, all I have to say is that if a boy is old enough to be compelled to pay his debts he is old enough to decide where he will live. You have yourself established that rule and it will be carried out to the letter."

Rutter's face hardened: "But you haven't got a dollar in the world to spare!"

"That may be, but it doesn't alter the situation; it rather strengthens it." He rose from his chair: "I think we are about through now, Talbot, and if you will excuse me I'll go down to the bank and see what is the matter. I will ring for Todd to bring your hat and coat." He did not intend to continue the talk. There had just been uncovered to him a side of Talbot Rutter's nature which had shocked him as much as had the threatened loss of his money. He had missed, it may be said, seeing another side—his sympathy for him in his misfortune. That unfortunately he did not see: fate often plays such tricks with us all.

The colonel stepped in front of him: his eyes had an ugly look in them—the note of sympathy was gone.

"One moment! How long you are going to keep up this fool game, St. George, I

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don't know, but my son stays here on one condition, and one condition only, and you might as well understand it now. From this time on I pay his board. Do you for one instant suppose I am going to let you support him, and you a beggar?"

St. George made a lunge toward the speaker as if to strike him. Had Rutter fired point-blank at him he could not have been more astounded. For an instant he stood looking into his face, then whirled suddenly and swung wide the door.

"May I ask you, Talbot, to leave the room, or shall I? You certainly cannot be in your senses to make me a proposition like that. This thing has got to come to an end, and *now!* I wish you good-morning."

The colonel lifted his hands in a deprecatory way.

"As you will, St. George," and without another word the baffled autocrat strode from the room.

(To be continued.)

THE HARBOR

By John Hall Wheelock

By gates of ocean and the seaward portal,
Fortress and headland, bastions of the world,
Gray walls and sea-sapped battlements and turrets,
The weary wings of twilight are unfurled.

Under the gaunt and the windy skies of morning,
Over the wide wastes and the fields of sea,
Storm-signals, capes and flashing promontories,
Sirens, and bell-buoys rocking restlessly,

Slips the first ray, like a sword unsheathed, of sunrise,
And all the terror of the dawn lies bare;
By channel and reef, by oozy bog and sand-bar
The seaward guns shine grim in the morning air.

Inland by desolate dock and lapping water
Sick scurf and scum rise lazily and fall
Along the wharves, indolent, sucked and drowsy
Looms rotting fender-post and crumbling wall.

But on the headland the sweet virgin city,
Mistress and guardian of the clamoring lands,
Looks seaward with glad eyes toward the nations,
Sleepless, a sword forever in her hands;

Holy and sacred. East and West salute her,
Clothed with the dawn and with the planets crowned,
Voices and gongs and horns beyond the morning,
Her myriad children on the wastes around.

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THE MAKERS OF THE GRADE

By Thomas Francis Ramsay

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES S. CHAPMAN

STRUNG across Canada on the right-of-way of the National Transcontinental Railway there are some hundreds of construction camps where men of all nations live, remote from civilization, and toil mightily, that the grade may pass with ordered evenness through rock and hill and swamp. Pioneers who are opening up vast wildernesses for settlement, they scare from their path with axe and dynamite the wolf, the moose, and the stray Indian. To the city-dweller, their lives would seem full of strange incident and adventure; but to them accident and peril are part of the day's work. I have toiled among them with axe and spade for several months, and have found them intensely interesting folk. I would like to interest a large public in them, for they are inarticulate, unaccredited heroes, and the story of their long-drawn-out fight to carry "the steel" to the Pacific coast is one of Robert Louis Stevenson's "incredible, unsung epics."

Our camp is located in the heart of the dense forests to the north of Lake Nipigon, in Ontario, over a hundred miles distant from the village of Nipigon, on the Canadian Pacific line, the nearest civilized settlement, if you except some score of other camps along the eighty miles of right-of-way which the Nipigon Construction Company has the contract for grading. Merely to reach the scene of its work, this company had to establish a steamboat service along the Nipigon River, build a "dinky" railroad eighteen miles across a portage, construct two steamers to navigate the seventy-odd miles of the lake, and build five settlements to serve as depots for supplying the camps with stores and provisions. All this for only eighty miles of line. You may form some idea of the magnitude of the whole task of building the National Transcontinental.

Last October the hundred-mile journey took me a week. Snow-storms and heavy gales kept the steamer two days and nights on the lake on a trip that usually occupies only a few hours. But it is during the long, bitter winter months, when the steamers are perforce laid up, that the conditions of travel are really hard. Post and "tote" sleighs are run across the frozen lake—the only trail—by teams of dogs or horses, and the length of the journey is problematical. Log huts have been built on some of the islands in the lake to serve as rest-houses, and there the traveller secures a few hours' immunity from the Arctic severity of the weather. Last winter a gang of men walked from their camp to Nipigon, around the shore of the lake. They wandered in the woods for over three weeks before they reached civilization. Several of them were frostbitten, and for the last five days they had no food at all. Another party of seven men essayed the same desperate enterprise, and were never seen again. Whether they perished of hunger and cold, or fell a prey to the timber wolves, none can tell. The silent, pitiless forest holds the secret of their fate.

A strangely grim story of this winter travel across the lake was told to me by a French-Canadian teamster. His chum died in camp, and the "walking boss" ordered him to take the body out on his "tote" sleigh, so that it might be sent home for burial. Superstitious, as most of his race, he protested against the task, but there was no one else available, and he had to go.

"By gar, I not do it once more for a t'ousand dollar!" he said. "I never feel de cold so bitter an' de lake so lonely. I get t'inking of Jean—how he talk, how he look, how he dress. Den I keep on t'inking I see him in de snow a little ways ahead of de sleigh—and all de time him in de box behin' me. I sing songs, jolly songs, like we sing down in Quebec when we drink de viski *blanc;* but dat not make me feel better, so I try to remember mass. Holy

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Mackinaw! when I reach South Bay an' give up de box, I near to deat' with fright. I know dat bad luck follow me. Sure 'nough, next trip I get snow-blindness an' have to lie in camp t'ree week wid blankets roun' my bunk to keep out de light."

Last summer some Indians found a white man wandering in the forest, demented and weak from starvation. They carried him to the camp of a fire-ranger of the Ontario Government. When he recovered, several weeks later, he said he had left one of the construction camps and tried to find his way through the bush to the Central Pacific Railway main line. He soon became lost, and when his scanty store of food was eaten he subsisted on berries. He had no idea how long he had been wandering; it turned out to be seventeen days.

To a man who delights in the infinite variety of humankind, the dwellers in a construction camp afford a study of abounding interest. I am one of a "station gang" which has taken a contract from a subcontractor to dig a burrow-pit and grade a section of the line. In that gang there are four French-Canadians, four Russians, a Pole, a Swiss, a Hungarian, and an Englishman—myself. That is a fair sample of the mixture of nationalities in the camps. The Swiss worked as a valet in several London hotels until two years ago. You would hardly imagine that such training would qualify him to "make good" with the pick and shovel, but he is one of the best workers in the gang. "I like it better than my old job," he told me. "A man feels more like a man working out here in the woods than when he is waiting on gentlemen. Besides, most of the fellows who make money in hotel work do it by stealing, and that I could never do."

There are many Finlanders, Swedes, Russians, and Italians in the camps. Britishers and French-Canadians are numerous, and there is a sprinkling of a dozen other nationalities. When I started railroading I was rather prejudiced against "Dagoes" and other alien immigrants, believing that their invasion of Canada and the United States was a national peril to both countries. But living with them has changed that view. They are certainly not "the scum of Europe." If you think of it calmly for a moment, it will dawn upon you that men who have the enterprise to emigrate to a foreign country, and the resolution to save money for that purpose, are not likely to be the worst of their race. Nor are the most of them rough, ignorant peasants, as many ill-informed newspaper writers would have us suppose. On the contrary, the average of education, especially among the men of the northern European nations, is much higher than that of the native-born Canadian railroader, French or English. The Italians are an exception to this rule, but even among them I have known men qualified by training and natural gifts to fill responsible positions. One of them, whom we nicknamed "Caruso," had travelled widely in the chorus of an itinerant opera company. He used to make music to the trees and the chipmunks by day, as he toiled at clearing the right-of-way, and in our "shack" at night he entertained us with "Ah! ché la morte," and the toreador song from "Carmen." A very cultured Swede, who formerly kept a gambling-hell in Vancouver until he was run out of town by the police, studied civil engineering every evening through the medium of a correspondence school's course. A young Russian laborer in a camp I stayed at for a while used to spend his leisure reading a Russian translation of Professor Draper's "History of the Conflict between Religion and Science." I worked for some time with a gang of Finlanders. All of them were men of education and refinement, and one had been a professor of singing in a Finnish university. Like many of the Finns and Russians here, he was obliged to leave his country because of his association with revolutionary politics. At nights, in the sleeping-shack, he would lead his comrades in singing Finnish hymns and folk-songs. Their voices were full of sweetness and melody, but the competition of the "Merry Widow" waltz, ground out night after night on the accordion by a French-Canadian, rather spoiled the effect.

If William of Wykeham was right and "manners makyth man," then the palm must be conceded to these Finns and Russians. They are delightful folk to live with, for they are gifted, not only with a graceful outward courtesy, but with a most delicate and thoughtful consideration for others. The Russians especially are, as a rule, unselfish to the point of being unprac-

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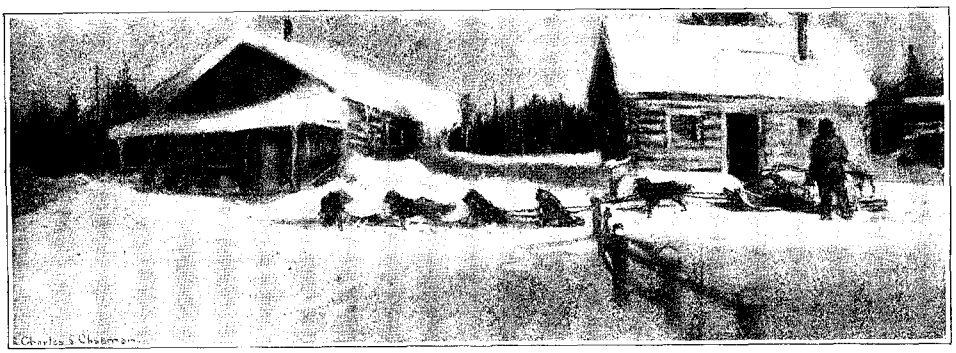

The dog team.

tical. Their property seems to them to be something to give away. I remember an Irishman coming to a camp with only the clothes he stood up in, and those ragged as Falstaff's regiment. Several Russians consulted together and gave him everything he needed—one, a pair of boots; another, overalls; a third, socks and underclothes, and so forth, until he was fully provided. And they picked out, not the worst, but the best articles they possessed. They knew the man could have got all he needed on credit at the camp store, but they did not want him to start working heavily handicapped by debt. It was not the gift of the clothes that impressed me, for railroaders of all nationalities are often generous in that matter to one another—it was the delicacy with which they were given, as if the benefactors were the beneficiaries.

The Swedes bear the name of being the best of the foreign railroaders, and they are certainly splendid workers. They seem to never tire, and they are fertile of ingenious devices for pushing the work along quickly. They usually work together in "station gangs," as do most of the other foreigners. The "station gang" is a curious institution, which most business men would consider to be opposed to all business principles. A sub-contractor under the construction company lets out a certain number of "stations" of his work (a "station" is a hundred yards) on a second subcontract to a gang of workmen. They have no capital wherewith to undertake it, and are asked to furnish none. They may be as poor as Job after his calamities, but they can take a contract involving, perhaps, many thousands of dollars. The sub-contractor supplies them on credit with all necessary stores, provisions, tools, and horses; and they build their own "shack" close to their work, unless it happens to be near enough to his camp to enable them to board there. The "station man" occupies a dignified and independent position in the world of labor that would seem idyllic to an English workingman. He is not merely a piece-worker. He has no "boss"; he is a contractor who can do his work how he likes and when he likes. It is all "up to him." If he works hard, has fairly good luck with weather and dynamite shots, and keeps his bill for stores down to a moderate figure, he may finish his contract with a "stake," three or four times as large as he could earn by day labor. On the other hand, he may end several months' work with practically nothing to draw. A gang of Galicians worked on a station job for over nine months and had only seven dollars apiece at the finish. An Englishman, working alone on a muskeg contract—muskeg is waterlogged moss and roots, which has to be dug up and graded—made over six hundred dollars in less than four months, after paying a heavy bill for clothing and stores.

Most of the foreigners are working with a serious purpose in view. They want to make a big "stake" and then settle down to a business or a farm, or perhaps start, in a small way, as railroad sub-contractors themselves. A considerable number have succeeded in this last ambition. Again excepting the Italians, there is a general intention to settle either in Canada or the United States: the expatriates of Europe have no desire to return. As for the Italians, their aims were tersely expressed by one of them who told me: "I maka six—

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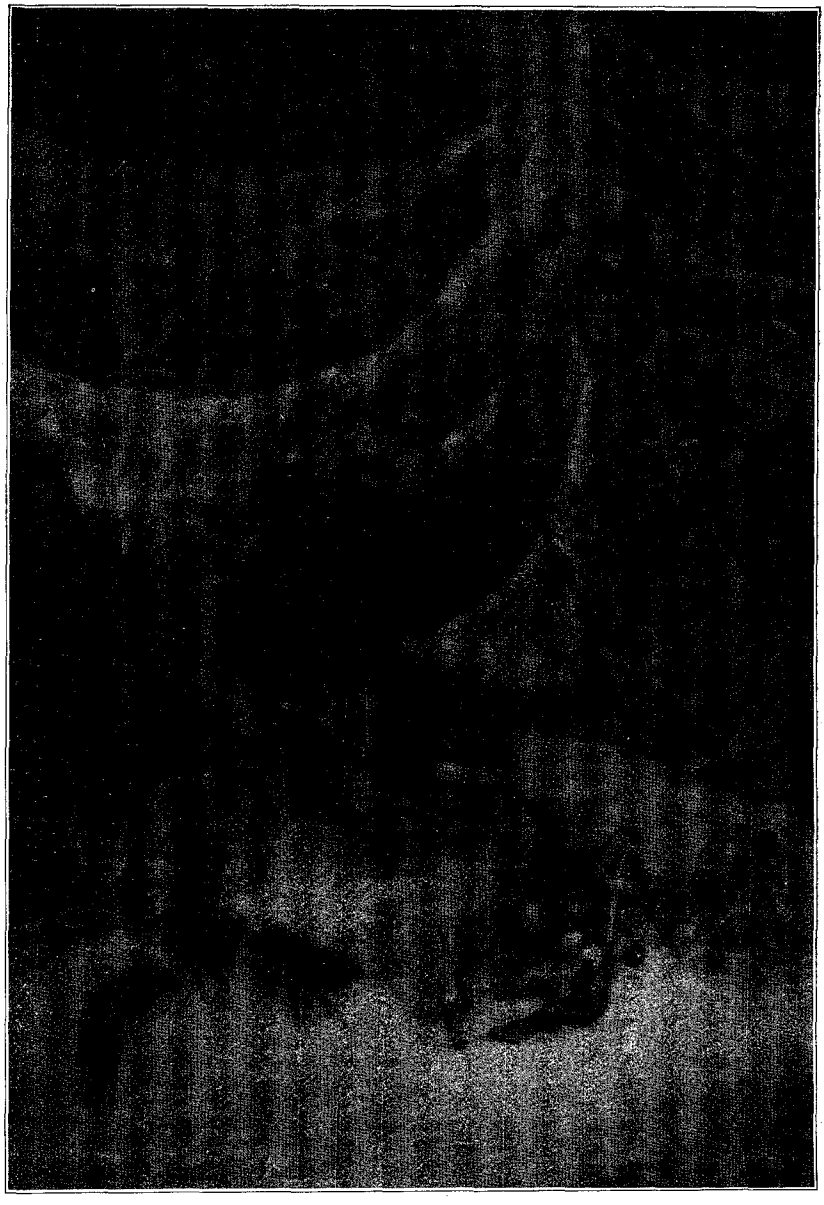

The silent, pitiless forest holds the secret of their fate.—Page 355.

seven hunderd dollar. Then I go back to Italy, be big man in my village. Taka wine-shop, buy a farm; all de peoples look up to me."

The Canadians, Britishers, and Americans, on the contrary, are generally reckless fellows who have knocked about the world a good deal, competent workmen who can make money all right, but cannot keep it once they get within reach of the saloons in town. The commonest tale one hears in a camp is how "So-and-so got hoary-eyed drunk in Port Arthur, and they rolled him [*i. e.*, robbed him] for five hundred dollars." The Swedes are usually steady folk, but I worked last summer under a Swedish foreman who had a painful experience. We called him "Big Charlie," for he stood

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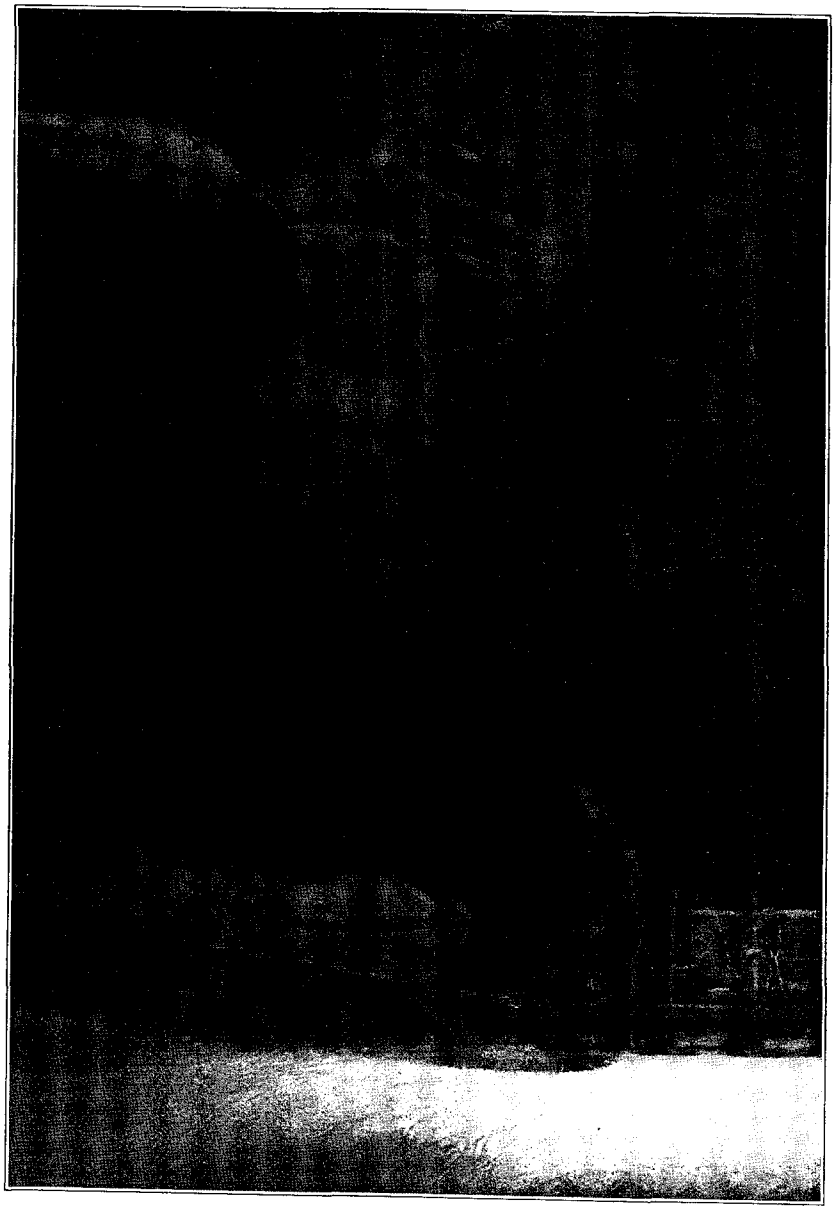

"And all de time him in de box behin' me."—Page 355.

nearly seven feet high, and was the most powerful man I ever met. We went out together to Nipigon, and at the paymaster's office I saw that he had over seven hundred dollars, with his pay and his poker winnings, for he was an inveterate gambler, like most railroaders. Less than a week after we parted, I met him in Port Arthur, and he greeted me with:

"Say, boy, got the price of a drink?"

"What! Is it as bad as that?" I asked.

"Sure thing! I not got a dime."

"How's that? You had all kinds of money."

"Night 'fore last I guess they doped me an' went t'rough me for every last cent."

As he admitted himself, Big Charlie ought to have known better, for he was a po-

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liceman in Chicago several years. If that does not teach a man to beware of the wiles of the wicked, what will?

I have read many stories in which railroaders are represented as being desperate and quarrelsome folk, but I have not found them so. The men of various nationalities live together in remarkable amity and good fellowship. Indeed, during nine months of railroading in seven camps, I have only witnessed one fight. That one is worth recording, because it illustrates our code of honor in settling disputes.

Two young fellows came into the camp one summer afternoon, suffering badly from the effects of a prolonged debauch. They had finished their last bottle of whiskey on the way, and were still half drunk and wholly ill-tempered. They tried to quarrel with everybody they met, but we are used to such cases, and only told them to soak their heads and lie down until they felt better. Instead of taking this good advice, they started fighting over the serious question, who drank the bigger part of that last bottle. One was slightly stabbed in the arm with a penknife. Howling like a maniac, he rushed into the cook-shack and snatched up the cook's cleaver. Murder might have been done, but the cook, armed with a broom, pelted after him, knocked him down, and recovered the dangerous weapon.

"Let 'em kill each other, if they like," he growled, "but it's damned cheek to take my cleaver."

The fight shifted to the back of the shack, where I happened to be splitting some cordwood. One of the combatants said, "Lend me your axe. I want to kill a man." When I refused he seized a shovel. I knocked him down with a billet of wood, and took it away from him. By this time a crowd had gathered, and the "walking boss" came up to see what was the matter.

"Let them fight it out," he said to Big Charlie, "but see there's no scragging or kicking. I won't mix up in the affair. If I do, I may have to fire them both before they've started work."

"You boys get into it wid your fists," the Swedish giant ordered. "De first dat kicks, I yoost give hell to him mineself."

They started, but they had no more idea of the "noble art" than a mule. They tried frantically to kick one another in the stomach, and to throttle. With an oath Big Charlie grasped one in each mighty hand, lifted them clear of the ground, knocked their heads together, and flung them down. It was the most striking exhibition of physical strength I have witnessed.

Their own quarrel forgotten for the moment, they rushed at him. Laughing joyously, he met the first with a crashing uppercut on the point of the jaw and laid him senseless on the ground. In a moment the second was stretched beside him, weeping piteously with the pain of a broken nose.

"By de Yoomping Mackinaw!" yelled Charlie, using his favorite expletive, "I do dis to any son-of-a-gun what don' fight fair. If dere's any dirty work in dis camp, yoost call me to take a hand."

We all endorsed Charlie's action. Fair, clean fighting, if fighting there must be, is the rule of every construction camp. But to what country do you suppose the two offenders belonged? Alas for our pride! they were not part of the alien invasion; they did not belong to "the criminal scum of Europe, ever ready to use the knife." They were Scotch-Canadians. And the despised "Dagoes" and "Squareheads" were shocked by their conduct.

In spite of our isolation, we railroaders are not entirely deprived of the means of grace. Now and again a parson wanders into the camp, holds a service, and takes up a collection. It is the unwritten rule among us that every man shall give not less than fifty cents. "You can't expect the man to come all this way and work for nothing"—that is the feeling. The same fair-mindedness constrains us to "give him a show" by attending the service in force, whatever may be the denomination he represents. I verily believe that even a Mormon or a Moslem would receive a respectful hearing and the usual offertory. A minister of the Swedish Lutheran Church visited a camp at which I was staying, and preached in Swedish. Of course, the Swedes were especially delighted, but we all went. Russians, Italians, Americans, French-Canadians, and all, we listened to a long-winded sermon in a foreign tongue, with faces as intelligent and appreciative as we could make them, and at the close cheerfully subscribed our dollars and half-dollars.

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"For God's sake, don't be like them!"—Page 362.

I only knew one man who refused either to go to service or to pay up. A young Church-of-England parson had come to our camp and was to hold evensong in the cook-shack after supper.

"Are you going, Cockney?" I asked a young Londoner who held, with some others, a contract for grading several stations of muskeg.

"No bloomin' fear!" he replied. "'E won't get no 'arf-dollar out o' me. I 'ave to work 'ard for all I git. Let 'im go an' do the sime."

"So he does," retorted an old "down-east Yankee." "D'ye think it's a soft contract for a man to come here and try to convert a lot of damned railroad stiffs?"

"Well, if 'e wants the money so bad I'll give him a job diggin' muskeg at two-fifty a day," "Cockney" said. "That's all 'e can look fer from me."

Somebody told this to the clergyman after service, and he came along with us to the sleeping-shack and took "Cockney" at his word. "I'll earn your two and a half dollars for the Church," he said. "Cockney" tried to back out, but, of course, we would not let him. It was too good a joke to lose. So, next day, the parson toiled and sweated for ten hours with shovel and wheelbarrow. In the evening "Cockney" and his partners offered him three dollars, saying he had fairly earned that sum.

"I'm holding another service this evening," he replied. "Come along, and put it in the plate."

Everybody went to that service, and the collection broke all records. The tale was told up and down the line of construction, and "the muskeg parson" was a popular hero at every camp he visited.

But by far the best missionary in m experience was a young Salvation Army lassie. Standing up, clear-eyed and fearless, among a crowd of strange men, she astonished them by some home truths.

"You earn your money here like men," she said, "and when you have made a stake you spend it like dogs in Fort William and Port Arthur, ruining your bodies and souls in vile dives like Paddy the Goat's and Blind-Eyed Mary's. We had a temperance rally in those two towns, and many of the old soaks swore off liquor. But the

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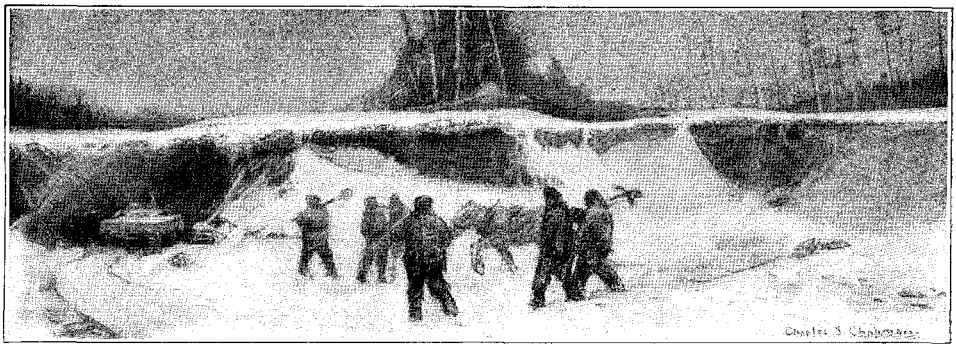
saloonkeepers don't worry over that. They say they have four thousand men working for them on the right-of-way at Lake Nipigon and Superior Junction. Isn't that a fine thing for you to hear? When you take your time-check or the engineer's estimate of the old soaks. For God's sake, don't be like them!"

Nobody took offence at this plain speaking—not even the steady men who saved their money and did not drink. All agreed that she had hit the nail pretty fairly on the head.



Going to work in a burrow-pit.—Page 364.

of your station-job, you think you have made a splendid stake—so many hundreds of dollars. But you don't need me to tell you how often, in a week or two, all that money is in the pockets of the whiskey-seller and his hangers-on, and you are walking the streets without the price of a meal or a bed, looking for an employment agent to ship you back to the camp.

"Some of you know the tragic story of the man who hanged himself not far from this spot last winter. He had made nearly a thousand dollars by a long spell of steady work on the right-of-way. He went out, meaning to go back to his home town, to his wife and family, and start a business. He never got farther than Nipigon. He didn't even go to Port Arthur to blow in his stake, as most of you do. He started drinking and gambling at the first saloon he struck, and kept it up for three weeks until all his money was gone. Then he went back to camp—to find a letter telling him that his wife was sick and in dire need of money. In his remorse and desperation he made bad worse by hanging himself with a strand of hay-wire. There's a lesson for some of you young men! You have the chance of your lives now. Use your money and your strength wisely. Don't let them point at you in town and say, 'There goes another drunken railroad stiff!' You know what everybody thinks

The work of railroad construction is full of danger in this desolate region, especially during the merciless winter. The weather is often arctic in its rigor. One morning last winter the thermometer recorded 72° below zero (Fahr.) and then the glass broke, so that we do not know how much colder it got. This winter promises to be equally severe. Early in November we were working in 30° below zero. Cases of frostbite are often dealt with in the construction hospital, established at one of the lake settlements. Save the teamsters, very few of the men wear heavy clothing; it is too hot when one is working hard. A woollen undershirt and a sweater, a pair of pants and thin overalls—that is the usual rig, even in zero weather. The main point is to protect the fingers, toes, and ears. Three or four pairs of socks, two pairs of mitts, and a woolen *parka* cap that draws down like a visor over the face, leaving only a small aperture for eyes and nose—with these one may defy the coldest weather, even though the rest of one's clothing is quite light. In a narrative of polar exploration which I read out in camp the thing that surprised us most was the extraordinarily heavy clothing it seemed necessary to wear. Yet the temperatures encountered, according to the statements, were not so low as men sometimes work in here.

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Work in a rock-cut is always dangerous.—Page 364.

The railroader's greatest peril lies in the careless handling of dynamite. It is amazing how careless familiarity with that treacherous stuff makes many of the older hands. I have heard men say that they would rather work in a gang with a novice handling the cartridges, for at least he would have a healthy respect for them. In winter the dynamite freezes very quickly, and has to be thawed before it can be used. This is a dangerous business, and afterward the cartridges are "tender" and much more liable to accidental explosion than in summer-time. Over fifty men were killed by dynamite along the right-of-way in 1908, and many others were injured. It is safe to say that for every man who suffered, a hundred had the narrowest of escapes. Fif-

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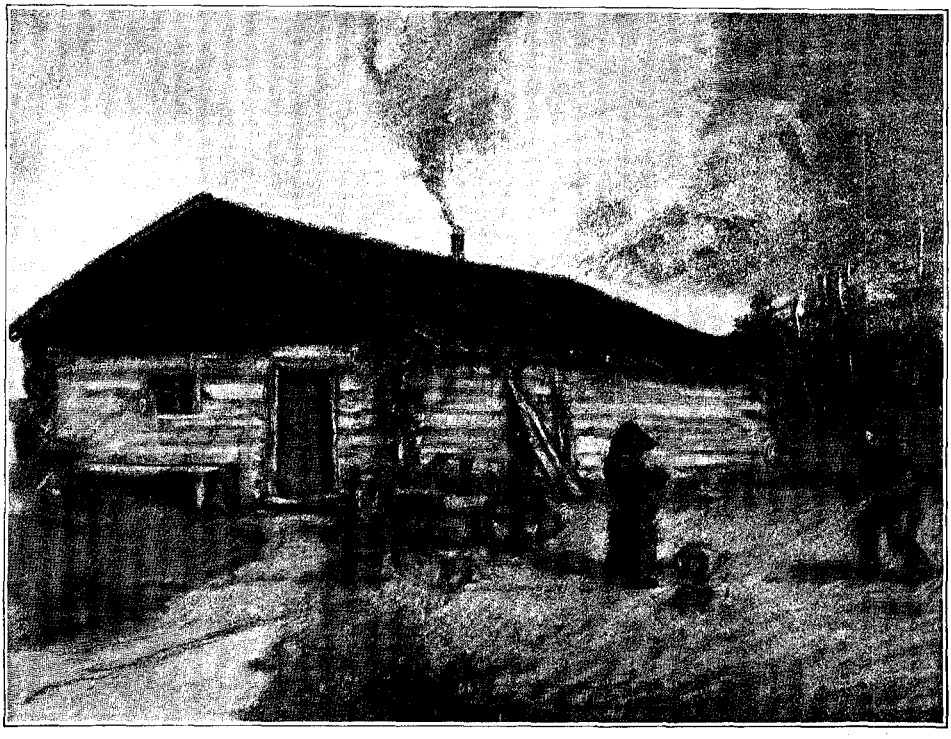

"So I goes up to 'im an' yells 'Scat!'"—Page 365.

teen Italians were killed or injured in a single explosion in a rock-cut near Dryden, on the line between Winnipeg and Fort William.

When you are working in a rock-cut, it is a fairly common experience to see large pieces of granite hurtling through the air within a few feet of your head. That "a miss is as good as a mile" is orthodox railroader's philosophy. "If a rock don' hit you, don' holler," Big Charley once said to me. "If he do hit you—well, den you won't holler no more." I was chatting, one summer afternoon, with the cook in a tent-camp. Suddenly a big rock crashed through the canvas roof and smashed the table between us into splinters, spoiling a fine baking of bread that was resting upon it. The cook loudly bewailed the lost bread. He was too old a railroader to even comment upon his own narrow escape.

Work in a rock-cut is always dangerous. When you are shifting masses of rock weighing several hundredweight, it is easy to crush a foot or a hand—your own or somebody else's. In a cut in which I recently finished work, there were six accidents of this kind in less than two months. Here, again, long usage engenders carelessness. I have often seen men stand nonchalantly under a tottering mass of stone, and jump clear at the last second as the stuff fell. I congratulated myself on having secured safer employment when I transferred from the rock-cut to a clay burrow-pit, where only spade and mattock had to be used. But on the very first day I went there I had the narrowest escape in my experience. We were shifting a heavy dump-car, and it tilted clean over, knocking me down. In falling I just managed to roll out of the way, escaping with a badly bruised arm. A foot nearer and I would have been under the car, crushed to death. Hardly a day passes by without somebody having a narrow escape of losing life or limb.

The danger from wild animals is not great, although the woods swarmed with them before the clearing of the right-of-way by axe and fire was commenced. The frequent use of dynamite has scared from our

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neighborhood most of the creatures of the wild, but the squirrels and chipmunks remain to play havoc with our stores of food. One would not have to go far into the bush, however, to shoot a moose, or, in summertime, a bear. Now the latter are all hibernating in their holes. During last summer I worked in a district where the soil was all fine sand, so that it was not necessary to use any dynamite. Game was plentiful enough there, and more than once I saw a moose stalk majestically along the right-of-way, as if it belonged to him.

A gang of station-men who lived in a shack near this camp had a distressing experience with a bear. A teamster left a load of provisions outside their hut and, driving past the place where they were working, told them to send a man to carry the stuff inside. A little Londoner, nicknamed "Shorty," volunteered for the task. What followed had better be told in his own words.

"When I got round the bend o' the trail an' sees the shack, I near 'ad a fit. There was a bloomin' big black bear right in front o' the door, with 'is blessed nose shoved in a tub o' butter 'e 'ad knocked open. Blimey! but 'e looked a picture with the butter all over his mug. I tell you, 'e was fair playin' 'okey-pokey with our grub. Bacon, flour, prunes, pertaters, an' syrup—'e'd got 'em all mixed up together on the ground so 's you could 'ardly tell t'other from which. Fust of all, I was madder'n 'ell to see our stuff spoiled, so I goes up to 'im an' yells, 'Scat!' 'E looks up, inquirin' like, an' we eyes each other fer a minute. Then 'e sez, 'Gr-r-r-r!' quite nasty, an' walks my way."

"And what did you do then?"

"Wot 'ud you do?" with infinite scorn. "If you'd bin there, matey, you couldn't 'ave seen my 'eels fur dust, I ran that fast."

"What did your gang do when you got back and told them about it?"

"They 'ad forty-seven different ways o' killin' that bear, to 'ear 'em talk. One feller said murderin' bears was 'is 'obby, so we told 'im to tike an axe an' kill that one. 'E went along all right, but 'e soon come back, lookin' kind o' white an' all out o' breff with runnin'. 'E said 'e seen the bear, but it wasn't the kind o' bear 'e was in the 'abit o' killin'. So we waited till 'Is Nibs skiddooed back to the woods, an' it was precious little good our grub was to us arter 'e'd done with it."

Our life on the right-of-way is strenuous, but simple. In summer, fishing, canoeing, and swimming form agreeable diversions after the day's toil under a hot sun; in the winter there is little save work, eating, and sleeping. The nights are often strangely beautiful, with brilliant moonlight making the snow-covered ground scintillate as if it were encrusted with diamonds; or with the weird and gorgeous pyrotechny of the "Northern Lights," as the Canadians call the aurora borealis. But, except for an occasional trip to another camp, the men prefer to stay near the red-hot stove in the centre of the shack, rather than admire the beauties of the night. Talking "shop" is their chief diversion, but sometimes they swap yarns of strange adventures in many lands and seas. There is usually a poker game going on for plugs of tobacco, or a game of bridge for love. I introduced the latter into several camps, and it has become immensely popular. Curiously enough, the men do not regard it as a medium for gambling; I have never seen them play it for money. Any stray newspapers or magazines are eagerly devoured and passed from hand to hand until they fall in pieces. Most camps are lamentably short of reading matter. The only books in the shack in which I am now living are Sir Gilbert Parker's "Seats of the Mighty," Jules Verne's "Round the World in Eighty Days," and "The Original Gypsy Fortune-Teller." The last is, by all odds, the most popular, especially with the French-Canadians.

Among the many civilized pleasures which must be foregone on the right-of-way, perhaps the greatest is women's society. You rarely see a woman in a camp. The contractors and engineers, who are in a position to bring their wives, do not care, as a rule, to expose them to the loneliness and rigor of the life. "I have not spoken to an educated lady for over three years," one of the engineers told me. The few women who are here are treated with the greatest deference by the men, especially the hospital nurses. A Belgian station-man created consternation by bringing his wife to his shack and letting her dig

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muskeg, side by side with him, day after day. Everybody said it was not fit work for a woman, which was quite true. But the young Belgian girl only laughed, and retorted that she would rather work with her husband than wait weary months for him in town.

Talking of women, there was an Indian squaw who interested me deeply when I was in a camp on the White Sand River last summer. She would paddle down the river two or three times a week in a birch-bark canoe to our cook-shack, accompanied by her little daughter and a "husky" dog who looked three parts wolf. She washed aprons for the cook and his two "cookees," and was paid in food and tobacco. Her English seemed to be confined to the words "Goddam good!" which she said whenever anything was given to her. The little girl would not speak at all, but watched our every action with the furtive, apprehensive look of the wild creatures of the wood she knew so well. She used to wander onto the right-of-way and gaze with dark, fathomless eyes at the wheeled scrapers as they devoured hills of sand and made the grade. We often wanted to pet her, for she was a little forest beauty of a delicacy and grace rare indeed among the Canadian Indians. But she would have none of our coaxing. We were alien—remote—plainly hostile to all her sentiments and dreams. I am sure she deemed us barbarians who were invading and despoiling her sylvan domain. What will she think when the trains are running, and farms and settlements spring up in the forest that is her world?

When I first started railroading I only meant to put in a few weeks at it for the sake of an experience; but the fascination of the life has held me to it month after month, and is still as powerful as ever. It is a splendidly healthy life. One eats enormously and sleeps better in a bunk filled with balsam boughs than in the "Royal Suite" at the St. Regis. It is true that a man used to "all that ever went with evening dress" may long now and then for the fleshpots of Egypt—for the lights of the "Great White Way," the society of club and ballroom—but the feeling soon passes. There is always the day's work to occupy brain and hand.

TO-DAY

By Alice Corey

VIOLET the waves, and white all homing sails,
As past the bar they run:
I only know this twilight is the last
Before to-morrow's sun.

Misty the sea beyond our harbor's line,
Slowly the night shuts in:
I only know that by to-morrow's light,
Voyagings begin.

The night wind hurries through the little town,
Calling the ships to sea:
I only know it waits to fill the sails,
Those sails that wait for me.

Unknown the shores we seek, and, seeking, find;
Unknown the resting-place:
I only know how lonely is that land
Where I find not your face.

Blow, sunrise wind, and fill the hoisting sails.
And, morning light, break clear:
For now no longer is to-morrow feared—
Because—to-day is here.

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VAIN OBLATIONS

By Katharine Fullerton Gerould

AS I was with Saxe during the four most desperate weeks of his life, I think I may say that I knew him better than any one else. Those were also the four most inarticulate weeks, for they were a period of terrible inaction, spent on the decks of ocean steamships. Saxe was not much given to talking, but there was nothing else to do. No book that has ever been written could have held his attention for two minutes. I was with him, for that matter, off and on, until the end. What I have to tell I got partly from my own observation, partly from a good little woman at the Mission, partly from Saxe's letters, largely from his own lips, and partly from natives. But if I recorded it as it came, unassimilated, unchronologized—one fact often limping into camp six months after its own result—the story would be as unintelligible as the *quipus* of the Incas. It has taken me three years of steady staring to see the thing whole. I know more about it now—including Saxe—than Saxe ever knew. In point of fact, one of the most significant pieces of evidence did not come in until after his death. (I wish it clearly understood, by the way, that Saxe did not commit suicide.) But, more than that, I have been thinking for three years about Mary Bradford. I could tell you as much about what she suffered—the subtlety and the brutality of her ordeal—as if she were one of my own heroines. God forbid that I should ever think of Mary Bradford as "material": that I should analyze her, or dramatize her, or look at her with the artist's squint. If I tell her story, it is because I think it right that we should know what things can be. For the most part, we keep to our own continents: the cruel nations are the insensitive nations, and the squeamish races are kind. But Mary Bradford was the finest flower of New England; ten home-keeping generations, only, lay between her and the Quest of 1620. It is chronic hyperæsthesia simply to *be* New English; and the pure-bred New Englander had best stick to the euphemisms, the approximations, the reticences, of his own extraordinary villages. But Mary Bradford encountered all the physical realities of life in their crudest form, alone, in the obscene heart of Africa, with black faces thrust always between her and the sky. Some cynic may put in his belittling word to the effect that the New Englander has always counted physical suffering less than spiritual discomfort. The mental torture was not lacking in Mary Bradford's case. For over a year, the temptation to suicide must have been like a terrible thirst, death—any death—luring her like a rippling spring. I told Saxe one night in mid-Atlantic, to comfort him, that she would of course have killed herself if she saw no chance of escape.

Saxe laughed dryly. "That's the most damnable thing about it," he said. "Mary would think it mortal sin to kill herself. She would stick on as long as God chose to keep the breath in her body."

"Sin?" I queried rather stupidly.

"Yes, sin," he answered. "You don't know anything about it: you were brought up in Europe."

"But, Saxe," I cried, "rather than—" I did not finish.

"You don't know anything about New England," he said. "Damn your books! Missionaries face everything, and there's more than one kind of martyrdom. I hope she's dead. I rather think she is."

His voice was uneven, but with a meaningless unevenness like a boy's that is changing. There was no emotion in it. A week more of monotonous ploughing of the waves would just have broken him, I think; but he pulled himself together when he touched the soil of Africa. Something in him went out to meet the curse that hung low over the land in the tropic afternoon; and encountering the Antagonist, his eyes grew sane again. But with sanity came the reticence of battle. All that I know of Saxe's and Mary Bradford's early lives,

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I learned in these four weeks. I have made out some things about her, since then, that probably Saxe never knew. As I said, I have been thinking about Mary Bradford for three years, and it is no secret that to contemplate is, in the end, to know. The stigmata received by certain saints are, I take it, irrefutable proof of this. I do not pretend to carry upon me Mary Bradford's wounds: I do not even canonize her in my heart. But I seriously believe that she had, on the whole, the most bitter single experience ever undergone by woman; and much of the extraordinary horror of the adventure came from the very exquisiteness of the victim. I have often wondered if the Greek and Italian literatures that she knew so well offered her any mitigating memory of a woman more luckless than she. Except Jocasta, I positively cannot think of one; and Jocasta never lived. All of us have dreams of a market where we could sell our old lamps for new. How must not Mary Bradford have longed to change her humanities against mere foothold on the soil of America or Europe! But my preface is too long.

Now and then, there is a story where all things work together for evil to the people involved; and these stories have, even for their protagonists, a horrible fascination. The story of Saxe and Mary Bradford is of this nature: a case, as it were, of double chicane. Everything happened precisely wrong. Almost anything happening differently would have given them a chance. If Mary Bradford had been born in Virginia, if her eyes had been blue instead of brown, if Ngawa had come back three hours sooner —Maupassant would have told it all from that point of view. But I am not trying to make literature out of it: it is as history that this story is important to me. Saxe had been engaged to Mary Bradford since her last year in college. Her mother had died when Mary was born, and the Reverend James Bradford had sailed, after his wife's death, for this little West African Mission, leaving his child with a sister. Mary was brought up in America. When she was ten, her father came home for a year, and took her back with him; but at twelve, she was sent definitely home to be educated. James Bradford could not have conceived of depriving his child of Greek and trigonometry, and from school Mary went to college. She never, at any time, had any inclination to enter upon missionary work, though her religious faith was never at any moment in the smallest degree shaken. From her thirteenth year, she had been an active and enthusiastic member of her father's denomination. She was a bit of a blue-stocking, and occasionally somewhat ironic in speech. When I asked Saxe "if she had *no* faults," these were all he could think of. When she became engaged to Saxe, she stipulated that she should spend two winters with her father before marrying. The separation had never really parted Mary and her father; they had never lost the habit of each other. You see those sympathies sometimes between father and daughter: inarticulate, usually, like the speech of rock to rock, but absolutely indestructible. There was no question—I wish to emphasize this—about her love for Saxe. I had, for a time, her letters. It was a *grande passion*—to use the unhallowed historic phrase; twenty love stories of old Louisiana could have been melted up into it. Saxe, of course, consented to her going. During the second spring, he was to go out, her father was to marry them at the Mission, and they were to return to America after a honeymoon in Italy. There is not one detail that does not, in the end, deepen the irony of it, if you look at it all long enough. Italy! All that romantic shimmer and tinkle against the savage fact that was. She went, and for six months seems to have busied herself happily enough with good little Mrs. Price at the Mission. She picked up a few dialects—she was always remarkably clever at languages. The Mission hangs above a tiny seaport—if you can call it a seaport, for there is a great reef a few miles out, and the infrequent steamships stop outside that and send passengers and letters in by boat. It is not one of the regular ports of call, and its chief significance lies in its position at the mouth of a large-ish river that winds inland for a few hundred miles, finishing no one knows exactly where. The natives for a hundred miles up-stream are fairly friendly, and come down sometimes in big boats to trade; beyond that, the country runs into jungle and forest, and grows nastier and nastier. No one knows precisely about that region, and it lies just outside every

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one's sphere of influence; but there seems to be a network of unhealthy trails, a constant intertribal warfare, and an occasional raid by the precocious pupil of an Arab slave-trader. It is too far south for the big caravans, of course, but there is undoubtedly slave-stealing—though it is extremely difficult to learn anything definite about the country, as there are a dozen different tribes speaking entirely different languages, and each lying tortuously about all the rest. This is all that Saxe could tell me about that *hinterland* which he had never expected to be interested in.

In March, after Mary reached the Mission (she sailed in July, immediately after graduation), the chief of a small tribe some hundred miles up-stream, descended in pomp to barter ivory for such treasure as oozes from European ships. Having seldom condescended to trade, he was disappointed at receiving so little for his ivory—a scanty lot of female tusks—and sought distraction and consolation within ear-shot of the Mission piano. He took especially kindly to the Reverend James Bradford, gravely inspected the school, and issued an invitation for Mr. Bradford to come up-stream and Christianize his tribe. The Mission had worked up and down the coast, as it could, but had never worked inland—more rumors than boats came down the water-way, which was not really a high-road and certainly led to nothing good. They lacked money for such an enterprise, and workers; but being missionaries, never forgot that the river, and all who dwelt on its banks, belonged to God. It did not occur to James Bradford to refuse the call, which he took quite simply, as from brother to brother; it did not occur to Mary Bradford to let him go alone, or to her father to protest against her accompanying him. The patriarchal tinge is still perceptible in the New English conception of the family. Let me say, here, that there is no evidence that Ngawa himself ever broke faith with his white protégés. He was, like them, a victim of circumstances.

They were to go for six months. That would bring them to September. In September, three new workers were to come out to the Mission, and James Bradford hoped that two could then be permanently spared for the new Mission up-stream which he already foresaw and yearned over. In September, he and Mary would return to the port; in late April Saxe was coming out to marry Mary. They departed under the escort of Ngawa himself. Mr. Price promised to get a boat up to them in May, or at least a runner with letters.

Such details of the final catastrophe as Saxe was acquainted with were brought to the Mission by a native boy in September, just before the boat was to start up-stream (taking Adams and Jenks, the new recruits) to bring the Bradfords down. All reports had hitherto been favorable, if not astonishingly so. Ngawa had listened, and his heart seemed to incline to Mr. Bradford's teachings. Mary had started a little school for the babies. But Ngawa had no intention of compelling his people to embrace Christianity: he simply courteously permitted it to exist in his dominion. As talk of war came on, he was preoccupied with the affairs of his thatched state. The populace—they seem to have been a gentle crowd enough—grew apathetic to their apostles, and deposited the commanded tribute somewhat listlessly before their huts. The medicine-men of course were hostile from the first, and as the war-drums beat in the forest and the men of the village gathered to sharpen their tufted spears, wild talk had undoubtedly not been wanting. The end had really been a bitter accident. Ngawa absented himself for three days to do some last exhorting and recruiting in his other villages. The attack that had not been expected for a week at least, was made a few hours before his return. It became a raid rather than a battle; the village resisted the siege only a short time, and the invaders did what they would, in the monstrous tropic dusk. Many of the native women were stabbed quickly; but the youngest ones, and Mary Bradford, were dragged off as captives. Mr. Bradford was killed in the beginning—not by the enemy, who were busy despatching Ngawa's subjects, but by Ngawa's chief medicine-man, who stole out of the shadows, slit his throat twice across, caught the blood in a cup, and then slid back into the darkness. The boy who brought them the story averred that he had seen it all, having been present, though somehow left out of the *mêlée*. The enemy, afraid of Ngawa's return, did not stop for the half-grown chil-

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dren. The white girl tore away, the boy said, and started back to her father, but the warrior who held her hit her on the head, so that she dropped, and then carried her off. Oh yes, he had seen it all quite well: he had climbed into a tree. The huts were all burning, and it was lighter than day. Ngawa came back that night, and, later, they destroyed utterly the villages of the other tribe, but they got back no captives. These had been killed at once, probably, or sold. Ngawa had gone back to the medicine-men.

Ngawa's people must have been gentler than most of their color, for the boy answered all the questions of the stricken missionaries before he asked to hear the piano.

This was absolutely all that Saxe knew, when he stumbled into my rooms and asked me to go out to Africa with him. The first cablegrams had simply announced the massacre, and it was only on receipt of letters from the Prices that Saxe learned about Mary and her horrible shadowy chance of life. The Prices promised to cable any news, but it was unlikely that they would have any more. The boy who had brought them this story drifted down the coast, and for some months few boats came down the stream. Ngawa, they heard vaguely, had died, and his son reigned in his stead, a bitter disciple of unclean rites. Young Adams, in the pity of his heart, had gone the hundred miles to the village, but the people had evidently nothing to tell. The white priest was dead, and the white girl was gone. Their own captives were gone, too, and if they had been able to recover them would they not have done it? Undoubtedly, they were killed, but their enemies had been punished. No: they were faithful to their own gods. What had the white god done for his priest, or for Ngawa, who had listened—and died? Doubtless Adams would have been killed, if they had been defeated in the war, but he profited by the magnanimity of triumph. It was astonishing how little impression, except on Ngawa and one old medicine-man, James Bradford had made. Save that he had achieved martyrdom for himself, he might as well have stayed peacefully at the Mission. It is all, from first to last, a story of vain oblations. The people were inclined to forget that he had ever been there, but they registered their opinion that his white brother had better go back at once. Saxe's face, as Adams gave him this last news, was tense. He gripped the hand of the one white man who had visited that bitter scene, as if he would never let it go.

If Saxe had been delayed in America, it was only in order to arrange his affairs so that he could stay away indefinitely. He intended to follow Mary Bradford down those dim and bloody trails until at least he should have seen some witness of her death. Saxe was not rich, and his arrangements took him a certain length of time. We sailed from New York in March, and caught the African liner at Plymouth.

I will not enter upon the details of Saxe's activity during the next months, nor of the results he gained. It was a case where governments were of no use: the jungle that had swallowed up Mary Bradford acknowledged no suzerain across the seas. Saxe visited Ngawa's village, of course—"I am steel-proof," he said, and I think he believed it. The story of those months is a senseless story of perishing lights and clews of twisted sand. We spent three months in rescuing the yellow widow of a Portuguese pearl-fisher, who had been captured by coast pirates and sold inland. When Saxe stood face to face with the "white woman" he had worked blindly to deliver, he reeled before her. "Tell him that I will marry him," said the woman with a noble gesture. She was forty, fat, and hideous. I mention the incident—which turned me quite sick, and in which, to this day, I can see nothing humorous—simply to show the maddening nature of our task. Even I had believed that this mysterious white woman was Mary Bradford. In that land of rumor and superstition and ignorance and cunning—above all, of savage indifference—anything might be true, and anything might be false. Three days after we had started off after the Portuguese hag, a real clue came in to the Mission. Our three months had been quite lost, for the Prices could get no word to us on our knight-errant task. Poor Saxe!

In September, Saxe, following this clew which seemed to bear some real relation to the events of the year before, travelled solemnly, accompanied by a few natives only, into the heart of that *hinterland* which

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stood, to all the coast above and below the Mission, for treachery, mystery, and death. In October, he reached the village of the chief in question—a sun-smitten kraal, caught between high blue mountains and the nasty bit of jungle that separated them from one of the big water-ways of Africa. Politics are largely a matter of geography, and his position was one of enviable independence, though he was to the neighboring kings on the scale of Andorra to France and Spain. He was a greedy old man, and the sight of several pounds of beads made him very communicative. Half of his information was bound, by African code, to be false, and Saxe had no means of knowing which half; but he owned to having purchased, a few months before, from a wandering trader, a slave woman of white blood. She had come high, he affirmed, cocking his eye at Saxe. But she was not Saxe's slave—Saxe had put it in that way in order to be remotely intelligible to the savage mind. Oh, no! she was the daughter of a Mandingo woman and an Arab. The trader had told him that: he had known the mother. Oh no! it could not be Saxe's slave. However, he was willing, for a really good price, to consider selling her. Saxe refused to be discouraged. The clew had seemed to him trustworthy; and the story about the Mandingo woman might be pure invention—bravado, to raise the price.

He asked to see her. Oh, certainly: before purchasing he should see her. But meanwhile there was the official cheer to taste—*kava*, above all, inimitably mixed—and she should be fetched. Where was she? A young slave-girl suggested sardonically that she was probably at her toilet. Since she had heard of the white man's coming—Saxe had tactfully sent a runner ahead of him—she had been smearing herself meticulously with ochre and other precious pigments. This was said with a sidelong glance at the chief: obviously, he distributed those precious pigments only to his favorites. Saxe said that from that moment his heart misgave him. He had been somehow sure that this woman was Mary. Why his heart should have misgiven him, I do not know; or what devil of stupidity put it into his head that this was the trick of a half-breed slave to make herself irresistible to a white man. It sounded to him, he said, like the inspiration that would naturally occur to the daughter of an Arab by a Mandingo woman. It has never sounded to me in the least like that. He said that he still believed it was Mary; but I fancy he believed it after the fashion of the doubter who shouts his creed a little louder. Of course there was something preposterous in the idea of Mary Bradford's making herself barbarically *chic* with ochre to greet the lover who might be coming to rescue her. But was not the whole thing preposterous to the point of incredibility? And Mary Bradford was not an ordinary woman—not the yellow widow of a Portuguese pearl-fisher. It has always seemed to me that poor Saxe ought to have realized that.

Saxe consumed *kava* until he could consume no more. Then the slave-girl announced that the woman had been found. Saxe rose to his feet. He was stifling in the great hut, where all the chief councillors had joined them at their feast, where the reek from greased bodies seemed to mount visibly into the twilight of the great conical roof. His head was reeling, and his heart was beating weakly, crazily, against his ribs—"as if it wanted to come out," he said. His hands were ice-cold. He had just presence of mind enough to drag the black interpreter out with him, and to leave one of his own men inside to watch the stuff with which he proposed to pay. The chief and most of his councillors remained within.

Outside the hut, her back to the setting sun, stood the woman. Saxe had of course known that Mary would be dressed like a native; but this figure staggered him. She was half naked, after the fashion of the tribe, a long petticoat being her only garment. Undoubtedly her skin had been originally fair, Saxe said; but it was tanned to a deep brown—virtually bronzed. For that matter, there was hardly an inch of her that was not tattooed or painted. Some great design, crudely smeared in with thick strokes of ochre, covered her throat, shoulders, and breast. Over it were hung rows and rows of shells, the longest rows reaching to the top of the petticoat. Her face was oddly marred—uncivilized, you might say—by a large nose-ring, and a metal disk that was set in the lower lip, distending it. Forehead and cheeks were streaked with paint, and her straight black hair was

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dressed after the tribal fashion: stiffened with grease, braided with shells, puffed out with wooden rolls to enormous size. Her eyelids were painted red. That was not a habit of the tribe, and seemed to point to an Arab tradition. The painted eyelids and the streaks that seemed to elongate the eyes themselves were Saxe's despair—he had counted on meeting the eyes of Mary Bradford. To his consternation, the woman stood absolutely silent, her eyes bent on the ground, her face in shadow. Even Saxe, who had no psychology, seems to have seen that Mary Bradford would, in that plight—if it *was* she—wait for him to speak first. But I think he had expected her at least to faint. Saxe looked at her long without speaking. He was trying, he said, to penetrate her detestable disguise, to find some vulnerable point where he could strike at her very heart, and know. In the midst of his bewilderment, he grew cool—cold, even. He gave himself orders (he told me afterward) as a general might send them from the rear. His tongue, his hands, his feet, were very far off, but they obeyed punctiliously. My own opinion is that Saxe never, from the moment when he saw the woman, believed it to be Mary.

Her back, as I have said, was against the light. As the purchaser of a slave, he might well wish to see her more fully revealed. He gave the order through the interpreter: "Turn to the light." As she turned obediently and stood in profile against the scarlet west, he saw that her form was unshapely. On her back were a few scars, long since healed.

That moment was undoubtedly Hell for Saxe, in spite of the doubt upon him. But what must it have been for the impassible creature before him? Saxe saw that he must play the game alone. "Mary," he said quietly in English, "I have come to take you home." In the circumstances, it was the stupidest thing he could have said; but the only thing he thought of was speaking in English. If it was Mary, those words, he thought, would reach her, would dispel her shame, or, if she were mad, pierce her madness.

She seemed not to have heard. "Bid her look me in the face," he said brutally to the interpreter. The order was repeated. She turned, raised her painted eyelids and looked him straight in the eyes, with the apathetic look of the slave, the world over. "But were they Mary Bradford's eyes?" I cried to him, when he told me. "I don't know, damn you!" he said. "Mary had never looked at me like that—as if she didn't see me, and painted like a devil."

He seems to have felt—as far as I can define his feeling—that she was not Mary, but that perhaps he could bully her into being Mary. I do not know how else to explain his unconvinced but perfectly dogged insistence on her identity. He had, of course, been greatly shaken by the extraordinary appearance of the woman. Perhaps he was simply afraid it was she because it would be so terrible if it were, and was resolved not to shirk. Saxe, too, was a New Englander. At all events, he shouted his creed a little louder still. "You are treating me very badly, Mary. I am going in to buy you from the chief; and then you will listen to me."

The woman heard Saxe's voice and looked at the interpreter. Saxe, stupefied, repeated his speech to the negro, and the latter translated. At this, she threw up her arms and broke into guttural ejaculations. That painted form swayed grotesquely from side to side, Saxe said, and she tore the shells out of her hair, tearing the hair with them. Giving him one glance of devilish hatred, she ran to the chief's hut. Saxe followed. There was nothing else to do.

Then began, Saxe said, what for him was a horrible pantomime. He heard nothing of what was said, until afterward, for the interpreter could not keep up with the *prestissimo* of that scene; but one understood it without knowing. The woman grovelled at the chief's feet; she pointed to Saxe and wrung her hands. She was not Saxe's slave, and evidently did not wish to be. The other women drew near to listen, being, clearly, personally interested in the outcome. The chief was, as I have said, avaricious. He looked longingly at the shining heaps of beads, the bolts of scarlet cloth, above all, the Remington rifles. Yet it was clear that he had not wholly outgrown his sluggish *penchant* for the woman who clung to him. It does not often happen, for that matter, that a petty chief in the remote interior can count a white woman—even a half-breed—among his slaves; and the male savage has an instinct for mating

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above him. The woman saw whither the avaricious eye wandered. She rose from the ground, she stood between him and the treasures, she bent over him and murmured to him, she pointed to her own distorted form. . . . The little slave-girl scowled, and the chief's eye gleamed. What at first had seemed a possible detriment, now showed as an advantage. "That was true," he exclaimed. "Before long she would bring him a warrior son or a girl he could sell for many cows. Let the white man wait." Saxe stamped his foot. Not one day would he wait: the bargain should be completed then. He told me afterward that, after seeing her with the chief, he was absolutely convinced that the woman they were cheapening was the half-breed Arab they said she was; and the general in the rear of the battle wondered dully what he should do with her. But the woman had thrust herself cunningly beneath the chief's very feet, had twined her arms about his ankles, had welded herself to him like a footstool that he could not shake off. Over the chief's thick features, in the torch-light (for night was falling outside), into his avaricious eyes, crept a swinish gleam. Let the white man wait until to-morrow. Night was falling: it was time to sleep. By the sunlight they could deal better. The woman panted heavily beneath his feet, never loosing her hold. The young slave-girl looked down at her with unconcealed malignity. Saxe found himself forced to retire from the royal hut—sleeping-chamber, banqueting-hall, audience-room in one. He said that all he thought of, as he stumbled out, was the idiotic figure he should make at the Mission as the owner of an Arab-Mandingo woman. It was worse than the yellow Portuguese.

He was conducted to his tent. The interpreter confirmed there all that Saxe had divined. Let it be said now that Saxe had one clear inspiration. Before leaving the hut, he had turned and spoken to the woman who was fawning on the wretched negro. "Mary," he said, "if you ask me to, I will shoot you straight through the heart." The woman had snarled unintelligibly at the sound of his voice, and had redoubled her caresses. Can you blame Saxe for having doubted? Remember that she had not for one moment given any sign of being Mary Bradford; remember that he had no proof that it was Mary Bradford. "Had you no intuition of her?" asked young Adams, later, at the Mission. "Intuition!" cried Saxe. "There wasn't a feature of Mary Bradford there: she was a loathsome horror." Let those who cannot believe in Saxe's failure to recognize her, reflect for an instant on all that is contained in that literal statement. Have you never failed, after a few years of separation, to recognize some one: some one whose face had not been subjected to barbaric decoration and disfigurement, not even to three years of the African sun; who, living all the while in the same quiet street, had merely passed for a time under the skilful transforming hands of sorrow? I have seen Mary Bradford's photograph, and was told at the same time that the not very striking face depended for its individuality on the expression of eyes and mouth. But, painted eyes . . . and a lip-ring? She was undoubtedly, as Saxe said, "a loathsome horror;" and a loathsome horror who gave no sign. I firmly believe that she was not recognizable to the eye. Saxe's only chance would have lain in divination: in being able to say unerringly of the woman he loved, "Thus, or thus, in given circumstances, would she behave." Such knowledge of Mary Bradford could never have been easy to any man. In my opinion, no one can blame him for doubting. The magnificence of the performance was almost outside the realm of possibility. I asked Saxe once if Mary Bradford had been good at acting. He had never seen her do but one part: she had done that extremely well. And the part? Beatrice, in "Much Ado." Beatrice!

The strain of it had told on Saxe and he slept that night. But it is only fair to say that before he slept he had quite made up his mind that he was as far away from Mary Bradford as he had ever been. It is not to be wondered at. Only a man who had grasped Mary Bradford's idea—it has taken me three years to do that, entirely—could have believed that she would let Saxe go out baffled from the hut in which she deliberately chose to stay with her half-drunk, wholly vile captor. Women who could have done all the rest, would have turned at Saxe's offer of a kindly shot through the heart. But Mary Bradford was great. She was also infinitely wronged

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by Fate. It is all wanton, wanton—to the very last: all, that is, except her own part, which was sublimely reasoned.

Saxe slept, I say; and at dawn woke to his problem. The intelligence that works for us while we sleep, waked him into the conviction that he must, at any cost, buy the woman. He said that, as he strode over to the chief's hut, he was thinking only of what price he ought to put on the child that would be such a fantastic mixture of breeds. He did not want the woman, but he felt that the purchase was inevitable. This, I am convinced, was only the New English leaven working him up to martyrdom. It would be unmitigatedly dreadful to have the woman on his hands, and therefore he ought probably to buy her.

The chief greeted him with temper, and soon Saxe learned why. The woman had left the hut before dawn, taking with her her master's largest knife. She was found later in her own little hovel, dead, with a clean stab to her heart. Suicide is virtually unknown among savages, and the village was astir. Saxe asked to see the body at once, but that, it seems, was not etiquette: he had to wait until it was prepared for burial. For an instant, he said, he thought of bargaining for the body, but forebore. He had a difficult return journey to make, and the point was, after all, to see it. When they permitted him to enter the hut, the face had been piously disfigured beyond recognition. He told me that he lifted the tattooed hand and kissed it: he did not know why. It was clear that if the woman had—preposterously—been Mary, she would not have wished it; and if she were the other, it was almost indecent. But he could not help it. This impulse of his seems to have been his only recognition of Mary Bradford. In life and in death, she suppressed every sign of herself with consummate art.

We were a fevered group that waited for Saxe day after day at the Mission; and he seemed to have been gone an intolerably long time. The broken leg that had kept me from going with him was almost well when he returned. Yet he had taken the shortest way back. It was also the unhealthiest. He said that he had heard war-rumors that made him avoid the more frequented trail, but I fancy he rather hoped that the swamps he clung to would give him fever. In that sense—and in that sense only—Saxe could perhaps be said to have committed suicide. He stumbled into the Mission dining-room at noon one day. "And Mary?" we all cried, rising. "Oh, did you expect to see Mary?" he asked, politely, but with evident astonishment.

We got him to bed at once. After the days of delirium were over, he told his story quite simply. It was pitifully short. The concrete facts seemed to be perfectly clear in his mind, and he gave them spontaneously; but what he himself had felt during that dramatic hour, I learned only by close questioning. He died suddenly, when he was apparently convalescent. The year he had been through had simply killed resiliency in him and he went down at the last as stupidly as a ninepin. I cannot imagine the source of the rumor that he had killed himself, unless it was some person who thought he ought to have done so. He started, at the end, to speak to me: "If Mary ever—" He never got beyond the three words; they showed sufficiently, however, that he was considering the possibility of Mary Bradford's being discovered after his death. He may have been wandering a little at the last; but, in my opinion, Saxe had never believed, even after the suicide, that the woman he had seen had been his betrothed.

Some weeks after Saxe's death, we received incontrovertible proof—if testimony is ever incontrovertible—that it had indeed been she. We had been surrounded for a year by a hideous jungle—blind, hostile, impenetrable. Now out of that jungle stalked a simple fact. One of the native girls who had been taken captive with Mary Bradford returned at length to her own tribe. She had shared Mary's fortunes, as it happened, almost to the last; then the chief who had bought them both, sold her, and by the successive chances of purchase, raid, and battle, she had reached her own people. It was hardly more than crawling home to die; but she managed to send word by one of her kinsmen to the white people down the river. Apparently she and Mary had promised each other to report if either should ever reach friends again. Her message was pitifully meagre: Mary had talked little in those wild months; and after she had seen that they were too well watched to escape, she had talked not at all. But the two had evidently clung

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together—an extraordinary tie, which was the last Mary Bradford was to know of friendship. The burden of the native's report was that the white girl was the favorite of a chief who gave her much finery. The dying woman seems to have thought it would set Mary Bradford's friends at rest—her kinsman, I remember, said that he had good news for us. The news was no news to me—I had been thinking: but I was glad that Saxe had died before he could hear it. Even the comfort of knowing that Mary was surely dead would never have made up to him for the ironic memory of the last hour he had spent with her. Besides, Saxe would never have understood.

I should probably never have touched this chapter of history with a public pen, if I had not heard a woman say, a few months since, that she thought Mary Bradford's conduct indelicate. Had the woman not said it to me directly, I should not have believed, even at my cynical age, that such a thing could be said. I greatly regret, myself, that the facts were ever told: they should have been buried in Africa with Saxe. But the Prices returned to America not long after it all happened, and apparently could not refrain from talking. Even so, I should have let Mary Bradford's legend alone, forever, had I not learned that she could be misjudged.

Consider dispassionately the elements of her situation; and tell me who has ever been so tortured. Physically unable to escape by flight, morally incapable, as you might say, of escaping by death—for there can be no doubt that, difficult as suicide would have been to a guarded captive, she could have found some poisonous root, courted the bite of some serpent, snatched for one instant some pointed weapon; and that she was deterred, as Saxe said, by the simple belief that to take one's life was the unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost, the Comforter—she could but take what came. As a high-priced chattel, she was probably not, for the most part, ill-treated—save for the tattooing, which was not cruelly intended. The few scars that Saxe noted, doubtless bore witness to her protest against the utmost bitterness of slavery, some sudden saint-like frenzy with which she opposed profanation. She may have wondered why God chose so to degrade her: her conduct with Saxe shows beyond a doubt how she rated her degradation. She made not one attempt to dignify or to defend her afflicted body. Her soul despised it: trampled it under foot.

What Mary Bradford suffered before Saxe came, we cannot know. But the measure of it lies, I think, in the resolution she took (if we believe the jealous slave-girl) when she heard of the white man's approach. She must have divined Saxe, leagues away, as he was unable to divine her, face to face. Her one intent was to deceive him; to steep herself in unrecognizable savagery. If Mary Bradford had conceived of any rôle possible for herself in her own world, she would not have created her great part. If she had felt herself fit even to care for lepers at Molokai, she would have washed away her paint and fallen at his feet. It is perfectly evident that she considered herself fit for nothing in life—hardly for death. Her hope was clearly that Saxe should not know her. I do not believe that it was pride. If there had been any pride left in Mary Bradford's heart, she could not have stood, quietly ("apathetically," was his word!) before Saxe in the flare of the dying sun. It was not to save anything of hers that she went through her comedy, but only to save a little merciful blindness for Saxe himself. He undoubtedly made it as hard as possible for her. I am inclined to think that if he had gone away at once, she would be living still—mothering her half-breed child, no doubt, teaching it secretly the fear of God. When she saw that all Saxe's bewilderment still left him with the firm determination to buy her—to take her away and study her at his leisure—she conceived her magnificent *chute de rideau.* When she went into the hut, she had decided, for Saxe's sake, to die Mary Bradford grovelling at the feet of the drunken chief will always seem to me one of the most remarkable figures in history: I should never have mentioned Jocasta in the same breath with her. Only Christianity can give us tragedy like that. How must she not have longed, at Saxe's offer of a kindly shot through the heart, to turn, to fling herself at his feet, to cry out his name, once. She "redoubled her caresses," Saxe said! Has any man ever been so loved, do you think? For the sake of bestowing upon him that healing doubt, she let him go,

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she put off death, she spent her last night on earth not fifty yards from him, in the hut of a savage, that she might have, before dawn, the means of committing the unpardonable sin. Note that she did not commit suicide until she had made it perfectly plausible—from the point of view of the Arab-Mandingo woman. *She proved to him that it was not she.* She gauged Saxe perfectly. Nothing but some such evidence as later we received—perhaps not even that—would ever have made Saxe believe that Mary Bradford, with him by her side, had clung to that vile savage. Even Mary Bradford—whose soul must have been, by that time, far away from her body, a mere voice in her own ears, a remote counsellor to hands and feet—could not have done that, had she not intended to die. But remember that up to that day she had lived rather than rank herself with the "violenti contro se stessi." We can simply say that Mary Bradford chose the chance of Hell for the sake of sparing Saxe pain. The fact that you or I—I pass over the lady, who thinks her indelicate: does she think, I wonder, that it would have been delicate for Mary Bradford to accompany Saxe back to civilization?—may believe her to be one of the saints, has nothing to do with what she thought. Mary Bradford came of a race that for many generations believed in predestination; but she herself believed in free-will. Dreadful as it is to be foredamned, it is worse to have damned yourself. She had not even the cold comfort of Calvinism. I said that I understood Mary Bradford. I am not sure that it would not have taken a Spanish saint of the sixteenth century really to understand her. Sixteenth-century Spain is the only thing I know of that is in the least like New England.

I am not trying to make out a "case" for Mary Bradford; and I sincerely hope that the lady who thinks her indelicate will never read these pages. For most people, the facts will suffice, and I have no desire to interpret them for the others. You have only to meditate for a little on the ironic and tragic reflections of a hundred kinds that must have surged through Mary Bradford's brain, to be swept away, yourself, on the horrid current. Do I need, for example, to point out the difficulty—to use a word that I think the lady I have cited would approve—of merely meeting the man she adored face to face? For never doubt that those souls who live least by the flesh feel themselves most defiled by its defilement. No, you have only to explore Mary Bradford's tragedy for yourself. It will take you three years, perhaps, as it has taken me, to penetrate the last recesses. And if you are tempted for a moment to think of her as mad, or *exaltée*, reflect on how completely she understood Saxe. I am only half a New Englander: and I confess that, though I reverence her heroism, I am even more humble before her intelligence. It is no blame to Saxe that he stumbled out of the chief's hut, completely her dupe. Poor Saxe! But the vivid vision of that scene leaves "Phèdre" tasteless to me. As I say, I am only half a New Englander. . . .

VARIATIONS ON A FRENCH THEME

By William Roscoe Thayer

HAPPY the Poet who can say,
Despite unlaurel'd years,
"Two eyes divine have read my lay
And hallow'd it with tears!

"O heart of hearts where mine may rest,
And eyes divine that read,
Kings might uncrown to be as blest
As I, whom no kings heed."

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THE POINT OF VIEW

IT is interesting to note, on good authority, that the specialist, "made in Germany," has invaded the cloistral shades of Britain. The authority is the actual, however precarious, prime minister of the United Kingdom, in his rectorial address at Aberdeen. In such addresses it is the commendable practice of the elderly Briton who has arrived to point out to the ingenuous British youth on the point of departure, the pitfalls they are likely to encounter along the road. Mr. Asquith vindicated himself as a "scholar," by, after the British use, not only quoting Virgil, which perhaps a few American politicians might be able to do, but by quoting not from the "first" but from those last "six books of the Æneid," which one would be at a loss to name the American politician who has probably penetrated. And he found nothing more urgent to impress upon the ingenuous youth, even at a very critical period in his own political career, than the desirability of "all-roundness" in culture and the danger of excessive specialization.

Culture and Specialization

The admonition one did not know to be needful in Great Britain. To be sure, one who is not a specialist has no means of knowing how many "monographs" may issue from the British seats of learning, monographs which, as Carlyle says about bishops' charges, "mankind does not read, preferring speech which is articulate." At all events, however much or little need there is of the warning in the United Kingdom, there is more in the United States, where the flood of monographs illegible and of no interest to "the general" is far greater, greater than anywhere excepting in Germany, the home and chief habitat of the monograph. The growth of the monograph habit in this country is undoubtedly attributable to that substitution, in our higher education, of Teutonic methods and standards for those Anglican which we inherited, with which it coincides in point of time, and is itself the proof and the trophy of the specialization which a British statesman in his capacity of British scholar finds it necessary to deprecate in his own island. A monograph, in the offensive sense in which we are using the term, not only lacks but renounces any general interest. It is rare indeed that the monographer is able to deliver his tidings like a man of this world, and when he is, he becomes an uncanny and suspicious object to his fellow-monographers. An American instructor in history as it is taught in the new school, reports, for example, that he is forbidden to consider the English in which his pupils couch the results of their investigations. Compare Mr. John Corbin's tale of the Oxford tutor who congratulated his pupil on the improvement in his exercise. "Yes, I took pains about the facts." "Oh, the facts are all wrong; but you are getting some notion of how to write an examination-paper."

It is to be said for the Anglican as opposed to the Teutonic system, that it more directly "drives at practice." The English scholar is not a man apart, delving in unknown quarries, and talking a mandarin dialect. Mr. Asquith himself exemplifies the truth that in no other country is academic success so good a warrant of success in public life. The examples are too numerous and familiar to need citation. Since the Roman empire there has been no such political success as the British empire, and it has been administered in the main by men trained after the Anglican tradition who have continued to believe and to proclaim their belief in that tradition. In that respect they differ from the Roman politicians. Cicero, for example, is always apologizing for his culture when he is talking in the Senate or on the stump, or for that matter in court, except in the famous instance in which he was pleading for a poet before his own "cultured" brother. He seems in public to go in fear of the Roman "practical man," of the class of that American trust magnate who assured his audience that education was a handicap and a drawback in business. In his treatises it is true he rather flaunts his culture, while in his private letters he simply lets it go, and with the most agreeable results. But there is none of the Ciceronian shamefacedness about the British statesman. He believes in the scholastic system under which he was trained, and believes that it promoted the "all-roundness" to which minute and exclusive specialization is hostile. And he has made, on the whole, such a success of the "imperial" business that we, who have had a

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bit of empire thrust upon us, may be disposed to pay attention to his admonitions concerning educational tendencies which are much more evident and formidable on our side than on his.

The Humanitarian Abroad

FOR several months I have been disporting myself, trying to have an old-fashioned "good time." Every noble cause which I ordinarily try to further has been temporarily abandoned, every philanthropy forgotten—ah, if I only could forget!—for a little space. I have plunged into the wildest dissipations of travel; have drunk deep of ruins; have sated my appetite for marbles and for canvas, trying to achieve a complete mental change, but, alas! it has been all in vain. Dweller in suburban Boston, I have carried that city on my back over sea and up mountain. I cannot get away from the things it thinks about, and I have cursed the day when I wandered from the simple-minded Hudson River region of New York State to live in this centre of humanitarian thought.

Naturally, when I did come, and it was long ago, I wakened to all its opportunities for bettering the world. I joined the S. P. C. A., the Consumers' League, the College Settlement Association, the Child Labor Organization, and other societies which I will not mention because their names are long. In so doing I little realized that I was over-fostering a fundamental natural tendency and increasing a sensitiveness already developed to the verge of constant pain. Now, wherever I wander, I find it impossible to live down my philanthropic past. My Aims pursue me; the Erinyes were nothing as compared with the S. P. C. A. and the S. P. C. C. I tread the paths of old London, Cheapside, Smithfield, Shoreditch; dim, crumbling, historic houses, and lovely gray gables out of olden time are nothing to me; nothing to me in ancient Rome, the long, dark streets of the Trastevere, with golden sunlight drifting down at corners, and the soft trickle of their fountains over maidenhair fern. I see only the children, the dirty, wistful-eyed children, the ragged little children pattering on bare English or Italian feet, asking me without words—in truth, I understood but little of either language—"Why do you not take care of us? Why are we unclean and sore-eyed? You belong to the S. P. C. C.! Here you are, doing nothing, wandering idly in idle countries. Something is wrong with our throats; something is wrong with our little backs; we grow up criminals because nobody takes care of us."

If I escape from the clinging fingers of these youngsters, I am sure to come, in a back street, upon some more-than-sweater's shop, where pallid women are stitching, on machines or with their needles; and I find no joy in my purchasing at the Rue de Rivoli or the Piazza di Spagna, nor joy in watching my country-women haggle, in the by-streets of Rome or of Athens, over the price of embroidered articles, getting for a half franc treasures that meant days in the making. Do I not belong to the Consumers' League? As a matter of fact, do not some of these shrewd bargainers in human flesh and human eyesight belong to the same admirable society?

It had seemed to me that it would be different when we got to Greece, and that I could forget about the misery of Whitechapel and the Cowgate being all my fault. The care-free children in Hellas, who have come down to us as revellers in the joy of life, would surely thrust into the background those haunting pictures of human suffering. I do not quite know what I expected, but, though I am not ignorant of the later history of this classic land, I half believe I hoped to see a population largely composed of youths and maidens, walking, in costumes of white and gold or of dainty blues and lavenders, over green grass, while happy animals strolled by them. Alas, all Greece is now summed up for me in the patient misery of a donkey's face! I see constantly these long-suffering little beasts standing in the Athenian streets with their baskets of grapes, or huge loads of firewood, or of grotesque hardware upon their backs, their noses cruelly twisted sideways by the ropes that, quite unnecessarily hold their necks in cramped positions all day long. What are the Powers doing, the Powers that keep such wise watch and ward over Greece, that they leave these ropes upon the necks of martyred donkeys in these so-called Christian times? I think of the loveliness of purple Hymettus, of the Parthenon, golden against sky and distant sea of blue, but all this beauty seems far away; nearer and more real are the Athenian horses, starved, with sore flanks, drooping heads, and outstanding ribs, beaten up Hermes Street and down Pythagoras Street, goaded with knives, kicked, struck over the head. The horsemanship of the Parthenon frieze has been the ruin of modern Athens, and every driver tries to lash

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his sorry steed into such mettlesome gait. How, on any island shore, can one, in happy imagination, see Nausicaä and her maidens going down with their washing to the water when here are men carrying hens, turkeys, lambs upside down, the blood almost bursting from their poor eyes? Pray God to send more Englishmen to Greece! With all their faults I love them still, because, wherever cruelty toward animals has been fought abroad, it has been the English who have started the fighting.

The sight of present suffering only carries your mind, enfeebled by sympathy, to the past. At Rome, you hardly dare even think of it; you cannot face the eyes of those animals or those Christians in the amphitheatre, and you close your books of history for fear of seeing past happenings in Roman streets. Going still farther back, what real joy can you take in the great monuments of ancient life, the gigantic pre-Greek walls at Tiryns and Mycenæ, or the Acropolis itself, with all the beauty of Pentelic marble which it carries high upon its shoulders, when you remember the fact that the hard piling of these stones was done by slaves? There it is, "the glory that was Greece," but you see only the poor captives on whom the glory rested, toiling, bent double under great blocks of stone; you hear the groaning animals, the crack of the lash. To me the most touching thing in all that ancient land is the beautiful polygonal wall at Delphi, facing the sun, inscribed by slaves with prayers to Apollo for freedom. One wonders that they did not pray to Persephone, who eventually set them free.

There is no use trying; one cannot forget. It has grown hard to be happy in the sight of suffering, past or present. There are times when I wish that I were an aborigine; then, at least, I should have the courage of my sensations. One could take one's pleasures then, in the old cave-dwelling days! In uncounted ways we are losing our sources of personal satisfaction; primitive joys have faded, and it is wellnigh impossible to get pleasure out of inflicting pain. The sweetness has gone out of vengeance, and the joy of thumping your enemy soundly is no longer fully joy, because your enemy has an exasperating way of turning and looking like your friend. As if this were not enough, your harmless delights are being interfered with in a thousand ways by the thought of your neighbor. These pangs of growth are distressing; what shall make good the loss when personal pleasures shift into the impersonal pain of sympathy? We grow increasingly conscious of one another; the walls of us are getting thin, and human misery impinges, presses so hard that one often wonders if one has really any walls at all. What hope or consolation can I find in the fact that my better self is continually getting in the way of my "good time"?

NOTHING marks a man—and especially a woman—as more truly modern than an abhorrence of dulness. It was ever a standard grievance with the serious-minded that the more thoughtless elements of society sought too hard to escape being dull. The earnest people have had it "in" for those irresponsible individuals who confessed, frankly, that they wanted, above all, to feel themselves live. Whether the aim was attained by mere worldly frivolity or by crude dissipation, it was adjudged alike reprehensible. But this, to-day, should practically be an antiquated attitude. For everybody now wants to feel himself live. To be sure, it may not be through the channel of the various forms of amusement; but certain sustained exhilaration in the face of existence, a certain persistent excitement even, are regarded positively as an obligation. It is a cult. We are all after an intensified consciousness. We want this intensification to carry us through work and play, and good and ill, with the same *élan*, and so steadfastly to keep us to the pitch that we can squeeze even out of quotidian humdrum all manner of savors that we never knew to be there.

Feeling One-self Live

It is a highly captivating idea. We are being made not only ashamed of the semi-comatose stretches in our lives, but full of self-reproach for them. There were the months when we allowed ourselves to become ill, and at that physical low ebb could sense none of the interesting things happening in the world; there were the other months when we were so absorbed in some mistaken duty that the greatest wonders of nature, or messages of art, barely touched the outermost edge of our being. How much we might have known if our growing brains had only been more scientifically nurtured in our student days; how far we might have gone if we had only had the Napoleonic faculty for limiting the need of sleep. When, we are assured, we shall have better mastered the laws of science or metaphysics we shall be able to do away with these blank spots.

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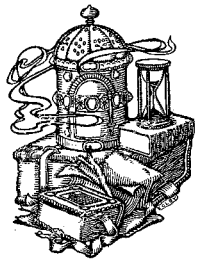
We shall waste less time being "sick or sorry" (as Matthew Arnold used to say); also, presumably, being foolish. We shall manage to live consistently and continuously at a pressure; always screwed up to the last notch; never faltering from the key.

Who would not be fascinated by the vision? The trouble with it is that it is so unrelated to any facts about ourselves as we know them. Mere dulness, of the sort we just now so much despise, appears to be really as fruitful as that rich, black, loamy earth which one can conceive it as resembling. It is true, if disconcerting, that the most intelligent people are, in a sense, the dullest. Not dull all the time, but by fits and starts, or at regular intervals. Certainly the very great have been extraordinarily dull at their off moments, and the butt and jest of minor personages who had their wits about them every day. The absent-mindedness of a Dante or a Milton might as well be called dulness. So might the moodiness of a Dr. Johnson or a Carlyle. Balzac discovered that the reason why it so often proved easy to capture criminals was that they fell, after the accomplishment of their schemes, into periods of exhaustion which were periods of sheer stupidity, and in which they were helpless. With all respect possible for genius, one must likewise recognize that the most transcendent mental accomplishment comes, as it were, out of periods of half-animal dulness, and returns into them again. It is entirely safe to surmise that the great man whose brooding brow seems to be incubating the deepest thoughts, is really, in eight cases out of every ten, not thinking of anything at all. And, nevertheless, it is entirely correct to say that he is incubating. Out of his dulness something will presently emerge. He has no idea when, and little idea what. He can control the working up, and working out, of the something when it does emerge, but while he is in the dull stage every faculty he has is bound and blind.

It is when you turn to the secondary, or even tertiary, intelligences, that you are more likely to find the alive-every-minute variety. And by this one does not mean the intelligences that have done the lighter things. Mr. Chesterton is quite right when he says that it is easier to be heavy than light. Easier to write a leading article in the *Times* than a joke in *Punch*. For that reason, those who are lightest are generally most short-lived. That many a brilliant beginning has made an insignificant after-career is an Ancient of Days among truisms. Anatole France had shown, before Mr. Chesterton, that the little masterpiece will float down the ages when the serried tomes may go to the bottom. And in the light of the survival of that little masterpiece, how much does it matter that its creator did nothing else? In short, dulness must come in somewhere. Feeling oneself live every instant is somewhat like gazing at the remoter stars: there are some that one sees only by not looking at them. It is probable that one can best feel oneself live by not trying to overmuch; by letting oneself go in the dull stretches; by, in the French idiom, letting oneself live. Inspiration is divine; it is also transient. It takes inspiration to taste and enjoy every moment of life, without flagging; as much inspiration as it takes to create, in any form, the illusion of life. And that is why our new theories about the intensified consciousness may possibly prove to have more sound than substance.



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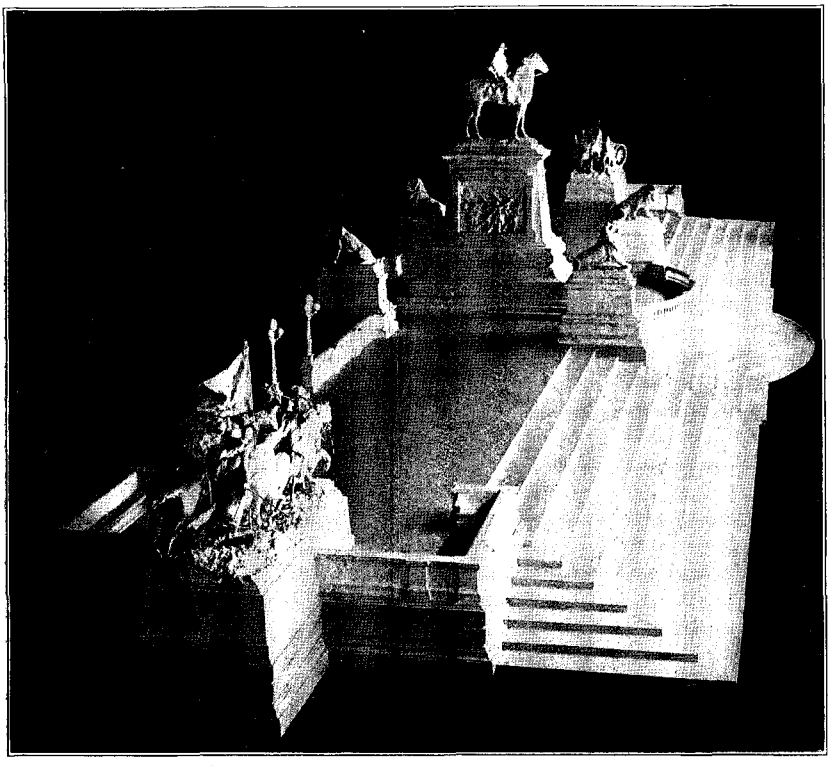
THE FIELD OF ART



Accepted design for the Grant Monument, Washington
Edward Pearce Casey, architect, Henry Merwin Shrady, sculptor.

THE MONUMENT TO GENERAL GRANT, IN WASHINGTON

WITH the practical completion of the modelling of one of the heroic and tumultuous groups which are to be erected at the ends of the great monument to General Grant, voted by Congress, in Washington, D. C., the collaborating artists of this work consider their long-drawn-out task more than half completed. So long protracted has been, through many causes, the execution of this huge commemorative structure that the general public may be said to have forgotten it. By a law approved February 23, 1901, it was declared by the Senate and the House that a statue or memorial of General U. S. Grant, "late President of the United States and General of the armies thereof," should be erected on any unoccupied square or reservation belonging to the government in the District of Columbia, except the grounds of the Capitol and the Library of Congress. A commission, consisting of the President of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, the chairman of the joint committee on the library, and the Secretary of War, was appointed to select a site and secure plans and designs for this statue or memorial, of which the cost was limited to $250,000. This commission, consisting of Gen. G. M. Dodge, Senator George Peabody Wetmore, and Hon. Elihu Root, accordingly opened a competition for artists and architects, citizens of the United States, models on the scale of one inch to the foot to be sent in between March 1 and April 1, 1902. Some thirty-four competing designs were received. The jury,

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invited by the commission to select the best, consisted of Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Charles F. McKim, and Daniel C. French, and the award was given to Edward Pearce Casey, architect, and Henry Merwin Shrady, sculptor, working in collaboration.

Both of them had won difficult competitions before—the architect (known for his direction of the completion of the great Congressional Library in Washington), among others, that for the Memorial Bridge across the Potomac in 1900; that for the huge Connecticut Avenue Bridge over Rock Creek Valley, both of these in collaboration with eminent engineers; and that for the Memorial Continental Hall in Washington for the National Society of the Daughters of the Revolution, in which the competitors were some seventy in number; and the sculptor, more recent in his profession, that for an heroic bronze equestrian statue of Washington. The Grant Monument, as it will stand, will be a joint conception and production of the two men as to its main motif and the composition and proportion of its parts. In the subsequent carrying out of the details each worked to perfect the architecture or the sculpture, as the case might be, but always each with due regard to the work of the other that the harmony of the whole might not be impaired.

The site first proposed by the commission was adjoining the White House grounds, but this was changed, July 24, 1907, to one at the foot of Capitol Hill, on the central axis of the mile-long Mall running straight from the Capitol to the Washington Monument, the obelisk near the banks of the Potomac.

This very radical change of locality necessitated certain minor modifications of the original design. As detailed in the official description of the competing model, it took the form of a long, low terrace or platform of white marble, flanked by exedras, and on which are placed the pedestals of the central figure and the subsidiary figures and groups. The lofty central pedestal will carry an equestrian bronze statue of General Grant, and, on its two long sides, bronze bas-reliefs representing Union Infantry—in one, plodding along stolidly in a long march, and in the other, hurried into action by their officers. At the four corners of this central pedestal are placed others, smaller, but similar in design, each surmounted by a colossal recumbent lion, symbolizing Force, guarding under his outstretched paws the Flag; and the two flanking pedestals, which penetrate the exedras at either end of the platform, support groups of men and horses, headed toward the centre, representing Artillery and Cavalry in vigorous action, and giving "an animated and very military aspect to the monument at the points where so much repose is not required." The General, in the centre, sits on his horse very quietly, as though reviewing his troops.

The embellishment of the platform, 262 feet 2 inches by 69 feet, and 5 feet 4 inches above the ground, present dimensions, is completed by eight great candelabra, in bronze, as is all the sculpture, heroic and colossal. As may be seen, Mr. Shrady was provided with creative work for as many years as his artistic conscience might require. As the monument now stands, the stone work is all completed, by the Vermont Marble Company, and is already becoming somewhat mellowed by time; the four lions and the eight candelabra are in place; the modelling of the artillery group is completed and the casting under way; the equestrian figure of the General, the panels in relief on his pedestal and the cavalry charge, yet to be done. General Grant will be represented in the felt hat and military cloak for which the sculptors can never be sufficiently grateful to the regulations of the War Department, 1861-65, and probably without a sword—omitted in compliance with his characteristic custom. As may be seen from the reproduction of the sculptor's sketch model, he seems to look on in the shadow of his broad brim, while his stallion, more nervous than his master, lifts his head and pricks up his ears as at some flare, of sight or sound, in the spectacle before him. The completed statue will be about fifteen and a half feet in height, horse and man, the rider alone measuring some ten and a half feet.

To this central quiet figure everything in the monument will gradually lead up, from the storm of the great galloping groups at either end, across the wide spaces of the marble terrace, to the huge guarding lions and the crowded infantry panels on the sides of the central pedestal. The lions, considerably modified from the original models, are motionless but ready to spring, and sufficiently realistic to express this unhampered by architectural formulas. In the groups at the ends the sculptor seems to have sought also this judicious tempering with realism—his horses and riders in violent action are given evidently not without knowledge of the facts revealed by the instantaneous photograph, but also with a positive conviction of the frequently unartistic—and

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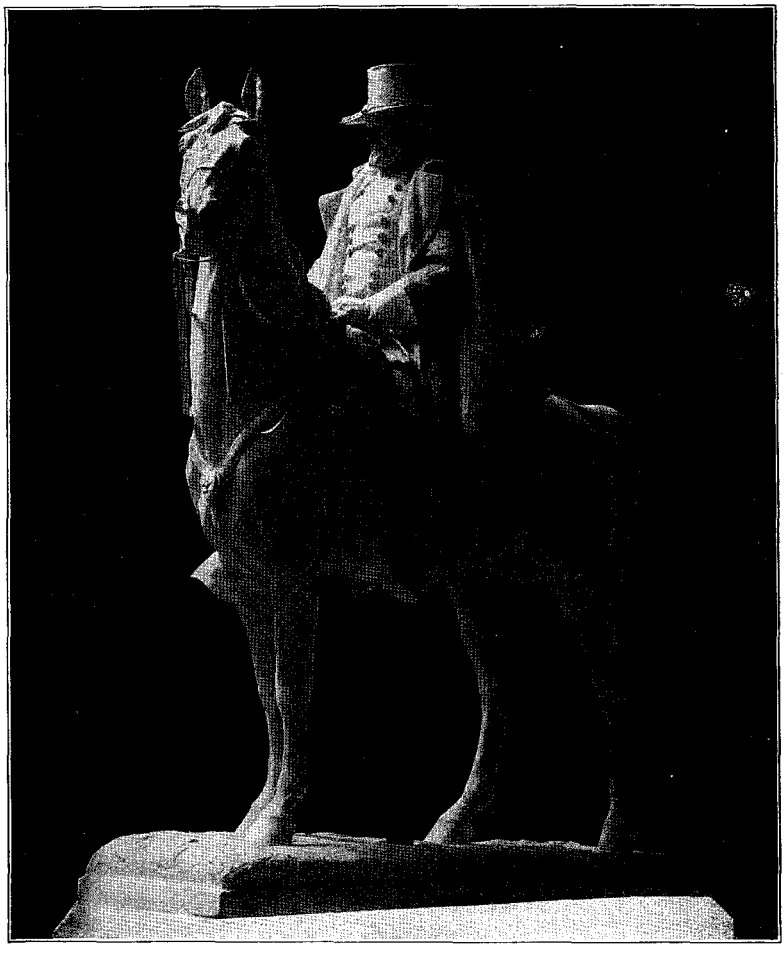

Equestrian Statue of General Grant.

Central figure in the Grant Monument. Henry Merwin Shrady, sculptor.

therefore unavailable—quality of these facts, the uncouthness, the apparent destruction of the very action they represent. Nothing in monumental sculpture could well be more spirited and imposing than the view from the front of these three great artillery-horses suddenly pulled up on their haunches, that of the sergeant with the guidon already arrested in his forward motion, ploughing the earth, and the two leaders of the gun-team still with their front hoofs in the air, desperately endeavoring to obey the sudden order. And this very successful realization of the action sought is obtained by a careful selection of the natural facts presented combined with a skilful use of some of the traditional methods of affecting the eye of the spectator.

It is also necessary in a casting of this size to take into consideration many purely technical requirements, as the advisability of dispensing with those very obvious props and supports, improbable tree trunks, etc., which the sculptor is frequently obliged to use to sustain the limbs of his figures. In this group of the five artillery horses, as well as in that of the seven of the cavalry group now under way, by an ingenious series of contacts—tails, or riders' legs, against bodies, etc.—in, apparently, the most natural way in the world, the necessity of these extraneous supports is done away with and the very heavy groups are made self-sustaining. It is estimated that these groups, among the largest in the world, will weigh, the artillery group about fifteen tons, and the cav-

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alry about eighteen. Something of this weight is due to the necessity of following closely the equipments of the Civil War, down to the buttons—the artillery harness of those days, for example, being of a size and ponderosity far in excess of that now in use.

To obtain this great success, in the representation in sculpture of horses in violent action on him and requested him to enter the competition. The result may be seen in his fine equestrian statue of Washington at Valley Forge on the plaza at the Brooklyn end of the Williamsburg Bridge.

In addition to his work on the monument, Mr. Shrady has also at present a commission, from the Holland Society of this city, for an

Artillery Group, Grant Monument.
Henry Merwin Shrady, sculptor.

without departing from the facts of natural history and at the same time presenting a sculpturesque and artistic work—one of those things which have been done about as seldom in this world as anything else whatever—this sculptor has joined to what appears to be a real innate talent the usual methods of these students—dissections of his quadruped models, close observation in his studio, in the fields and roads, at races, of all conditions of rest and action, etc. The officers at West Point gave him a special artillery drill that he might inform himself. But the innate talent probably counted for the most, and, rather curiously, it appears that it did not announce itself at first with any vehemence. A graduate of Columbia Law School, Mr. Shrady was prevented from taking up the practice of law as a profession by illness; and his first essay in art was in painting. Later, he modelled some little animals and had them cast; one or two of these little horses exposed in the window of a jeweller in Fifth Avenue attracted the attention of some members of a Brooklyn commission interested in a competition for an equestrian statue of Washington to such an extent that they called

equestrian statue of William the Silent, in armor, to be placed on Riverside Drive; and also one to execute a large panel in relief, in bronze, of a group of Indians, on the pedestal of the very tall Robert Fulton monument at Spuyten Duyvil, of which the statue at the summit will be by Karl Bitter. The casting of the artillery group, now in the hands of the Roman Bronze Works of Williamsburg, will require about a year to complete. The metal will be of the United States standard, 90 per cent copper, 7 tin, and 3 zinc, the last added to facilitate the flow.

For the great cavalry group, at the other end, many studies and experiments and corrections have been made, and the general composition may be said to be now well thought out—a fierce rush of men and horses at full speed on the enemy. The amount of conscitious and creative labor, artistic and technical, in designing and working out this huge composition, first in the sketch model, then in the quarter size, and finally at full size for the bronze foundry, all to be so done that no possible better arrangement can be thought of—this is indeed a monumental task.

WILLIAM WALTON.

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Robert Louis Stevenson.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

FROM A PAINTING BY JOHN S. SARGENT

This is the portrait painted at Bournemouth at the end of 1884, and referred to in the post-script to a letter to W. H. Low, January 3, 1885.

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